THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

by

CHARLES MOORE

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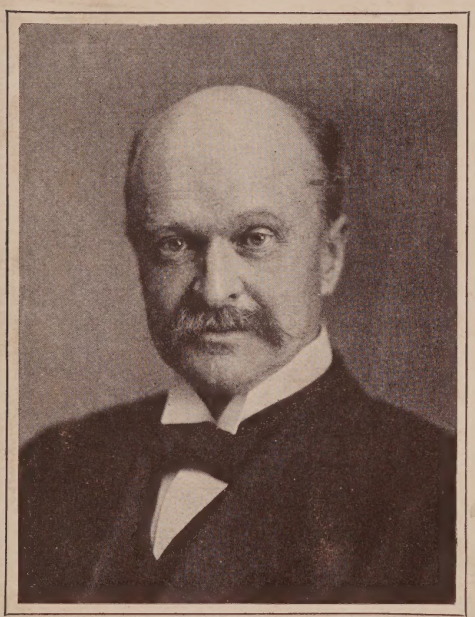
By Charles Moore

MR. MOORE has written the authoritative biography of one of the greatest of American architects. Charles McKim was a great humanist, who expressed the spirit of his time in terms of stone and brick. As head of the firm of McKim, Mead and White, he established a tradition which, after more than a century, persists with pristine vigor. His most satisfying associations were with his fellow artists — Augustus and Louis Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, MacMonnies, John Singer Sargent, Edwin A. Abbey, John La Farge, and many another collaborator, to each of whom he gave full credit.

The long list of buildings designed by McKim, Mead and White from 1880 to 1910 and the record of each man in their office during that period makes a chronicle vital to the history of American architecture.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM



BY CHARLES MOORE

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one of the Greatest of Modern American
Architects

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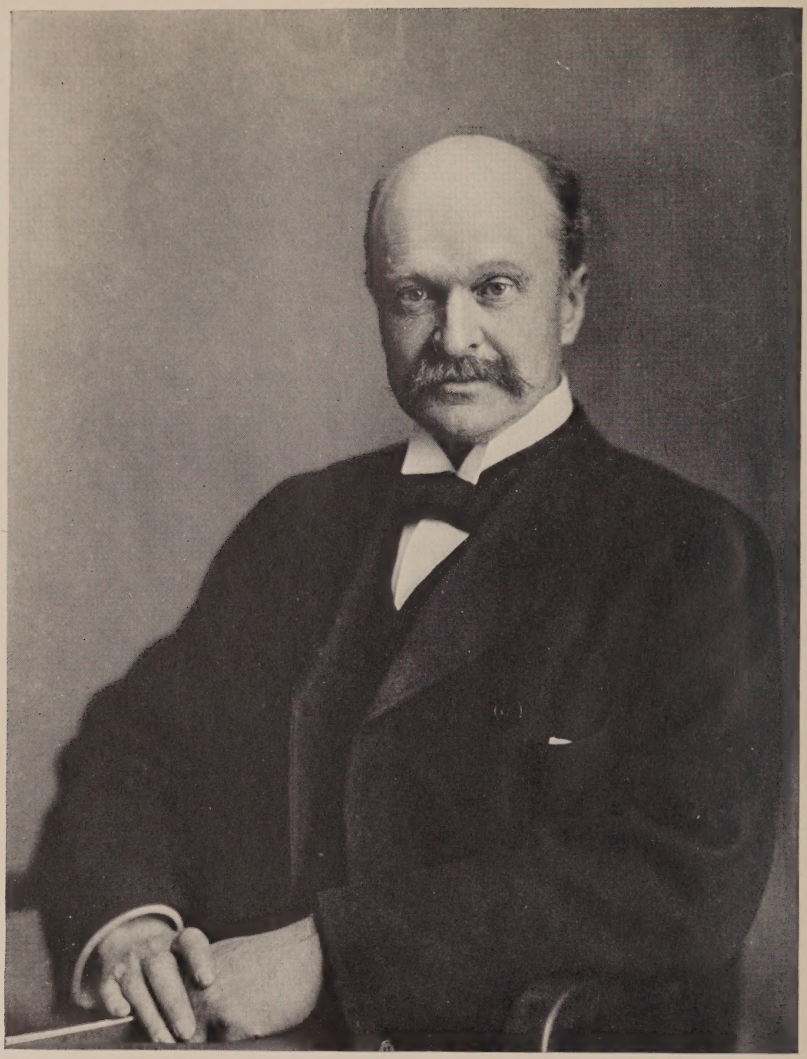

Charles J. McKim

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

By

CHARLES MOORE

CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS
HONORARY MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS
LIFE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

With Illustrations

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TO
MARGARET McKIM MALONEY

PREFACE

The materials for a life of Charles Follen McKim consist of upwards of ten thousand letters written by him during his professional career, copies of which are in the office letter-books; hundreds of personal letters to and from him, preserved by the family and friends; reminiscences of his friends and associates, in manuscript, printed or verbal. From this mass of data a selection has been made of portions which reveal his personality—his heredity and training; how work came to him; his companionships and recreations; his ideals and the pursuit of them through thirty years of his busy life. Critical estimates of his buildings appear from time to time in the records; but no attempt has been made by the author to undertake that task. His works have followed him; they speak for themselves.

Charles McKim's great concern was to establish a school to train artists by bringing them into close contact with the masterpieces of all time, and so fitting them to solve the problems presented to them and take advantage of the opportunities open to them in a country potentially great and powerful beyond any other that has existed. This purpose he accomplished in the American Academy in Rome, even now a useful and prosperous institution, and destined to have an increasing influence on the Fine Arts in America. The letters of Mr. McKim contain the only records of the early days of the Academy; and but for them its history would be lost. He would have wished that record to be as complete as possible, not for the sake of his own part in it but rather because of the loyal support given by his associates. For none was more generous than he in appreciation of the co-operation of others in achieving what he felt to be the common end in view. This was especially true in the office work.

Appreciation is due to the members of the firm of McKim, Mead & White for placing at the disposal of the author all the materials at their command, and for their encouragement. Also to Mrs. Maloney for copying and furnishing the family papers of her father, and for critical advice of the most helpful character; and to those persons who from devotion to the mem-

ory of Mr. McKim have supplied valuable information. My life of Daniel H. Burnham, published in 1924, contains much about the association in work of the two men, especially in relation to the Chicago World's Fair, the Washington Plan and its vicissitudes, and the American Academy in Rome. The two works supplement one another, and only such repetitions occur as will enable the reader to find each complete in itself.

Mr. Alfred Hoyt Granger has graciously permitted the use of illustrations from his 'Charles Follen McKim, a Study of his Life and Work,' published in 1913.

My especial personal thanks are due to Miss Emily B. Mitchell for her arduous work, covering the four years of preparation of this volume, in assisting in the arrangement of the correspondence and her painstaking and experienced reading of the proof.

CHARLES MOORE

WASHINGTON, *September*, 1929

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

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CHAPTER I

A HERITAGE OF WORK AND JOY

James Miller McKim's engagement to Sarah Allibone Speakman, announced in Philadelphia in June, 1838, gave unbounded satisfaction to that lively little Quakeress, Lucretia Mott. 'The mind of our Miller,' she writes to a friend, 'has at length burst the fetters of Presbyterianism, and, retaining all that is truly "pious" and valuable in religion, he is walking forth in "the liberty wherewith Christ makes free"; and as to the silken bonds of love with which his heart is entwined, these only serve to render his spirit more buoyant and to develope his latent energy of character.... It has seemed to me "a match of Providence's making."

'I don't know a family who, throughout its branches, are more congenial to his mind and cast of character. Her father [Micajah Speakman] is a thorough Friend in principle, without attaching the importance of our peculiarities that many of his more contracted brethren do, and far more gentlemanly in his deportment than is common to meet among *us*. Her brothers and sisters are highly intellectual, and were attracted to Miller, or he to them, before he was acquainted with Sarah. Their style of living is not that of rough farmers; they have a beautiful place, Highland Farm, Chester County. Friend Speakman reads a good deal, and is a very pleasant companion. He lost a lovely wife, Sarah's mother [Phœbe Smith] six or seven years since. We were there during her life and admired her much — so refined and ladylike. His present wife is a kind, clever woman; they appear to love her and live in great harmony together. There are five children. Two sisters are married and

settled within five miles of them. Miller likes their husbands; one is a Unitarian. One brother is married and settled in Ohio; the other, a fine, smart, witty man, about thirty, single, at home. He and Sarah are bound in the closest affection; indeed that is a predominant characteristic of the family.

'Sarah is much admired; she is two years younger than Miller. Her heart and hand have been abundantly sought, but they appear to have been reserved for her present fortunate admirer. It is said that she had twenty-six offers of marriage, and that her suitors loved her better than ever after she had rejected them in her kindly way. She loves our Society and thinks she can never be anything but a Friend; nor do I think the least change will be needful, for the more Miller examines our important points, the more satisfied he appears with us, and she agrees with him touching our peculiarities, that too much stress is laid on them.

'She is "tasty" in her dress, though without much ornament, wears straw and beaver bonnets, is not quite so tall as Mary Ann Barker, lighter complexion and handsomer, altogether very easy in her manners. Her advantages of education have been good and she has profited by them. Her intellect is well cultivated, her moral perceptions clear and quick, and her heart unsullied by vice, or even by "the superfluity of naughtiness." In accomplishments she excels most young ladies of our Order, plays on the flute, sings sweetly and without waiting to be over-persuaded.[1] When she was here last winter I told James [Mr. Mott] I didn't know how Miller could have so much command over his heart when in company with such a girl, little suspecting that at the very time they had made the exchange and each had the other's secretly enfolded, enjoying our jokes and remarks in silent exultation. I was much surprised when he told us, and feel a Mother's affection for them both. She was remarkably open and free with me, coming here, after Miller left Philadelphia, to talk about him and read parts of his letters.

'He delighted to sit up with us after the family had retired

[1] On hearing Sarah singing while about her daily household duties, her grandmother, Phœbe Schofield, a Quaker minister, would ask severely, 'Art thou in pain?' 'Although she never learned dancing, to her latest day, her feet irresistibly kept time to dance music as though there were no such thing as original sin.'

JAMES MILLER McKIM

SARAH ALLIBONE McKIM

to talk about her and his future movements. He is going to resign his agency in the A. S. [Anti-Slavery] Society; also his office in the church, indeed altogether his connections with them: this from settled convictions, after years' examination of their tenets, on rational grounds. He is now engaged in writing a kind of valedictory which he intends to publish.' [1]

At this time Miller McKim was twenty-eight years old. Born of Scotch-Irish and German parentage, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on November 14, 1810, he graduated at Dickinson College at the age of eighteen, and in 1831 entered Princeton Theological Seminary. The death of both parents called him home to manage the household; but he continued his studies with the local pastor (a member of the Duffield family renowned in Presbyterian annals) and passed the year of 1835 as pastor of the church at Womelsdorf, Berks County.

While still at his home in Carlisle, Miller McKim had come under the influence of William Lloyd Garrison's anti-slavery writings, and had been one of the fifty or sixty delegates to the Philadelphia convention of December, 1833, called to form the American Anti-Slavery Society. There he met John Greenleaf Whittier, Lucretia Mott and other leaders in the cause of immediate emancipation. Between the Quaker matron of forty and the Presbyterian minister of twenty-three a lifelong friendship began. She was the first woman he had ever heard speak in public, and her quick wit and large-heartedness had much to do with undermining his belief in Calvinism. As a result his Old School Presbyterian theology gave way, and after a protracted struggle with himself he sent an address to the Wilmington Presbytery, announcing a change in his religious views and resigning his charge.

From a pastorate during which he converted his flock into steadfast opponents of human slavery, Miller McKim entered the lecturing agency of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which 'secured in him one of the most efficient and judicious

[1] Lucretia (Coffin) Mott (1793–1880), was descended from Peter Folger, of Nantucket, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. She and her husband, James Mott, belonged to the Hicksite wing of the Quakers, opposed to slavery. In 1830 he gave up a lucrative cotton business because he could not conscientiously profit by slave labor. In 1840 she took up the cause of woman's suffrage, and is ranked with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony as the leaders in that movement. The above quotations are from a manuscript letter in possession of the author.

advocates of the anti-slavery cause.'[1] Always a gentleman, with fine natural endowments, studious habits, a sensitive nature, and refined tastes, his espousal and advocacy of the cause of the slaves was the result of sincere conviction, and on his part involved severe personal denials. He was indomitable indeed, but never militant.

It is true that Miller McKim's relation of the scenes he witnessed in the slave markets of the City of Washington met with the usual experiences of the day — mobs, pelting with stale eggs and the charge that he was bought by British gold. As a matter of fact his salary was eight dollars a week. Perhaps it was because he desired a more settled occupation in view of his prospective marriage, that in 1838 he entered the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania; but he was so valuable to the cause that he became the publishing agent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, with headquarters in Philadelphia.

The wedding took place on October 1, 1840. When, in accordance with Quaker usage, Mrs. McKim was mildly menaced with being 'read out of meeting,' she replied demurely that she regretted exceedingly being obliged to violate the rule of the Society; and this apology was accepted in default of a better.[2] She was not disowned and remained inwardly as much of a Quaker as she ever had been; she always used the idiom of the Friends, and so did her daughter, and her son, too, so long as he remained at home; her husband never did.

Two striking incidents are characteristic of Miller McKim's work. In 1859 he received from Richmond an anxiously awaited express package, and on opening it released a negro (not much the worse for being cooped up in unbelievably close quarters), who came to be known as Henry Box Brown. Again, when John Brown was hanged in Charles Town, (now) West Virginia, in 1859, Mr. and Mrs. McKim accompanied Mrs. Brown on her journey to receive John Brown's body, and Mr. McKim went with the widow to the burial-place at North Elba, New York.

It is not possible to-day adequately to realize the courage long sustained of that small band of devoted men and women who

[1] W. P. Garrison: *Life of William Lloyd Garrison*, 1, 300.

[2] *In Memoriam Sarah A. McKim, 1813–1891.* Privately printed.

started and maintained the struggle to abolish human slavery — 'the most unpopular, hated, and persecuted reformatory movement in America, when Lovejoy for his free press was shot down in Illinois, when Pennsylvania Hall was openly burnt in Philadelphia for being dedicated to free speech, when pro-slavery mobs were the order of the day in all the North.' As a girl Sarah Speakman attended the Pennsylvania Hall meetings while the rabble, with the connivance of the city authorities, hurled stones through the windows.

The Quaker home of James and Lucretia Mott was the focus for 'the little circle ostracized by polite society for its vulgar assertion of human rights, but self-sufficient for all the requirements of duty and all the pleasures of human association. The annual bazaar was a festival of good feeling, and Sarah McKim as a saleswoman proved an unrivaled magnet. At anti-slavery meetings she sometimes sang in a way to touch all hearts.' [1] Her lively wit and never failing cheerfulness she bequeathed to her son.

Into a home kept free from debt only by the most judicious housekeeping, a girl and a boy were born and reared amid a large family of orphaned nephews and nieces, whom the hospitable roof of the McKims gladly covered.

[1] *Address of William Lloyd Garrison, Jr.; 1891.*

CHAPTER II

GETTYSBURG TWENTY-FIVE DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE

When Charles McKim was born, August 24, 1847, Miller McKim was making a tour in England and Scotland, to enlist continued moral and financial support among the friendly Quakers of London, Bristol and Edinburgh for the anti-slavery cause — collecting the British gold with which, it was charged, his pockets were lined.

Mrs. McKim was visiting her sister Rebecca, the wife of David Potts, who owned and operated Isabella Furnace, in the northwest corner of Chester County, Pennsylvania. The family were living in the Speakman homestead near by, and Mr. Potts became very fond of the boy by chance born under his roof. A daughter, Lucy, had been born to the McKims in 1842; and they had adopted the child of a relative, Annie, who was always treated as their own. There were no other children.

The parents named their only son Charles Follen, out of friendship with and admiration for a meteoric refugee German professor, who illuminated the intellectual, religious and philanthropic skies of America from his appearance among the Abolitionists of Philadelphia in 1824 until his tragic death on the burning Long Island Sound steamer Lexington in 1840. William Lloyd Garrison also named a son for him, and Follen Street, Cambridge, commemorates the fact that he was Harvard's first Professor of German, a position he held for five years, at the end of which period his anti-slavery views had become so pronounced that subscriptions for the support of the chair were not renewed.[1]

When Charles was ten years old, he was sent, with his sister Annie, to the school of that ardent Abolitionist, Theodore D. Weld, at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, New Jersey. While there his handwriting (as his fond mother pointed out to him) was much better than his spelling. His invincible modesty thus

[1] *Life of Charles Follen*, by his widow, Eliza Cabot Follen, 1842. Also *Karl Follen*, by George Washington Spindler, 1916.

early appeared in his propensity to refer to himself as 'i'; he wrote 'atol' for 'at all,' 'gradeal' for 'great deal' and 'goo by' for 'good bye,' just as boys from educated families still do.

The family were living at Hilltop, Germantown. Lucy was teaching music to a few pupils, 'in order to make money to pay for her next year's schooling at Raritan.' Charles was cautioned to take care of his clothes, 'for money is so scarce and hard to get,' his mother writes, 'that I should not like to call upon Father just now for anything; besides, there are so many around us who are out of employment that when we can we must assist them. Well, it's bedtime and mother is sleepy; so, my precious boy, good night — be good, be kind, be gentle to sister and polite to all around thee, and write soon again to thy Mother.' His father writes: 'And so you are in the Shakespeare class! That is well. I think you are improving in your writing and perhaps also in your spelling, although in this latter there is much room for improvement. . . . This is a poor winter for skating. I don't think we shall have much ice or snow.'

When Charles was sixteen, he went on a walking tour with Wendell and Frank Garrison and Will Davis. Only twenty-five days before they started, the decisive battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and the fear of invasion lifted from the North. Naturally the boys were eager to see the battle-field. Setting out from Philadelphia on Tuesday, July 28, 1863, a tramp of fifteen miles brought them within seven miles of West Chester; and the next day when they passed through that town they were greeted with cries of 'How are you, drafted men?' 'God's conscience!' and the like. Friday brought them to Lancaster and a bathtub; and on Sunday they put up with a Mrs. Spangler, who would sell them whiskey, but had scruples against allowing them to play cards in her house. All this Charles relates with relish in his circumstantial diary of the trip, written for the benefit of the folks at home.

Wed. Aug. 5th. Left John Miller's (5 miles from Gettysburg) and arrived in town about 8.35. We made inquiries with respect to where W. W. was, but no one could tell us. As we were going through the street towards the General Hospital, I saw F. W. among a crowd and we were soon shaking hands. Frank told us that Willie was still in the same farmhouse, which is about four miles from G. We started out

and walking an hour and thirty minutes arrived there. Mrs. Osborn met us at the door and showed us into Will's room. He was very glad to see us and wanted to talk, but they would not let him. He says he is going home in a week. He expects to go to Auburn first, and if possible will get to Annie's wedding. After staying there an hour or two we walked towards the battle-field with Frank, who was so kind as to show us some of the principal features.

We visited the Cemetery and Round Top. Dead horses, shallow graves, shells, cartridge-boxes, etc., were the principal features. We ate our dinner on Round Top and after picking up some relics and looking at the extensive fortifications we came back to town, where our knapsacks were. We walked about 8 miles on and around the battle-field.

On that field, just one hundred and seven days later, President Lincoln spoke words of dedication so attuned with the heart beats of humanity that twenty-one centuries yield but a single parallel — the funeral oration of Pericles as given by Thucydides.[1] How much of the boyhood memory of Gettysburg went into the planning for the Lincoln Memorial in Washington?

[Diary] P.M. started for Carlisle and after walking 3 miles came to a nice, clean farmhouse, where we got accommodations for the night. Here we met two Topographical Engineers on Meade's staff. They were making out a map of the country around Hagerstown, Maryland, which was on the line of Lee's retreat. It is to exculpate Meade from blame for not checking Lee and also for allowing him to cross the Potomac. Their names are Cope, Crane, Mallory, which last was sick. They were all gentlemanly and educated men. They were all in the battle of Gettysburg and gave us many new ideas and some good information.

Friday, *August* 7. Left camp at 2 and an hour's walk brought us into Carlisle. We stopped at the post-office, where we all got letters. Went to John Hannan's, but he was full, so were all the other taverns. We stopped to read some letters when a drunken captain of the 7th came out and seeing our knapsacks asked where we were going, where we came from, etc., etc., and we had a stormy scene which nearly ended in blows. I was sorry not to visit Father's house, but I did not know where to look.[2]

Saturday, *August* 8. Arrived at Harrisburg and stopped at Herr's Hotel; Hotel first-class and accommodations good. Walked up to

[1] George William Curtis was the first to make this comparison, in *Harper's Weekly*, April 23, 1864.

[2] Probably Charles McKim never did see his father's birthplace.

Doctor Shurtleff's at the Harrisburg hospital; between 9 and 10 p.m. we went in swimming and had a pleasant bath and walked back to Herr's.

Sunday, *August* 9. Took a stroll about town, walked over the Capitol buildings, walked over the Susquehanna bridge to the island. Here we went in swimming, and returned to H. for dinner. *Corps d'armée* of waiters! Took a nap after dinner and at 4 p.m. started from Harrisburg. Passing Camp Curtin the scenery was very fine; we arrived at Halbach's at 6.30; his house is a famous summer resort for suppers. Catfish, coffee, waffles, etc. Here we stayed all night and had good beds.

Monday, *August* 10. . . . Descended the mountain and walked in to Duncannon; met John Wistar at the office, he took us to the house and gave us soap, towels, etc. He showed us over the iron nail works and furnace; that evening we went in swimming in the Susquehanna. Met John W. and his uncle John W., Mrs. Gridley and Jones; they were very kind and polite.

Thursday, *August* 13. Left Mr. Schwarz's in Manville at 6.30 a.m. and started for Petersburg, at the foot of the Tuscarora Mountains. When we arrived at the summit and could see the northern side we had command of a great part of Juniata Co. This county, stretched at our feet, presented a splendid map, as we had a perfect bird's-eye view; the country below us (for we were over 500 feet above the level) is finely cultivated, but here and there woodland made its appearance, making the whole picture at once various and beautiful, towns, villages, farms, mountains, cattle, etc., were all mingled in 'elegant confusion.' I never saw such a sight in my life!

An hour and a quarter's hard walking brought us to the foot of the mountain. We struck out for Perrysville. Put up at the railroad house (a black-guard Inn).

Saturday, *August* 15. Got to Williamsburg by train at 7 p.m. Here we found Aunt R. and Mary.

Sunday, *August* 16. To-night we went up to Cousin Joe's, here we spent a pleasant evening and had quite a pleasant entertainment.

Wednesday, *August* 19. Left Ashland at 7 a.m. and took a train for Schuylkill Haven. In our ride we passed over the Broad mine and were drawn up an inclined plane by means of a stationary engine at the summit. It was quite an experience and will furnish much matter for talk on our arrival at home; we got to S. Haven at 9 a.m. and went straight to a Mr. Warner, to whom we had a letter of introduction. After showing us around town he directed us to Pottsville, 4 and a half miles distant, saying as he left us that we might expect him at an appointed hour, and we would go down into a coal mine. Accordingly at the specified time he arrived with a double team and drove us out to the St. Clair mines, some 3 miles out of town. After a pleasant ride we came to our particular Colliery, and after some little

waiting they agreed to let us go down (but by ourselves), so we put on the coats of three miners (Wendell had an india rubber one lent him by Mr. W.) and got into the car, the signal was given and we began to descend, at an angle of 45 degrees. After getting fairly into the dark we began to go faster, and after 10 minutes going it 'blind' we arrived at the bottom. All was as still as death, and to make it worse we had no guides, so we sat still thinking that it wouldn't pay to stay where we were. Wendell got up in the car, and, forgetful of the admonition of the miners to 'keep our heads down' and of the distance below the surface of the ground (perhaps 3 or 4 hundred yards), he called out 'Well, anybody here' and then broke down from the sheer absurdity of the thing. However, a miner soon made his appearance, and conducted us to the Foreman and Superintendent, both of which were very polite. They showed us two veins of coal, one 7 feet thick and the other, the 'Mammoth vein,' 23 feet. We were also shown through the stables, and here we saw some mules who very seldom see the light of day; one of them had her ears burned off by an explosion of gas in the mine. They informed us that the mine had been 'working' about ten years, and in that time they had excavated some 10 hundred yards of coal. On going out we were obliged to pay the customary 'footing.' One thing struck me as curious while in the mine, and that was the miners would stand with their heads right against the vein of coal and attached to their hat is a lamp; consequently the flame would rest against the vein. On coming from the slope we were shown through the 'breaker,' a large building in which the coal goes through the process of being broken into the several forms of stove, egg, pea and chestnut coal. It was very interesting, and although we quite resembled miners on coming up from our subterranean passage, yet I would not have missed it on any account. We returned to Pottsville after being obliged to hire another wagon, as our former driver had deserted us during our stay at the colliery.

Thursday, August 20. Left Pottsville at 7.15 a.m. and rode to Tuscarora, some ten miles east. Here we got out and walked to Tamaqua; from this place we turned our footsteps towards the Summit Hill, where we were obliged to wait till 5 p.m. for the Granby train to take us down the Switchback road to Mauch Chunk. After waiting out our time patiently in the protecting shade of a church, we had the pleasure to see the cars (minus an engine) make their appearance. These little affairs remind one of the description of the old-fashioned 'Rail Way Carriages.' It was the most splendid feeling I ever experienced, and the novelty of actually riding down the side of the mountain was quite overpowering. We rode 8 miles and they landed us some 200 ft. on a precipice directly above Mauch Chunk. We then got in a coach and were driven down to the Mansion House of that town (being the fourth house of the name we had met). Here I saw some Germantown faces.

Friday, August 21. Left Mauch Chunk at 9 a.m. and started for Lehighton some 4 miles down the Lehigh Water Gap; our road lay between the mountain and alongside of the Lehigh River. After walking 3 miles we stopped and went in swimming. After coming out we repaired to a wood nearby and eat our 'frugal meal.' After dinner Wendell took sketches of we three boys separately, but just as he was finishing a violent thunderstorm came up and we were obliged to retreat to a leaky shanty, and during the pelting rain we sang vociferously. However it soon slacked and we started for the station house, which we reached without a 'dripping.' We are now waiting for the train for Phila. in which we hope to return home.

CHAPTER III

HARVARD DAYS

'I AM not going to enter the classical school at Harvard, I am fitting for the scientific school, and propose to enter next September,' wrote Charles McKim to his friend Frank Garrison in Boston in April, 1866. For three years he had been attending the Philadelphia public schools and working with a tutor on Xenophon and Cicero. Meantime the family fortunes had undergone changes.

When ten thousand negroes were liberated at Port Royal, in 1863, Miller McKim began his work of caring for Freedmen, for their education as well as for food and clothing and opportunities for work. He helped to organize Camp William Penn, whence eleven colored regiments were sent to the front; and he traveled through the Southern States, establishing schools for negroes both young and old. Becoming the corresponding secretary of the American Freedmen's Relief Association, Mr. McKim, in 1865, made headquarters in New York.

As the Civil War was drawing to its appointed end, a group of men, including Frederick Law Olmsted and Charles Eliot Norton, were discussing with E. L. Godkin the project of establishing a weekly journal of politics, literature, art and science. It was necessary to raise a capital sum of $100,000. Money was scarce and credit had not then been reëstablished. Just as the prospects seemed hopeless, Miller McKim appeared on the scene with Philadelphia and Baltimore money sufficient to put the enterprise on its financial feet. He was bent on establishing a newspaper to present and advocate the cause of the Freedmen. Besides, he desired to find congenial work for his prospective son-in-law, Wendell Phillips Garrison, then the literary editor of the 'New York Independent,' under Theodore Tilton. All these purposes were combined in the founding of 'The Nation,' the first number of which journal was issued July 6, 1865.

Immediately the new venture took a high place among

critical journals. Mr. Godkin, an experienced journalist of Irish birth and English training, was its editor for thirty-four years, until his retirement in 1899. His caustic wit drove home his knowledge, and made him a terror to political evil-doers — or those whom he considered such. Mr. Garrison, a son of William Lloyd Garrison and a Harvard graduate of the class of 1861, acted as the managing editor. Mr. Godkin said of him that he 'toiled with the fidelity of a Christian martyr, upon the pay of an oysterman: the one steady and constant man with whom I ever had to do.' For contributors the journal had Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier; Professors Torrey and Child of Harvard, Whitney and Gilman of Yale, and Dwight of Columbia; Dr. Francis Lieber, Bayard Taylor, and Richard Grant White (the father of Stanford White).[1]

In the June of 1866 the McKims and Garrisons formed a joint household at Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey, within commuting distance of the men's work in New York.

The house is rather fanciful for my taste [wrote Mrs. McKim to her son Charles]; it was built by an artist; it has a funny pitched roof and clustered chimneys and bull's-eye windows, and niches for statuettes, and all sorts of artistic arrangements that don't quite suit my plain taste. Still I don't doubt I shall soon be able to accustom myself to them and be quite comfortable. The Park is beautiful and the views from our house are lovely. A tiny lake I can see from my chamber window and there I fancy I shall see thee and Tom skate. Rabbits and small squirrels abound, but whether allowed to shoot them or not I can't say. Our horse is lovely and decidedly handsome and about as fast and gay as Nick used to be, only more gentle. The roads are so fine that it makes driving pleasant.

Births and weddings and deaths have come to hallow the house at Llewellyn Park as only joy and sorrow can consecrate a place. To-day the fourth generation of McKim-Garrisons make a home there.

In explanation of his change of plans Charles McKim writes to Frank Garrison the first serious letter of record:

I never meant to pursue one of the learned professions for a livelihood and hence it was a mistake from the very beginning to think of college; but I fell into the common error which many boys do of

[1] *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin;* 1907.

thinking what a fine thing it was to go to college, and what a splendid education I should have, and all that, without ever looking ahead and providing for the future, or if I did give it a passing thought now and then it was only to say to myself, how easily I could live, and how my Latin and Greek would elevate me. And perhaps they would were I lawyer, doctor, or minister, but what practical account would they be to me as a merchant, chemist or engineer?

Now look at the advantages which the scientific school offers. In the school of mining, one studies Chemistry, Geology, Metallurgy, French and German in addition to the thorough instruction in mathematics. Moreover all college lectures are open to scientific students, as well as the gymnasium and library.

Take a man, at the end of his college course, who has studied with no definite purpose in view, unless he is rich or has some one to set him up, is he not obliged to start at the foot of the ladder? But suppose him to have graduated from the scientific school; he comes out either a good chemist or engineer, and may at once obtain a position of emolument.

Don't think that this is all guess work on my part, quite the contrary; I have learned this from men who have judgment and experience in these things, and who are well qualified to give advice.

Charles went to Cambridge armed with letters of introduction to professors whom his father knew; and the Garrison home, 'Rockledge,' in Roxbury, was ever open to him. He presented himself in Cambridge early in September in order to put the remaining touches to his preparation for examinations. The town was almost deserted, and the professors whom he did succeed in finding knew little about, and cared less for, the Scientific School. However, he found a home at Mrs. Rotch's on Kirkland Street,[1] and got down to the hardest work he had ever done in his life. To his father he wrote:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *Sept. 15th*, 1866

Tom Rotch has just entered splendidly, as we all expected him to. G. was rejected and we accompanied the poor fellow into Boston last night; what a fearful ride home his must have been!

How different this place now is from the solitary deserted Cambridge of two weeks ago. On my way to recitation every morning I

[1] Mrs. Rotch was a friend of the McKim family and her son, Thomas Morgan Rotch, H.C., 1870, was a professor in the Harvard Medical School from 1893 till his death in 1914. McKim's particular chum was his boyhood playmate, William Morris Davis, of Philadelphia, B.S. Harvard, 1869; Sturgis Hooper Professor of Geology, 1898–1912, who amply fulfilled Charles McKim's expectation — 'I should not be surprised if he were to come out A1 in the class.'

pass the Colleges and it is a very common occurrence to hear the Sophs. of three days' birth say in a very astonished quizzical way: 'Why, there goes a little Freshman, how he is got up; what a *nobby* little fellow he is,' and the like. Next Monday night is called 'Bloody Monday' because all the Freshmen on the College ground get hazed; so all the class are going to get together on that night and resist. I do hope they will be successful, as a more overbearing, disagreeable set than the Sophomores I never saw.

Now that Tom has entered I have to keep up study by myself, which is very hard work, since from my window I can hear them laughing and talking below; but it will soon be over and by next Thursday night I shall either be happy or disgraced. The latter is a fearful thought, and one which can't be kept out whenever I think of those ten days without a tutor. I believe this has been the hardest month of my life, just one continual 'dig' from morning till night, very rarely going to bed before 11 o'clock and frequently not till 12, and then being obliged to get an hour's study before breakfast.

Don't understand me to brag, but you desired at home to know everything, so I don't keep anything back.

When I came here I didn't know a word of Plane and Analytical Trigonometry or Logarithms and was very imperfectly prepared in Alg. especially in the Quadratic Equations which Prof. Eustis says are so necessary, in fact I was almost in despair of getting in at all, so when Mr. Trowbridge got hold of me in order to get through by the 20th he has been obliged to give me two days' work in one, right straight thro' the week, which thee can imagine is anything but delightful. We finished Plane and An. Trig. this afternoon and are going to devote next week to familiarizing the ground already passed over.

Enclosed is a letter from the Sec. of the Young America which speaks for itself. Of course I couldn't go to New York to play the St. George, and hence they couldn't play me at Boston.

On September 21 the pleased father wrote to his son:

DEAR CHARLEY, I congratulate you on your triumphant admission. Woodcote [the tutor] will be delighted. No more at present.

Your ever affectionate

FATHER

No sooner had entrance to the Scientific School been achieved than a cricket match came on the tapis. 'You are fortunate,' writes his father, 'not to be in the match at Boston; but hold yourself in readiness to take a bat in case one of the Young America should fail to come up to time.' The sporting parent went over to St. George's Grounds in Hoboken to see about

his son's bat, and when it was not forthcoming directed him to buy one in Boston.[1]

Charles played in the match on the winning side, wearing a 'stunning cricket shirt,' wrought by fond hands at home. After the fashion of the day much of the boy's apparel was made by his mother and sister. What was bought in the way of outer clothing was the subject of much epistolary discussion, for money was not plentiful. On one occasion a domestic-built nightshirt was dispatched to Cambridge by the hand of William Lloyd Garrison, who proved no expert expressman. Like a ghost, that nightshirt haunts the family letters for a month.

Life in Cambridge was a combination of strenuous work relieved by equally strenuous play. On October 19, Charles wrote to his father:

My dear Father, I have still half an hour before bed time which I mean to devote to writing thee a few lines not purely business.

Nothing is going on here now save the dull steady routine of school life; get up and study a little while before breakfast, then from 8–1 o'clock a steady run of recitations and drawing. In the latter I have made considerable progress, and have already finished two pieces since the opening of the term; one, a drawing of a building with all the accompanying additions changed to a scale of half its original size; the second, an isometric drawing of a dwelling house with the different shades of light in india ink.

They are rather poor both of them, but as an opening attempt they perhaps pass muster. The next subject, which I take in hand tomorrow, is a much more difficult one than either of the others, being a sec. of machinery in which you have given the side view and alt. to construct the piece isometrically. . . .

I get an hr. and sometimes more to play ball during the day and this so far has been my only exercise; soon, however, I hope to get to the gymnasium regularly. I have had offers to join the Scientific base ball club and boat club, but have refused both from want of time. Gracious! if study were secondary what a time I could have.

They are talking of making the 'Harvard' nine University (hitherto it has been devoted to undergraduates) and I understand my name is being considered among the great powers as one of the players. This would be a great honor here, the nine being looked up to as oracles, and the chances of 'getting on' being very few and far be-

[1] Miller McKim at the time was corresponding secretary of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, 76 John Street, New York City. Lyman Abbott was the general secretary.

tween. However, nothing has been determined on, as the season is already at its close and the ball must be buried until next Spring. . . .

School goes awfully hard and I am only now beginning to make headway. If thee should be in the way of getting any knowledge of the Mining school at Paris (now said to be the finest in the world) I should be very glad to know, having taken considerable interest in Mr. William Rotch's account of his son's examination there. It might be preferable to Freiburg. What does thee think? And another idea has come into my head which appears very sensible (to me) viz.: ›

Seeing that the course here is now three years and that in no event could I think of graduating, it struck me that it would be a saving of time and money to spend only one year here and then go abroad to Freiburg or whatever place thee should decide upon, and graduate there, since an additional year here would not enable me to graduate, whereas the same time abroad at Freiburg or elsewhere might be employed to much greater advantage seeing that their schools are finer.

Mr. Rotch says that if you graduate at Paris you can command the very best situations, and would not one year there be worth more than the same time here? Another thing to be considered is, that I am now between nineteen and twenty and would like to get to work as soon as possible. Of course it is much too soon to think of Europe yet, but I merely suggested some of my own thoughts and would like to have thy opinion. . . .

With love to all, I am thy affec. son.

Ever present in the boy's mind was the haunting fear of examinations. Only nine of the previous year's class escaped without conditions, and Professor Eustis gave out notice that all of the class who were unable to pass would be dropped from the school. Professor Trowbridge tried to cheer Charles with the statement that he would pass if he worked hard enough; but 'it was provoking to be shut up all day when there was such skating!' So he buckled down to work and did his best to follow his sister Lucy's advice by ceasing to worry his mind over the project of going to Europe, with which he had disconcerted the family circle.

Miller McKim took the suggestion of foreign study gravely but kindly. He pointed out the difficulty of getting into French schools, as related to him by those who had had sad experiences. 'In regard to allowing you to go to Europe,' he wrote, 'I need no persuasion, but the *how* and *when* are open questions on which much can be said on both sides.' The mother wrote:

'I say nothing, as I am bewildered as to what is best. One thing, I have no unity with thy feeling troubled and unhappy. I can't see the necessity of worrying about the matter. Do the best thee can each day and the way will open up all right, I trow.'

He was not happy at Harvard. In the first place he had not found out what he wanted to do with his life. The mathematics necessary to the profession of a civil engineer were not for him, nor had he the patience of a born chemist; and, if it were to be mining engineering, that was best learned in a foreign school. There was another potent consideration. His natural associations were with the college proper, where his friends were; and between college and scientific school there was a great gulf fixed.

Charles and his family rejoiced over his selection, in the spring of 1867, as a member of the Nine, even though his proposed leaving college in May would seem to make the honor an empty one. The event proved far otherwise. Indeed, McKim's playing on the Nine has given him a place in the history of Harvard athletics. He narrowly escaped missing that particular piece of immortality. Happily James Russell Lowell came to the rescue, and in this letter, which none but Mr. Lowell could write and no parent could withstand, he secured a postponement of McKim's withdrawal from college, much to his subsequent advantage:

ELMWOOD, *27th May*, 1867

MY DEAR McKIM, We hear that you are inclined to play the Roman father and not let Charles stay here to play the next ball-match with the Lowell Club. This must be some of the old leaven of Presbyterianism. I can testify from the evidence of my own eyes that he is essential to the success of our nine — who are really the muses, only disguised. Now do be a good fellow and let him stay — for it is of great consequence that we beat the Lowell Club, who are a little stuck up.

I am sure Mr. Garrison, had he not gone to Europe, would have taken that side of the question. Remember that even a Roman would have allowed something to friendship. I am fast getting to be an *old* friend.

With kindest regards to Mrs. McKim,

believe me always cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL

THE 1867 HARVARD VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right, standing: N. S. Smith, G. G. Willard, Arthur Hunnewell, C. F. McKim
Sitting: G. A. Flagg, R. G. Shaw, J. B. Ames, H. B. Parker, E. E. Sprague

So it came about that on June 1, 1867, Charles McKim played in the third and deciding game with the Lowell Club, as probably he had played in the former two games. The contest took place on neutral ground at Medford. A special train of nineteen cars packed with excited partisans brought the Boston crowd, and the attendance was immense. 'The score at the end of the third inning was a tie — ten runs — but in the fourth and fifth Harvard, by a display of some of the finest batting ever seen in New England, secured a commanding lead and won handsomely by a score of 39 to 28.' The captain of the Nine was James B. Ames, afterwards a great dean of the Law School. On this ever-remembered occasion McKim played right field, and had two outs and six runs. Only A. Hunnewell of the junior class equaled the number of runs made by McKim.[1]

So Charles McKim's Harvard student days ended in a blaze of glory, the refulgence of which still lingers. The Harvard 'H Book' gives to the game with the Lowells an importance which its pioneer character and triumphant result justify; and the photograph of the victorious Nine adorns the walls of the athletic annex to McKim's Harvard Union. Brief as was his scholastic connection with Harvard University, his love for the institution was unbounded.

In his perplexity as to what course to pursue as to his son's career, Miller McKim turned to Henry Villard, who had married a sister of Wendell Garrison, and from Mr. Villard obtained clear-cut and convincing advice — convincing to everybody but Charles himself. This is the father's confession to his sage adviser, in a letter dated June 25, 1867:

> I thank you sincerely for your kind attention to my request in regard to Charley. What you said was very reasonable and shewed that you had given the subject deliberate consideration. My mind was much influenced by it; so much so that I advised Charley to give up all idea of going to France, to give his attention to the subject of architecture here and to enter an architect's office with a view to seeing whether that would not be likely to be the profession best suited to his tastes and talents. He seemed convinced by my reasoning and that of the rest of the family, and, following my counsel, entered himself tentatively at the office of Russell Sturgis. But in a few weeks it became evident that his heart was not in his work. He worked harder

[1] *The H Book of Harvard Athletics, 1852–1922*, pp. 153, 158, 251, 603.

out of the office at mathematics, for which he has no aptitude, than he did in the office at drawing, for which he has a positive talent. Soon he told me that his heart was still on *L'École Centrale.*

He blamed himself for having yielded too easily his convictions and accepted with too much deference his mother's and mine. His own mind was unconvinced and in complying with our wishes he had given up the darling wish of his life. He was willing still to be governed by our judgment, but he must frankly say that he *longed* to go on with his project and, apart from his obligations to us, he believed that that would be in the line of his duty to his own deepest convictions. So I said to him: 'We don't want to constrain you. I don't say you *shall not* go to Paris. All I can do is what I have already done, get for you and myself all the information obtainable and then give you my judgment. If you are still unconvinced, treat the matter as undecided for another month and see how you will view it at the end of that time.'

This was three weeks ago. The month will soon have expired; but it is already clear that his heart is bent on the Central School, and neither his mother nor I will oppose him. He is so good a boy; so pure; filial; so conscientious in all he does, that I do not feel at liberty to act in opposition to his wishes and — if such they be — intuitions. I have great respect for the attractions and repulsions of such a youth in such a matter. They are often almost the only thing one has to go by. Charley develops slowly but well. He enjoys robust health; he can resist temptation; he can study 12 hours a day — the attractions of the cricket field to the contrary notwithstanding. He loves home and loves his friends; but he wants to go to a first-rate European school and is willing to practise any amount of drudgery in the way of study to enable him to do so. His mother and I have the fullest confidence in his strength of character and of purpose — and Charley may possibly go out to Paris this coming September.

Now may I ask another favor of you? It is that you will advise me how much it ought to cost him per annum if he should come out. His first year would be spent in acquiring the language and fitting himself for entrance. His chief study would be the French language; he is quite well up in mathematics, etc. How much ought it to take to clothe him? How much for room (or rooms)? And where should his room be? How much for board; and *how* should he board — at one place, or from restaurant to restaurant?

When I was in Paris I could breakfast *decently* for a franc and dine for 2 francs; but my wants were few and easily satisfied. Charley's expenses at Cambridge were at the rate of $1000 a year; his board and washing were $15 a week. My sheet is full; but I must say that we have all enjoyed your letters.

Thirty years after Miller McKim wrote the above letter, Henry Villard sent the original to Charles McKim, saying:

'I thought it would interest you to keep this record of the difficulties you had to overcome before you were allowed to follow the promptings of your genius.'

These difficulties arose from perplexities. 'I don't think thee quite understands father,' wrote his sister Lucy, to whom he had turned for comfort. 'The trouble is that father is (and must be, of course, from the very nature of the case) just as puzzled as thee is to know what the right way really is. The assistance which he most faithfully renders thee in the effort to come to a decision may be clothed sometimes in the form of opposition. But it is only a form, not real opposition — a form not to test the sincerity of thy motives (we none of us have any doubt of that) but to bring before thy mind all those considerations against the project which might naturally escape thee. The natural tendency of thy immaturity and inexperience [here speaks the elder sister], joined with a sanguine way of looking at the future, would be to lead thee to a good deal, perhaps too much reliance on thy powers of accomplishment. . . . Going to France is a mighty serious thing.'

And so Charles went to Paris, with an allowance of $700 a year. 'As for wine,' his father writes, 'I would put no obligations on your conscience. Do in regard to that matter whatever you think is right. I trust that you have a good appetite. I am delighted that you have fallen in with young [Robert S.] Peabody. Give him my affectionate regards. . . . Meanwhile, in my work I shall be hurrying around the circle visited by Andy Johnson and his crew when they came out here to Chicago on that bacchanalian electioneering tour.'

CHAPTER IV

STUDENT LIFE IN THE GAY PARIS OF NAPOLEON III

'It does not seem so long ago,' Robert S. Peabody relates, 'that there came into our little circle of architectural students in Paris a charming youth fresh from Cambridge, from the Scientific School and the ball-field — a merry, cheerful friend — an athlete — a serious student. We lived a simple, frugal life in the splendid Paris of Louis Napoleon, working hard, and he especially with a dogged earnestness. There were, however, happy interludes in this working life between *charrettes*.

'When on rare occasions ice formed on the lakes in the Bois, he, a perfect skater, was the center of admiring throngs. When in the Luxembourg gardens beneath our windows we passed around an American baseball the Parisians lined up three deep at the tennis courts to see him throw the ball to incredible heights. Fired by his enthusiasm we even joined gymnasium classes, and, although that now seems improbable, we became proficient on the flying trapeze. In summer we rowed on the Seine and in the ever-to-be-remembered trip for several days down that river no one, French or American, joined with greater enthusiasm than the comrade we used to call affectionately Follen, or as the Frenchmen by some unrecognizable perversion of the name so hard for French lips — Mackim.

'In view of his later career it doubtless seems strange to say that for a long time it was harder for McKim than for most foreigners to find himself in sympathy with the atelier and the École des Beaux Arts. What little experience he brought with him had been obtained with Mr. Russell Sturgis in New York. That master and Mr. Babb were his ultimate arbiters. Ruskin was the prophet of all that was good and true in art. Plunged into a world that did not know these masters even by name, and that looked on Victorian Gothic as romantic archeology, but in no possible sense as architecture, McKim's inflexible nature had some hard rebuffs and conflicts. It required time and other influences to bring him to a sense of the great worth

of the underlying principles of the Parisian training, but his sympathies were always more with the earlier than with the later French masters. He never really liked modern French taste and he was in fact more close to Rome than to Paris.'[1]

Mrs. Augustus Jay also writes of the Paris days and of her life-long acquaintance with Charles McKim:

What remains with me, vivid and fresh as tho' it were yesterday, is the *charm* of his personality, inescapable, unforgettable for those whose society he sought, those to whom he gave his friendship, — and he certainly had in a supreme degree the *gift of friendship*, that very special thing which can mean so much and only exists in strong, generous and sensitive characters. And what a joy it always was to be with him! What vitality, what imagination! Jokes and laughter, too, — such a sense of humour, — and what vivid interesting talk and keen appreciation of anything worth while. And so modest withal — quick to perceive and understand, one never had laboriously to explain. To *comprendre à demi mot* came inevitably to him.

. . . He made up his mind, after our skating some days together at the *Cercle des Patineurs* in the Bois, that really I should learn how properly to do the 'outside edge,' his way, thoroughly, gracefully, with the long swerve and sweep. You know what a first rate skater he was himself. So laboriously he set to work, insisting on repeated attempts from a careless, unambitious skater who often begged off, and only wanted to fly over the ice and laugh and talk. With incredible patience and kindness he kept at me until at last he was satisfied. Soon after he returned to America. After a while, what was my amused delight, to receive a beautiful pair of *silver plated* skates in a pretty little leopard-skin bag edged in brown velvet, with my monogram embroidered in yellow silk, the whole from Tiffany's.

Really this little story isn't worth repeating when I think of all the fine and noble things he did and said, the beautiful sentiments and thoughts he expressed; *le culte du beau*, and with never any pose, for it was his natural self he gave one glimpses of. And then I haven't said anything about his extraordinary popularity, — universally loved and admired by all who knew him, by all worth while people. I should like to recall or speak of his creative powers, his talent and the mark he made for himself far and wide; but why should I try to enumerate what you all know so well.[2]

Happily, Charles McKim opened windows on his student life in Paris, in the form of three letters 'from our special correspondent in Paris,' contributed to the Auburn, New York, 'Morning News,' owned and edited by Fred Dennis, the hus-

[1] *The Brickbuilder*, February, 1910. [2] Letter to Mrs. W. J. Maloney.

band of his adopted sister Annie.[1] The first of the triad was dated August 31, 1868:

A GLIMPSE OF STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS

Though one must necessarily draw a veil over the half of Paris student life, he may undoubtedly find something in the other half interesting enough to merit attention, or at any rate sufficiently novel to excite his curiosity. A year's experience in an *atelier* among art students has forced me, who came with scarcely the ability to speak one word, to learn some lessons pretty thoroughly, and divest myself of my notions of the poetry of studentdom as well as of Paris life in general, which I find no less prosaic than life at home. For all the world I would not throw a damper on any one's pet ideas, but it cannot hurt to strip them of somewhat of the exaggeration of three thousand miles away.

Imagine, reader, that you and I are walking along one of those great boulevards which divide Paris like so many arteries, and let us suppose, too, that you are taking your first tramp in the French capital. Instead of running about the Tuileries and the Palais Royal, and wasting our time listening to English, as many people do, let us strike at once across the Seine, and get into the old town, as yet untouched by Napoleon III, still ancient in appearance and manners, and as foreign to the side we have just left as centuries could make it.

Almost immediately we remark the change in things: the streets become narrower, the housetops higher and more projecting, and even the people themselves seem to wear a different aspect, till at last you are compelled to admit that we are fairly abroad. Once here it is possible to take numberless interesting walks, but as our road leads only towards the schools of the *Quartier Latin*, we may as well take an omnibus and go there straightway.

Sitting on top, and nearly abreast the second-story mouldings of the houses at their side, one gets still another phase of Paris life; for, without exaggeration, he might, in some of the older parts of the town, not only shake hands with his neighbor of the second story, but in some instances even spring from the omnibus to the window-sill itself. For curiosity's sake I myself have touched the walls while riding around some sharp angle. And what do you think of a pavement where two people can hardly walk abreast? Of course this state of things is confined nowadays to a small portion of Paris, but it serves to show what former generations were accustomed to.

Our destination is on the Rue du Four St. Germain. Beyond that *porte cochère*, and away to the rear of the quadrangle, is our studio, or *atelier*, from which, every two months, competitive designs are sent

[1] Curiously enough, Charles McKim's letters home, passed around through the family, have disappeared. He preserved religiously the letters to him.

to the School of Fine Arts (*École des Beaux Arts*), placed on exhibition, and awarded prizes. At the present moment, twenty or thirty fellows are working on the above-mentioned designs, to be handed in to-morrow; and every man is doing his best.

Passing through the court and up one flight of stairs, we enter the *atelier* without knocking — a superfluous civility, nay, even dangerous, for in all probability we should be locked out to enjoy the view for about fifteen minutes, or else be greeted with a tumbler of water from some dear *camarade*, who chooses to manifest his affection in this way. These are two of the 'ropes' which the *nouveau* learns on entering. Having safely dodged them, we find ourselves in a large, square room, lighted by windows reaching from ceiling to floor, and hung about with plaster casts of every description. The inter-spaces, we notice, are filled up with caricatures of various favorites, many of them executed in good style. On a series of long tables are stretched the designs; and now if you will figure to yourself above each board a cigarette sticking into the mouth of a long-haired, unkempt 'scrub,' dressed in a gray blouse, you may gain some idea of a French Student.

He is certainly not a very prepossessing individual at first sight, but I can assure you he improves on acquaintance, and a better-hearted, more generous fellow does not breathe. You see at a glance that he is full of fun and mischief, and although to pass to-morrow's examination, is nevertheless singing at the top of his voice, and apparently having a first-rate time. The *atelier* presents quite an interesting appearance. Some are smoking, others loafing, but all shouting, howling and making such a racket as would justify one in adopting Molière's belief, that 'a Frenchman is, after all, half monkey, half tiger.' Certainly he is not of a musical race, to judge from these students.

But over in yonder corner is a fellow who, in his way, is a genius. Watch him! Just now he is quiet enough; but wait a bit, and you'll see him in one of his favorite whims. Taking a T-square in his hand and mounting a box, he raps on the table, and having gained silence, begins the opera of 'Don Giovanni.' Nobody breaks in, for this is one of D——'s tantrums. For the moment he is leader of an imaginary orchestra, and, blind to everybody and everything, gradually works himself up into a sort of frenzy. With a powerful baritone voice, he imitates the different orchestral instruments in a manner to astonish every one, sometimes even his old *camarade*. Now taking the rôle of tenor or bass, in an instant he is back in his leading chair, filling the gaps with his orchestra, first toning the horns on that side, and again the violins over here. And so he goes on, acting and working through the opera like a second Carl Bergmann; winding up at last, with a perfect crash of music, he subsides from mere exhaustion.

This outburst seems to have had a quieting effect on the *atelier;* but five minutes of silence are as abhorrent to Frenchmen as a vacuum is to nature. Their effervescing, sociable disposition can't endure it,

and immediately the buzz begins again. This time, however, things take another turn, and a general discussion ensues. Quietly enough, at first; but soon one of the disputants, warming up, makes a sharp reply, at which everybody laughs. However, French fire won't stand this, you know, and disputant number two, becoming enraged, puts in a 'stinger' with visible effect, for his opponent grows red in the face, and leaving his table with a perfect volley of oaths, crosses over. Both fellows are now the centre of attention, and face to face. Things *ought* to look very much like a Tom Brown prize ring; but don't imagine that these fellows mean to fight! The very idea is absurd. A French student would be guilty of anything sooner; it would hurt his tender body and white hands. But oaths he will not spare, and our men are now ridding themselves of a quantity sufficient to stock a Flemish trooper. Gesticulating as only Frenchmen know how, and screaming at the top of their lungs, they eye each other like two cats, and you momentarily expect to see somebody's eyes torn out. But, instead of any such result, both fellows continue to scream louder and gesticulate more wildly, the better man apparently being the one who can get off the greatest number of words in the shortest space of time. And so this little game goes on, often for several minutes, calling to mind the absurd tactics attributed to sea-turtles in their combats. 'The unwieldy creatures are said to approach one another and, when suitably stationed *vis-à-vis*, thrust out their long necks, close to the ground at first, but gradually higher and higher in the air, until at last the one which can look *down* on its opponent is considered victorious.'

To cut a long story short, our Frenchmen go back to their seats, each apparently an injured man, but in five minutes' time the best friends in the world. Towards evening the cafés of the *Quartier* begin to light up. A number of these are frequented principally by students and mistresses, and since one is a type of all the rest we can hardly go astray. Leaving the now almost deserted studio, we push along through narrow streets and passages, and finally reach the *Café Estaminet du Senat*, where already a large number of students are collected. It is a little early yet, but depend upon it, eight o'clock will bring along its quota. We are not disappointed, for one after another a crowd come trooping in.

First, we have a fellow with long hair dangling about his shoulders, clad in the tightest of trousers and tallest of stove-pipes, who sports a good deal of cravat and quite as much brass, and who, if you ask him, would be only too proud to relate his last little *rouerie*. This man represents a class called '*les Bohêmes*' in Paris — in English, 'Bohemians'; in army slang, 'bummers.' He is a jovial, reckless devil, thoroughly given over to his passions, and who, unhappily, may be met at every corner. With him enters a coquettish-looking little body, dressed 'to kill,' according to French ideas — that is to say, all heels

and back hair. She appears to be well known to the company, for nearly every one shakes her by the hand or extends a friendly nod of recognition. Finding the card tables full, she wanders about from one set to another, chaffing familiarly at each, till weary of this amusement, when she takes a comfortable position near some friend, and proceeds to roll and light a cigarette, which, reader, though it shock our American sensibilities, she does in the highest style of art. This little feat accomplished, the two discuss together the affairs of the day or what-not — but more often the latter. By this time the company become somewhat boisterous, cards and wine exercising their natural effect, and some one proposes a song.

For a quiet-loving man it is now time to beat a hasty retreat, for from now till midnight a perfect bedlam will reign. Between snatches we hear, from our window above, occasional crashes that tell of broken china and empty pocket-books; or perhaps a lively ejaculation from some fair one who, deeming herself insulted, shies a saucer at her neighbor's head.

Of the hard-working students — for such there are — who live in attics up heaven only knows how many flights of stairs, and practise the strictest economy, and who are possessed of many amiable traits of character, I may speak at another time.

The second letter, dated November 2, 1868, describes an experience that thrilled the family in Orange:

VISIT TO A CHÂTEAU ON THE LOIRE

A *camarade* had invited me to spend a week at his aunt's château on the Loire, and I found that here was a capital opportunity to learn something of French society and manners.

I very gladly accepted, and a certain Monday night, towards the end of September, saw two young men sitting seriously in a third class carriage bound for the little town of Château Neuf, near Anger. I use the word 'seriously,' because you will find in France that third class carriages are not exactly what might be called 'laps of luxury,' and the prospect of twelve hours or more of prolonged hard bench, seemed anything but amusing. However, French students are economical, and so long as green grass and fresh air loomed ahead, who could complain?

Without any event worthy of notice, we arrived next morning at the ancient little borough of Château Neuf, whose diligence horses carried us along the highroad at a smart trot, and soon afterwards put up in sight of the beautiful property of Madame M——, extending down almost to the water's edge. Three minutes more, and we were in the house, where a hearty French welcome and breakfast awaited us.

Madame M——, whose manners belonged to quite another century, saluted her nephew on either cheek, after which your humble servant

received a ceremonious, old-fashioned courtesy not to be imitated. I couldn't help remarking from the first, that the château from garret to floor was quite in keeping with its mistress. Indeed, everything wore a venerable aspect, from the curious Pre-Raphaelite-looking pictures in the drawing room, down to the kitchen chimney, of which more directly. Our bedroom, too, would doubtless have amused an antiquary, with its variously carved oak wardrobe, and windows paneled in iron bars an inch thick, suggesting to an outsider the possibility of one's being an inmate in some French Newgate or Sing Sing. In a corner of the room stood a battered Revolutionary musket, which they had assured us had fought its way through more than one campaign.

Still another detail new to American eyes. Among his *articles de toilette* stood a sugar bowl, placed there, as we afterwards learned, to suggest *eau sucrée* in warm weather. What an idea! Who but the French would have dreamed of such a thing? At all events, the sugar went, though perhaps not just as Madame had intended.

My chamber window looked out over a flourishing garden, and down to the banks of the river, whose waters have given to Anjou the name of 'the Garden of France,' or, as it is sometimes called, *Le pays de rire et de ne rien faire* (the country of laughter and idleness); and the reason for such a compliment readily explains itself, for on every side the eye is lost in golden vineyards and rich orchards and grain-fields, and the new-comer is struck with the fertility of the soil and a certain air of elegant cultivation almost unknown in America.

One thing alone prevents you from being carried quite away, and that is the unusual flatness of the country, the lack of any prominent feature to divert the eye, and break up a monstrous landscape which becomes fatiguing. It is true that village spires and those great 'moulins' or windmills that occur every quarter of a mile or so, *do* lend a picturesque effect, but still an American looks around in vain for something to recall his own great valleys and mountains, and perhaps at first is rather unfavorably impressed. But a three days' trip in Anjou or Touraine will suffice to convince anyone that few spots can exist anywhere more richly endowed, or better deserving of its many praises.

They cultivate a white wine here thought by many to rival that of champagne, and in the way of horticultural produce have no equals. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes, apricots, cherries, melons, and even almonds and figs, thrive equally, and the ordinary fruit set upon the family table would grace a horticultural show. For example, I had the curiosity to measure a certain pear that stood before me at breakfast, and found it to be something like a foot in circumference.

It ought not to be forgotten either that Anjou is the home of those great pear plantings to which the United States owes so many of its orchards. Nurserymen and horticulturists naturally thrive here, and

the traffic carried on with New York is very considerable. Besides this, quarries of coal, marble and slate dot the provinces here and there, and the last two products have a wide reputation in France.

But not to make this a long document on geography and statistics, let us go down stairs and peep into some of the quaint old rooms, which I opine often don't see daylight, and are only thrown open on state occasions like the present; for you must know that the arrival of two Parisian students in 'Provence' is an event that doesn't happen every day to a country neighborhood, and so we are the cause of no little sensation.

The kitchen, of all parts of the house, would perhaps be the most interesting to a stranger, and, apart from the good things they turn out of it, is well worth a visit. The common dinner hour — 6 o'clock in the evening — is the best time to make it, and, taking a seat in one corner of the room, with pussy in our lap, we wait for the family domestics to make their appearance. Before long a great clattering and stamping of wooden shoes is heard from the court pavement, and a moment or two after, a half-dozen square-featured men come trooping through the doorway out of the darkness. Their blue homespun blouses and immense wooden shoes turned up at the toe make quite a picture against the black background, and give one a fair type of French peasantry.

They don't see us yet, for there is a cheerful fire burning in the old-fashioned chimney-place, which on a cold October night naturally attracts the first attention. But, an instant afterwards, Père Faul, an aged family servant, catches a glimpse of J. sitting in one corner, and we are immediately saluted by these uneducated working-men in a way that would make some gentlemen blush for their breeding. After a word or two of conversation, carried on in a respectful undertone, a pot of smoking hot porridge is placed on the table, and the hungry men summoned to dinner. Père Faul naturally takes the head of the table, the men and servant-girls ranging themselves on either side. Spoons are then placed before each person and the attack begins, headed by Père Faul, who in this, as in everything else, seems to be the acknowledged leader. Each one helps himself in turn out of the same dish, and though the idea might seem perhaps unpleasant, it is done so naturally that you very soon cease to remark it. In a short space of time the bottom of the dish makes its appearance, and one more substantial course finishes this homely meal. The men now light their pipes, the girls chat gaily around the fire, and the old spinning-wheel turns faster than ever. Another log is brought in and its additional blaze makes this quaint old kitchen resplendent. Even its furthest corners are lighted up, and the long rows of brightly scoured pans and platters, the hams and onion strings hanging from the rafters overhead, and lastly, a group of eager faces now gathered around the card table, would make a subject worthy of one of the old Flemish

painters. How very strange and new this seems to our 19th century eyes, or I should rather say old, for French country peasants hardly change with time, and hand down from one generation to another a great similarity of dress and manners. Indeed, in some parts of France, as in Brittany for example, the inhabitants wear very nearly the same costumes that they did a thousand years ago, and in certain agricultural districts employ, to-day, implements of the most primitive character. Of course this is limited to a few isolated spots, but at all events it serves to give us an idea of the country people, and how they cling to old traditions. But you see I have already passed my limit and must leave the Loire trip for another mail.

McKim's letters from Château Neuf called out a characteristic response from Sister Lucy, whose questionings the reader is disposed to second:

The tour was the very thing for a rest, and 'among the châteaux' with those beautiful names sounds awful enticing! O, we want to hear a *great deal* more about thy visit at Château Neuf! How you lived there, more about the people; who is 'Joubert'? are there any demoiselles? how thee was received? is the old fat Mme. the only one in the family? what kind of a bedroom thee has; what sort of servants there are; what thee and Jourdain do all day; what the 'hifaluten civilities' are, etc., etc., ad infin.

By the way, 'Among the Châteaux' would furnish thee enough matter for a whole series of letters to the A. M'g News. There isn't the least need of crowding all thy facts into one letter. Dilute a little; take a few items and enlarge on 'em.

The first specimens of his work Charles sent home (in 1869) were the drawings for a Casino, which pleased his father, but called forth these criticisms from his sister Lucy:

I didn't admire particularly the nude ladies in the niches. The profuseness of such statuary just now in New York, at the entrance of every place of amusement, whether refined or indecent, expensive or cheap, has given me rather a distaste for it. Of course I do not condemn every kind of naked female figure in marble or plaster, but the voluptuous, meaningless, commonplace stuff that is copied and recopied is most tiresome.

The elder McKim (who was looking around for real estate ventures as a means of income when the Freedmen's work should fail to furnish a support) urged his son to 'study cheap cottages in detail, for in doing so you will be able to aid me and others when you come home. You ought to visit the

houses and suburban villas of architects who understand the art of giving the best building for the smallest sum. Boston architects have their cheap methods and I presume Paris architects have their cheap methods.' Later, the father joins the family chorus of protest at the meagerness of detail in McKim's home letters:

> Much disappointment is expressed at the small space you devote to the skating affair. We had heard, thro' Thomas Mott, that you and Jim had made a sensation; but that was all we heard and we wanted details.[1] We would not have you 'brag,' but telling your friends at home frankly and fully the facts, however flattering to yourself, would not be 'bragging.' You must remember that a mother can never hear too much about her only boy — especially if it be to his credit.
>
> Now about going to England: you will have learned by this time, from my last letter, that I have wanted you to see the architecture of that country and add to your resources from that quarter. I am not surprised at your willingness to leave the *atelier*. I told your mother the other day that I thought you had got about all out of the School that you were likely to get and that I didn't see much use in your continuing in it.

One habit that McKim acquired in Paris drew forth the sarcastic ridicule of every member of the family in turn and often. He would begin his sentences with carefully executed Roman capitals. To his mother it seemed an affectation, to his father a waste of time, to his sister a curtailment of the things that amused her. Could they have seen in those letters the beginnings of that study of lettering for its own sake and the dawnings of a monumental use of inscriptions, which were one of the achievements of the future firm, the family might have forborne their humor at his expense. McKim used both right and left hand with equal facility, and even developed the ability to write so that the paper could be read only in a mirror.

In April, 1869, McKim failed to get a 'mention,' while Robert Peabody succeeded. 'We all shared in thy disappointment,' wrote his sister, 'at getting nothing for thy pains. I should have felt nothing but sympathy, the subject being such an uninteresting one (the peristyle) except for the fact thee

[1] In McKim's boyhood days Germantown was a center for skating and cricket; in both sports he was an adept. His friend, Charles Matlock, in 1926, recalled that with one impulse McKim cut the figure 8 eight times.

mentioned of having postponed getting to work on it for two whole weeks — certainly a very important defection. I thought thee had proved satisfactorily to thyself by many trials before thee left home, the unwisdom of postponing study and then doing it at night with much loss of sleep and consequently of brain power. Yet thee speaks of this truth as if it were a new discovery. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that such commonplaces have to be rediscovered so often.'

This admonition came from a pen that was even then distinguishing itself by the preservation of negro dialect songs as well as by the translation of Laboulaye's history of the United States. She then relieved her brother's mind by telling him that Russell Sturgis was designing for Miller McKim the house he expected to build on speculation, and that Mr. Sturgis had promised a letter of introduction to Viollet-le-Duc, although she doubted whether he would ever write it, 'for he is a procrastinating man and thinks M. le-Duc does not take pupils.' McKim was disappointed over not getting the letter, for he was so much interested in the architect-archæologist's work that he was translating portions of his writings. He never presented the letter sent him by Wendell Garrison, addressed to M. Hippolyte Rodrigues, 'a leader in the reform movement among the Jews,' who, Mr. Garrison opined, 'might introduce you to better circles than you have generally entered!'

McKim's first visit to England was made during the summer of 1869. Through the interest and kindness of Mr. R. Phane Spiers and Mr. Henry Lawrence he was enabled to make good use of his time ('as far as cricket matches would permit') and was made an honorary member of the Architectural Association. Some of his father's friends, with whom he became acquainted during his visit on anti-slavery business in the year when Charles was born, also were kind to him. Then began that fondness for London that grew and strengthened with the years. With him it came to be Paris for stimulation in work and cultivation in matters of taste; Rome for modesty in achievement and the sense of permanence through time's changes; but London for the established order, the accumulations of civilization in the art of living, and the real satisfactions of life. In the great houses he was called upon to design he was

influenced strongly by the well-ordered, quiet, comfortable methods of English life as manifested in the homes of that country.

In September, 1869, McKim took his parents completely by surprise with the announcement, in a letter from Ypres, that he hoped to marry a certain young lady whom he had known in Cambridge — a case of propinquity, and of seniority on her side. Sarah McKim, with a mother's natural apprehensions, had feared such a match, and had taken the precaution to obtain the promise of the young lady's mother that, should an affair begin, the McKims would be apprised of the danger in time to avert it. McKim himself had quite thrown his mother off the scent by saying of another young lady: 'Mother, she is just the girl thee would like for a daughter.' Fortunately, McKim asked for counsel, and from his mother got it:

> Now, my darling boy, thee asks for advice. I wish I had wisdom from above to counsel thee; perhaps Father will be able to assist thee more than I can. I can only express my feelings and give thee my impressions, which I am afraid will not go for much with a man in love. . . . The fact is, dear Charlie, we feel as if thee ought and might do better. Thee is fresh and young; never having been in society, thee is a dear, pure, green boy, willing to hand over thy love to one who has for years been in society, knows all the ropes — I won't say 'arts and wiles,' but she is not fresh. I want something better for thee. It seems nothing is wanting on thy part now but to let the matter rest. Thee has acted honorably. If when thee comes home thee should still want her, don't be the least afraid but what thee can have her. On this point we think we know a good deal more than thee does, but it is the particular request of us all that thee takes no further steps in the matter till thee *comes* home. . . . Young people often think they can never get over a love affair, but it's a great mistake, dear Charlie. I know scores who have been disappointed in getting their first love, and blest their stars many a time after that something *had* stepped in and prevented them from taking the step. Such was thy own Mother's case, tho' few have ever known it.

Had the affair been a serious one, no opposition would have prevented the match, not even his father's firm and sensible presentation of the situation. 'To the McKims,' he wrote, 'matrimony has always been a dangerous thing. Had I followed my heart's strongest impulse when at your age, I might have married a woman my senior and ensured myself a life of misery.

The good God and my sober second thought restrained me, and I afterwards found one who has been the joy of my life.' Then he instances several family disasters in the marriage state. As it was, Charles came home the next year with no entanglements. But he had worked out a theory of life to which he adhered steadfastly throughout his entire career of forty years. The reflection of this theory we find in his father's letter of December 1, 1869:

> I want to re-express the satisfaction I had in your last two or three letters. Your enthusiasm in your chosen profession I greatly like. I quite agree with you that, important as it is to make a living and a good living, 'Greenbacks' should be a secondary not a primary consideration. The way to get on in the world, and that even in the best money sense, is to select some honorable and proper profession, and in that seek to excel. Any one who is master of any useful art — *master*, I say — and who is an honest, pure and just man, and a gentleman in his manners, will be sure to succeed. He may not make money immediately, and he may never accumulate a great fortune, but he will succeed, money-wise and otherwise, and he will enjoy a happiness which others of a different character but abounding in wealth can never enjoy. I am pleased, therefore, that you are not keen to make money. Your keenness to make yourself master of architecture gives me much more satisfaction.

In England there was miscarriage of money for expenses, and consequent embarrassments which troubled him. All of which drew from his sister Lucy sensible remarks upon 'the mental habit of persons of an artistic turn of mind — the unfortunate side of the artistic nature: a difficulty of enjoying anything if it cannot be enjoyed wholly, a fastidiousness of requiring everything to be in accord before accepting it as a pleasure — the old story of the princess who couldn't sleep because there were three pease under her twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds.'

Following the English journey came St. Malo, where he became so engrossed that he was locked in the cathedral and had to get the priest to ring the bell to call the sexton — a story his small nephew Lloyd Garrison learned by heart and often recited to the edification of the doting family. Then he traveled through France, Germany, the north of Italy, Austria, and so back to Paris for some further months at the École des Beaux Arts.

The question of the city where McKim should settle gave his father concern. In Philadelphia, the elder McKim found, Charles was popular. As a member of the Young America cricket team, his career had been watched — at Harvard, at L'École, at the Bois de Boulogne — with the liveliest interest. If he should 'choose to hang out his shingle in Philadelphia,' he could do so under the most favorable auspices, social and professional. Frank Furness, one of the first architects in the city (whose recent successes were the Tom McKean house at Walnut and Twentieth, and the conversion of the Market House into the Mercantile Library) wanted McKim to come into his office. He had seen the photograph of a casino McKim had done, and had pronounced the opinion that the boy had learned to draw. Yet as between Philadelphia and New York, the elder McKim says: 'One is a great provincial town; the other is a metropolitan city.'

The thing the father asks twice of the son is 'a photograph of that very funny black statuette at the city fountain in Brussels' — a request that was fully gratified.

CHAPTER V

McKIM, MEAD & WHITE

Charles McKim, reluctant to leave the easy life and the companionships of Paris, was considering money matters with his father when the impending outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, in the spring of 1870, sent American students scurrying back from Europe. Domiciled in the family home at Llewellyn Park, he sallied forth with his sketches under his arm, applying for work in the New York architects' offices. The big and jovial Henry H. Richardson received him kindly, but said: 'My d-d-dear fe-fellow, I haven't a thing in my office for my one and only draughtsman to do. However,' he added reassuringly, 'we are in the competition for the Brattle Square Church in Boston, and if we win I will take you on.' Richardson was even better than his word, for the award was not made until June, while in May McKim was placed in charge of the drawings in the office of Gambrill & Richardson, at a salary of eight dollars a week. He was twenty-three years old and very happy.

McKim naturally came under the influence of Richardson's powerful and winning personality; and especially he was attracted by the novel doctrine Richardson was then forcefully preaching — that architecture is one of the fine arts and must be practiced as such. During McKim's stay, the drawings for Trinity Church in Boston were in preparation. Thus he was initiated into the spirit of coöperative work among artists, and became acquainted with John La Farge, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Francis Lathrop, Frank Millet, George Maynard, and those other artists whom Richardson called in to help him. So he came to be enrolled in the fellowship to which Richardson, after he had moved to Boston, was wont affectionately to refer as 'the Old Office.'

McKim had been with Richardson a year and a half when he was employed by his friend of Harvard days, Prescott Hall Butler, to design a modest house at St. James, on Long Island, as a home for himself and his bride, Miss Cornelia Smith, a

daughter of Judge Smith of Smithtown, one of the family of 'Bull Smiths.' Other small commissions followed. Thereupon the ambitious young man (as he humorously related) looked upon himself as a full-fledged architect, took a room and a small private office adjoining the Richardson quarters, and had printed his first card, bearing the legend 'Charles McKim, architect, with Gambrill & Richardson, 6 Hanover Street, New York.' He did not entirely give up the Richardson work; but he did turn over the drawings to young Stanford White. It so happened that the Trinity Church design had to be entirely restudied, until nothing was left but the plan.[1] In the restudies, whatever of McKim found expression in the original ones was lost. Stanford White, working under Richardson, completed the details with a knowledge and sympathy attested by the published book of his early sketches in Europe.[2]

A quarter of a century later, McKim, in a letter thanking Mrs. Stanford White for the Christmas gift of a picture of St. James from the water, recalls those care-free days:

Thank you for the picture; I love to have it as your gift — and for all the memories it calls up. For nearly twenty-five years I have associated it with so much in my life that has smoothed the way and helped to make existence more worth living that I should be helpless now if I were to try to tell you my affection for the soil of the Bull Smiths.[3]

In sickness and in health, through many years which seem such a little way back, they have endeared it to me by everlasting kindness. Is it any wonder that Crane Neck and the Sound and that shining white spire beyond rejoice my soul as well as theirs?

Ella [4] was not over fifteen years old, nor you very long out of short frocks when we landed, Prescott and I, one very hot summer morning

[1] McKim to Rev. E. Winchester Donald, March 21, 1893.

[2] *Sketches and Designs by Stanford White*, with an outline of his career, by his son, Lawrence Grant White; 1920.

[3] When the first and original Smith to emigrate to the United States was captured by the Indians on Long Island they set him on a wild bull and told him that if he fell off he would be killed. If, on the other hand, he stuck on they would present him with all the land he could comfortably ride around. So goes an old legend. Smith stayed on the bull and rode around the considerable tract which is now Smithtown.

[4] Prescott Hall Butler, Harvard '69, had for classmates Frank Millet, Frank Appleton, and Dr. William T. Bull. He was a member of the law firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman. He married Cornelia, eldest daughter of Judge J. Lawrence Smith. Ella, the second daughter, married Devereux Emmet; Bessie, the thirteenth child, married Stanford White. The Butler, Emmet, and White estates adjoin. Prescott Butler died in 1901.

after an eventful night on the Sound, in Stony Brook, and arrived twelve hours late at his new cottage by the harbour.

I can see Cornelia now, meeting us at the door, young and handsome, full of concern — ministering to our wants and sending us to bed immediately after breakfast! Those were halcyon days of pioneering, when the old 'cord-wood' path was good enough, and the sky blue enough, and James's axe cleared the way. Your grandmother used to drive over then to see the '*improvements*' and I was called in to explain to the Judge the beauties of one of my first efforts in Architecture.

As I look back, from then till now seems only yesterday. Nothing is changed. Winter has taken the place of summer, the country is as beautiful as ever — and yet — the first great chapter in the lives of those who know it best and care for it the most is closed.

Mr. Mead has left this account of the origin of the firm of McKim, Mead & White:

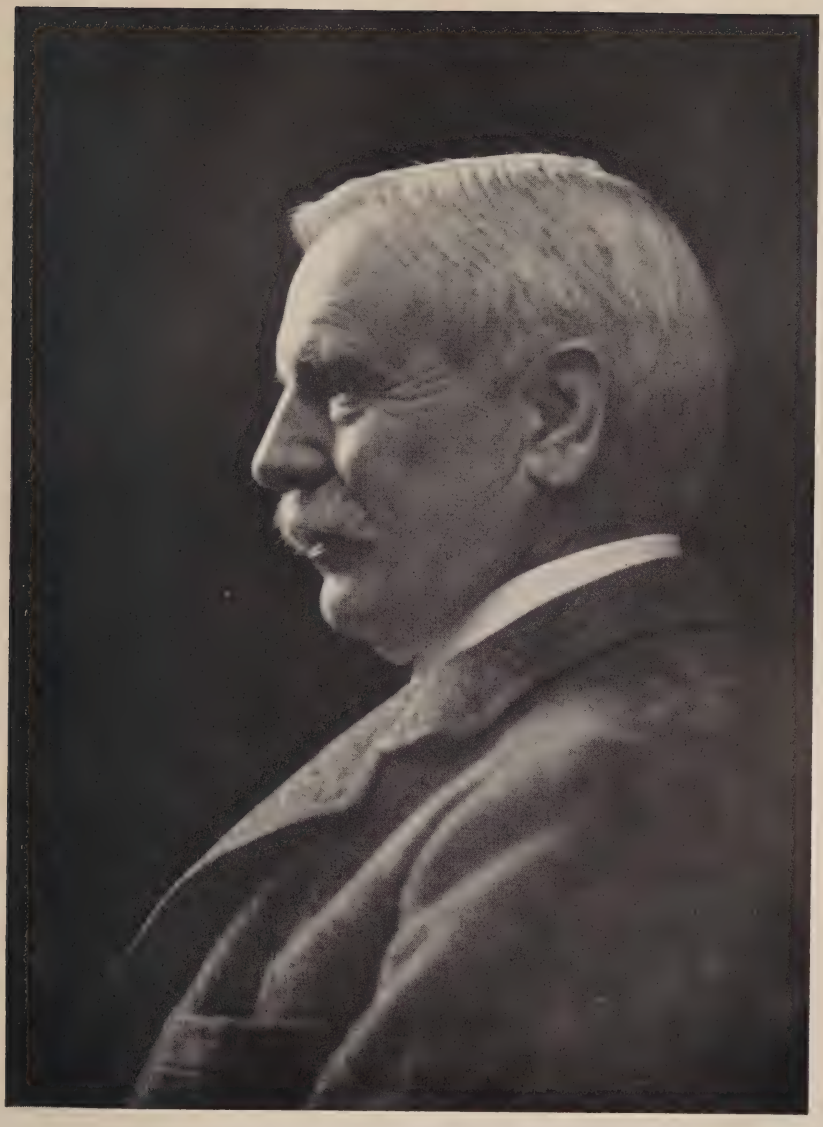
After my graduation from Amherst College in 1867, I spent a year in an engineer's office, and in July, 1868, entered the office of Mr. Russell Sturgis, after McKim had left to go to Europe. I went into this office as a paid student, for instruction in architecture, and was put directly under the guidance of the late George Fletcher Babb, who, throughout his life, was a man of the highest talent, and who became an intimate friend of the original members of our firm.

In 1871 I went to Europe for a residence of a year and a half, living most of the time with my brother Larkin G. Mead, at Florence, continuing my studies at the Academia de Belle Arte.

Curiously enough after the return of McKim in 1870, and up to the time of my departure for Europe in 1871, I had not met him. He had in the meantime been given an important position in the office of Gambrill & Richardson, and was closely connected with the early designs for Trinity Church in Boston. Early in the summer of 1872 McKim had secured a commission for designing several small country houses in Orange, N.J., and had decided to start in business for himself. He took two small rooms at 57 Broadway, while closing up his connection with Gambrill & Richardson.

Upon my return from Europe in the fall of 1872, I naturally went to Mr. Sturgis's office at 57 Broadway, in the hope that I might continue my services as an architectural draftsman there. Mr. Sturgis was out of town, and I made a call upon Mr. McKim in his new offices, in this same building. I found that he had a quantity of work to be finished before closing with Gambrill & Richardson, and with the two or three country houses he had on hand, he was very much in need of assistance, so we at once made an arrangement that I should help him out. This was the beginning of our lifelong acquaintance.

In the meantime Mr. McKim received some other work, and I



WILLIAM RUTHERFORD MEAD
1928

secured some of my own, and for several years we planned together helping each other on our separate work without any partnership. William B. Bigelow (later Mr. McKim's brother-in-law) had returned from the École des Beaux Arts and had been given a place in the office. In 1878 it was decided that our work had become so intermingled that we would form a partnership under the name of McKim, Mead & Bigelow. This partnership, owing to the retirement of Mr. Bigelow, ceased in 1879.

Stanford White (the son of Richard Grant White) had entered the office of Gambrill & Richardson as a very young man during the time that Mr. McKim had been with them. He almost immediately showed great talent and took Mr. McKim's position upon his retirement from that office, and for some years was the devoted follower and assistant of Mr. Richardson in much of his more important work, notably Trinity Church in Boston. In these years he was our close neighbor and became our very intimate friend. In 1878 he left Mr. Richardson for an extended trip in Europe with, I think, the intention of returning to him. Naturally he was ambitious to go into business for himself, and on his return in 1879, on the retirement of Mr. Bigelow, we offered Mr. White a partnership, which he accepted with great enthusiasm.

In our early days all of us had a great interest in Colonial architecture, and in 1877 we made what we afterwards called our 'celebrated' trip to New England, for the purpose of visiting Marblehead, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth. The party consisted of Messrs. McKim, Bigelow, White and myself. We made sketches and measured drawings of many of the important Colonial houses, which still remain in our scrap-book. I think these must represent some of the earliest records of the Colonial period through native drawings.

One of the events of this trip, which we always remembered with great pleasure was a visit to Mr. Ben: Perley Poore's place [Indian Head] outside of Newburyport. For many years he was the Washington correspondent of the Boston 'Journal.' He lived in a house that had been in his family since some time in the seventeenth century. Mr. Poore had maintained everything in the spirit of Colonial times and had a most wonderful collection of Colonial furniture. We had a letter of introduction to him, requesting that he give us permission to see his place, and with most generous hospitality he insisted on our staying with him for four days. We were all young men, and he had two very attractive daughters, which made the visit all the more agreeable.

I think the leaning of the office towards the classic form dates from this trip. Mr. McKim, after his sojourn in Paris, returned with a bias for the picturesque, and his sketch-books from abroad were full of châteaux, round towers and 'pepper-pot extinguishers.' Mr. White had been brought up in Mr. Richardson's office, and his whole early influence had carried him toward the Romanesque, in which he certainly was an adept. I had been influenced somewhat towards the

study of architecture by my first view, before entering college, of the classic capitol building of Vermont at Montpelier, and I suppose I imbibed a love for the Renaissance from my residence in Italy.

In 1879, shortly after the establishment of the firm of McKim, Mead and White, Joseph M. Wells came into our office. Too much cannot be said of his unswerving devotion to the Italian Renaissance. He was a direct descendant of Samuel Adams, and I think no one ever got further from New England ideas than Wells did. I suppose he had merely a good high school education, but he was one of the most learned young men in literature and art whom I have ever met, and a most original thinker. I do not know what his early education in architecture was — certainly not through the schools. He had been in some of the good Boston offices before he came to us. In his quiet, almost unsocial, way he immediately made an impression upon all of us, and became our intimate friend and associate not only in our work but also in our daily life. It was one of the shocks of my life when in Paris I received a cablegram announcing his death after a short illness.

As I sit at my desk and look at a photograph of Charles McKim, Stanford White and myself, I have also before me a most remarkable photograph of Joseph M. Wells. The original was painted by his friend, Thomas W. Dewing. I recall the times when we four were working together in bonds of true fellowship.

Mrs. Stanford White says that Mr. Wells was regarded as an autocratic authority on musical matters, and that he largely made up the programmes for the Sunday afternoon concerts at Saint-Gaudens's studio.[1]

James Miller McKim died at Llewellyn Park, June 13, 1874. In a letter to his son, written on October 11, 1867, he reviewed his life, saying quite simply and with entire truth:

It is a great satisfaction to me that I do enjoy my work. If I did not, and had to continue in it, existence would be a burden. As it is I can sincerely say — and I am most happy to be able to do so — that though I have been engaged in this enterprise — the abolition of slavery and the elevation of its victims — for more than thirty years, I have never for a day grown tired of it. On the contrary my interest has steadily increased, and my feelings and whole soul are more enlisted in it now than ever before and as it approaches a consummation, — as the goal at which we have been aiming begins to be distinctly seen, the race becomes easy and labor a pleasure.

[1] On one occasion Wells was inveighing against the West; asked if he had ever been West, he answered that once he went to Hoboken and he judged that was a fair sample of the western country.

Lucy McKim Garrison died in 1877, leaving the entire care of the household to her mother — a heavy burden borne lightly. The family subject to her ministrations consisted of her son-in-law, Wendell Phillips Garrison, his two sons, Lloyd McKim and Philip McKim, and his daughter, Katherine McKim. The children were fond of their uncle Charles, and he was devoted to them. His memorandum books often contain the word 'Orange' as the sole entry for the day, indicating frequent visitations.

On Thursday, October 1, 1874, Charles Follen McKim was married at Newport, Rhode Island, to Annie, daughter of John William and Anna Maria (Barton) Bigelow, of New York City, the officiating clergymen being the Reverend O. B. Frothingham, one of the lights of New England Unitarianism, and the Reverend William S. Child. Miss Bigelow, the elder of the two beautiful sisters of Charles McKim's fellow student in Paris and then partner, was an accomplished musician and a student of high standing in New York private schools. In the winter Mr. and Mrs. McKim made their home in New York City, and in summer they lived in a vine-covered comfortable cottage on Washington Street overlooking the harbor. There on August 13, 1875, a daughter was born to them.

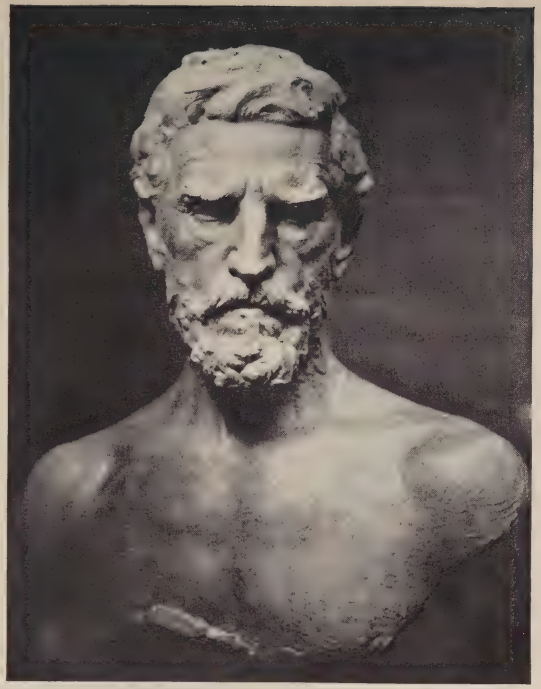
Three years later, Mrs. McKim obtained a separation from her husband in the Rhode Island courts and returned to her family home in Newport, taking their daughter with her. It has been understood that malign influences brought about Mrs. McKim's action. Be that as it may, it is certain that the causes for which divorces were granted in those days were not operative in this case. The optimist will say that, however unfortunate the separation may have seemed at the time, yet by reason of it both he and she probably accomplished more in life than they otherwise would have done.[1] To a highly sensitive nature like that of Charles McKim, the humiliation was extreme; and especially he felt the withdrawal of his daughter, which kept him from ever seeing her from 1882 until, in 1899, happily, they were reunited for the remainder of his life.

[1] In 1887 Mrs. Annie Bigelow [McKim] married the Reverend John William Day, then pastor of the Channing Memorial Church in Newport. Mr. Day was minister successively in Ithaca, New York, Hingham, Massachusetts, St. Louis, Missouri, and Kennebunkport, Maine. Three sons were born to them.

Work in the office being impossible, Charles McKim betook himself to Paris, leaving Mr. Mead to carry on the adjustments caused by the withdrawal of Mr. William B. Bigelow from the firm. In Paris McKim found a company of artists whom D. Maitland Armstrong had gathered to assist him in his work as the United States Commissioner of the Art Section of the Paris Exposition of that year. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of Mr. Armstrong and his assistant, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, they attempted to establish and maintain standards of excellence, which kept some influential American artists out of the exhibition. Thereby they incurred enmities from which they suffered for years. At the time, however, there was plenty to do and to discuss in a company that included Frank Millet, Frederick Crowninshield, Frank Hazeltine, Alfred Greenough, Russell Sturgis, Jr., and the irrepressible Stanford White.

Saint-Gaudens was then working on his first important commission, the Farragut statue for Madison Square.[1] One July day, when the call of the open country was urgent, McKim and White burst in on Saint-Gaudens at work in his studio, with the urgent suggestion of a walking-tour to the south of France. The sculptor demurred. The Farragut committee, he said, were coming to look at his sketch. McKim and White begged to be present at the exhibition, but were met by a peremptory refusal. After the ordeal was over, they found Saint-Gaudens whistling. 'Evidently,' they said, 'the ladies were pleased.' 'No; they weren't,' was the answer; 'if they had been I should have known it was bad!' Again the walking-tour was urged; but no, the 'boys' (fellow students) were coming. So they waited for the verdict of the boys. It was concise: 'Saint-Gaudens, you have given Farragut your legs!' There *was* a curve. Then Saint-Gaudens, carefully lifting off the head, tipped the figure over on the floor, where it was shattered into a thousand pieces. 'Come on,' he exclaimed, 'I'll go to Hades with you fellows now!'

[1] In that delightful book, *John Quincy Adams Ward: an Appreciation*, Mrs. Herbert Adams tells the story that when the Farragut monument was projected, some of the committee wished to have Mr. Ward as the sculptor, while others preferred Mr. Saint-Gaudens, then at the beginning of his career. Mr. Ward, with characteristic largeness of mind, helped to solve the difficulty by saying, 'Give the young man a chance.'



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
Clay Model by James Earle Fraser

BRONZE DISC BY SAINT-GAUDENS
To commemorate a trip made to the South of France with McKim and White

The walking-tour was commemorated by Saint-Gaudens in a disc of bronze, one copy of which ever stood on McKim's mantel. At the top, the bushy hair, the eyes and the beard of Stanford White are disappearing like the Cheshire Cat in 'Alice'; below, separated by a T-square are the figure-four head of Saint-Gaudens and the vast dome of McKim. The inscriptions in near-Latin are decorative rather than illuminating.[1]

Stanford White, on the return of the party August 30, 1878, wrote to his family a lively description of the trip:[2]

Fontainebleau: grounds very pretty and the castle has quite a homelike air — almost all of the large châteaux look more like public buildings than places to live in.

Moret: a lovely little walled town, with old gate towers, an old church and a little river running past them — dirty and decayed.

Sens: dirty and decayed without being lovely, but with a fine cathedral.

Dijon: not only a fine cathedral, but for a wonder both clean and cheerful. We spent Sunday there and went to church three or four times.

Beaune: besides the beauty of the town itself we came across two very attractive and inseparable things — good wine and pretty women; but, mon dieu! all dressed up in high-heeled boots and Paris fashions. The town is still encircled by its old walls, crowned by machicolations and guarded by round towers. The gates destroyed by Henry IV, and the moat a continuous vegetable garden.

Lyons: a third-rate Paris. Oh! la, la! I have forgotten the principal thing in Beaune, better even than its old music and pretty women — the Hôtel Dieu, built in 1450 and in perfect working order now. Let us pass Lyons in silence and imagine us sailing swiftly on the 'bosom' of the finest river in France. Setting aside architectural reasons this was by far the most interesting part of our voyage . . . At Pont St. Esprit we passed a grand old stone bridge of 20 arches and 2000 feet long, built in the 13th century by a company of monks — the largest stone bridge in the world.

Avignon: towering up from the river like a rock, was the most grandiose mediæval castle in the world, now used as a barracks. It was by far the most impressive town we were in.

St. Gilles: a little out-of-the way town with the best piece of architec-

[1] Mrs. Charles D. Norton (Katherine McKim Garrison) has a copy. Mrs. Saint-Gaudens gave the author a cast from Mrs. Norton's original. McKim's cast is in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. W. J. Maloney. The story was told me by McKim in 1901.

[2] The descriptions are condensed. The trip included also Tarascon, Issoire, Riom, Moulins, Bourges, Blois and Orleans.

ture in France in it — the triple marble porch of the church. The Huguenots knocked the noses off the saints and I hope they have been well boiled for it.

Arles: the women are very pretty and their costume divine, all black and white, with black and white headdresses — nothing, however, to come up to St. Thegonnec in Brittany.

Nimes is a beautiful city. We took a bath in a splendid swimming-bath in water of the Rhone, nearly thirty miles away, brought by an old Roman aqueduct. There are all manner of old Roman theatres, amphitheatres, baths, etc., lying around loose in Nimes and Arles. The Amphitheatre at Nimes is the most perfect in the world after Verona. They are having bull-fights in it now. It seated 20,000 people. We sat on the top row of seats and imagined ourselves ancient Romans and then I went down (while McKim and Saint-Gaudens stayed on top) and rushed madly into the arena, struck an attitude, and commenced declaiming. They heard me perfectly. I stabbed five or six gladiators and rushed out with the guardians in hot pursuit. At Nimes we sighted the Mediterranean and turned our faces sorrowfully homeward.

Langogne: we got on top of a stage coach and rolled over the mountain to Le Puy, the most strikingly peculiar town in France — with two great steep peaks rising right out of the midst of the town. Of all the low, dirty, nasty, ill-smelling, filthy places I have come across Le Puy exceeds them all. The very remembrance of it makes me shudder. There is a great big hideous tin Virgin (56 feet high) on top of the largest rock, whose sole object seems to be the utter destruction of the landscape for miles around.

From Le Puy to Clermont Cæsar's Commentaries would serve as a guide-book. An hour's journey and we are back in Touraine, back again, thank Heaven, in the North of France.

Tours: we are driven into the prettiest of courts and met by the loveliest of landladies. We are now in the valley of the Loire and surrounded by magnificent old châteaux. Here the best French in France is spoken, and here the Court held high revelry in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, to its ultimate annihilation. I won't bother with describing it, but hurry you back to Paris to take a Turkish bath, put on clean clothes and once again dine at Foyot's, and almost feel as if I were at home. For in spite of its wickedness, I am getting to have the appreciation which all good Americans have for Paris, and shall leave it with sorrow in my heart.

On his return from Europe in 1879, Stanford White was invited to take the place in the firm made vacant by the withdrawal of William B. Bigelow. 'White has not had much training in architecture,' was McKim's comment to Mead, 'but he can draw like a house a-fire!'

During these years the firm was employed largely with country and city houses planned to minister to and also to stimulate the taste of people of stabilized wealth. In 1881 McKim, at the instigation of James Gordon Bennett, designed the Newport Casino, a large group of romantic buildings expressive of horse-shows, tennis, music, drama, and shopping. In spite of changes in fashion and modes of living, in spite, too, of changes in the ownership of Newport palaces and villas, the Casino still forms the center of the summer life of the colony.[1] In 1884 came the Narragansett Pier Casino and its associated buildings, all of which have disappeared save the great arch of the Casino and the neighboring Life-Saving Station — both quite in the Richardson manner. From 1878 to 1881, White was designing the pedestal for Augustus Saint-Gaudens's statue of Farragut, in Madison Square, New York, a combined work of sculptor and architect which marked a new departure in American art, and gave to both artists wide reputation.

During the years from 1882 to 1885, McKim fully earned the reputation of being a popular architect.[2] After a month's business trip to Oregon, early in 1882, he returned to plunge into a round of dinners, teas, musicales, and concerts. An occasional night at Orange, a less frequent attendance at church, and short excursions with Dr. Richard Derby to Long Island afforded the little rest he got. It is small wonder that his stomach, always a weak member, gave way, and the doctor put him on a milk diet, which he detested. The list of clients reads like a social directory — Tiffany, Higginson, Goelet, Auchincloss, James Gordon Bennett, Coleman, Skinner, Tuckerman, and Fargo, are some of the names.

In April, 1882, Mr. McKim received from Mr. Henry Villard the commission to design for him a group of houses on the east side of Madison Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-First Streets. Mr. Villard's wife was a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, whose son had married McKim's sister Lucy. The families were intimate, and, as has been related, Mr. Villard

[1] The out-of-door concerts given in the Casino often have in the audience Mr. McKim's daughter and her many friends; for in Newport, Dr. and Mrs. Maloney make their summer home, and her sailboat is known to every denizen of the harbor.

[2] From 1883 to 1898 McKim lived at 9 West Thirty-Fifth Street. Then he moved to 9 East Thirty-Fifth Street.

had been consulted about Charles McKim's trip to Europe. It may well have been from Mr. Villard himself that the suggestion came of building around three sides of a court; at any rate, such was the basis of the plan. The conferences during the spring of 1882 were between Mr. Villard and Mr. McKim, but the preliminary designs were drawn by Stanford White, who had made a notable success with his Tiffany apartment house. His preliminary sketches called for the use of rock-faced stone. At this juncture Mr. White was out of the office for some months. Mr. McKim was busy at Newport and Boston. Thereupon, as Mr. Cass Gilbert relates, Mr. Mead called in the men — Wells, Harlow, Clark, Chamberlain, Whidden, Hazlet, and Gilbert — and assigned them to the various jobs on which Mr. White was engaged. Mead asked Wells to take the Villard houses, which he said he would do only on condition that he might throw away everything that had been done except the plan. This was agreed to. Whereupon Wells produced a Renaissance façade based on the Chancelleria. During the studies Mr. Villard and Mr. Wells became close friends, with music as the common interest. Mr. McKim's notebooks for 1882 and 1883 show that during October, November, and January of those years he was in constant consultation with Mr. Villard over the plans for the interior of his houses. His appreciation of Mr. Wells's work is made evident by this suggestive letter to Stanford White, written after a dinner at the University Club, then on Madison Square:

December 7, 1889

DEAR STAN:

Wells is mended again. Your call and his dinner, and the opportunity to 'lay' for Babb which he never once during the meal failed to take advantage of — all combined to restore him to an amusing vein of good humor, and he volunteered the remark on the way to Rector Street, that the upsetting incident of the evening *should not be taken too much 'au Serieux.'*

For my own part I would hail his accession as a partner with delight. In spite of his failings I feel more every day the obligations of the office to him. To my mind he stands alone in the profession for thoroughness and scholarly ability, and I feel sure that you value the soundness of his judgment in composition quite as much as I do. When you think of it, he is wretchedly poor and badly provided for, without a home or any of the good things of this world.

He must indeed, as you said to-night, feel the dependent position he occupies at his time of life. It seems to me that it would be only a fair requital of his invaluable services to the office, past and to come, and of the esteem in which we all hold him, to place his name in some manner upon our paper. It would be *everything* to him, and I do not see that its addition need complicate our affairs, or the case be different from that of Evarts, Choate & Beaman; Tracy, Cleveland, Evarts & Bates??? [1]

With Bates Hall, details to design right off, and which I must get at right off, because interior stone walls must be built immediately, and contractor howling, also entrance hall ditto mosaic ceiling to go to Huber before Xmas — Phila. County Club — 2nd Harvard Gate — Two country houses — Morristown Bank — Newark Competition & Morgan's stable — Interior Deutcher Verein — Visits to Plaza — Century matters, with Koen still unsettled, and dependent upon interior, which with Deutcher Verein should be laid out at once, in order that the openings may be properly built in the brick work and changes avoided.

The Algonquin suit [2] coming on next week & the Library a constant and growing anxiety — as the building grows.

I feel that I am trying to do all that I am able. I am not grumbling, but to-morrow let us organize and see how we are coming out — &

As soon as you can let up on Kendall or Weeks or Hunter, I shall be glad — at the same time I will try to get along somehow in case you are too rushed to spare either of them at present. I am in a bad way for help!!! As for your columns as shown on first story, Casey perspective — they are splendid.

Affy,

CHARLES

Stanford White was introduced to the family of the 'Bull Smiths' in 1880, by Charles McKim. Three years later, after a protracted siege (to use Prescott Butler's simile) the fortress surrendered, and Stanford became engaged to Miss Bessie

[1] The story goes that Wells said that he was offered a place in the firm, but declined because he wouldn't 'put his name to so much damned bad work' — a bit of grim humor characteristic of him. Mr. Wells died in 1890, shortly after the above letter was written. As Royal Cortissoz says (Scribner's, July, 1892): 'There was never anybody like Wells for detail,' and again: 'The works of Bramante constituted his Bible.'

Cass Gilbert relates that on one occasion Stanford White came into Wells's room with one of his own drawings, which he proudly exhibited with the exclamation, 'There, that is as good in its way as the Parthenon.' 'Yes,' replied Wells, 'and so fried eggs in their way are just as good as the Parthenon.'

[2] A law suit that grew out of encroachments on the building line of Commonwealth Avenue, as ordered by the building committee. The matter was settled out of court.

Springs Smith, the youngest of thirteen children of Judge J. Lawrence Smith, of Smithtown, Long Island.

McKim had taken a lively interest in the vicissitudes of his partner's wooing of a girl he himself had known from her schoolgirl days, and whom he regarded as a younger sister now quite grown into independent womanhood. His letter of congratulation ran:

> But how can I say it, It — that which I want to say — that I wish for you both all that is good and best and happiest — and to you that you are very welcome among us whose office is now yours.
>
> We will pull in one boat and we will pull all together and all I have got to say is that if the (financial) weather don't clear up soon we'll keep a-pullin' till it does! Meanwhile on the voyage H O M E all we ask of the Captain is ci-vil-ity — Stan will some day tell you the rest.[1] And when you bring him to dine with me in 35th St., very soon I hope, he shall carve and you shall pour out the tea after dinner just as if I were the guest and it were already 1884.

In May, McKim was taking early morning rides with Saint-Gaudens; and in August was visiting the beaches with Mead and Miss Olga Kilenyi, who was born in Hungary and then was living with her mother in New York.

The marriage of Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Miss Augusta F. Homer took place at Boston June 4, 1877. That of William R. Mead and Miss Olga Kilenyi was celebrated at Budapest, November 13, 1884.

It was on May 7, 1883, that Charles McKim was asked to meet Miss Julia Appleton at dinner at the Sands house in New York. In October she consulted him about building for her a summer home at Lenox, Frederick Law Olmsted being engaged to lay out the grounds. There were frequent conferences, ending in drives with the two Appleton sisters; and in December came the first interview with the Stockbridge church committee, who had asked McKim to design Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, a memorial to Mrs. Charles H. Butler, the mother of Prescott

[1] This cryptic sentence is explained by a paragraph in a McKim letter to Dr. R. H. Derby, written ten years later (August 31, 1893), showing that the story was a favorite:

'Finally you remember the reply of the sailor to his captain who, endeavoring to make amends in the presence of the assembled ship for having commanded of him "Silence! and d——d little of that," replied, "All I want of you is CI-VIL-ITY and that of the commonest d——d sort."'

Hall Butler. These two commissions kept McKim on the go from New York to Stockbridge and thence to Boston, where he was building the Algonquin Club; and to Narragansett Pier, where he was working on the Casino plans.

On June 25, 1885, two weddings took place at Lenox. At half after ten that morning Miss Marian Alice Appleton was married to George von Lengerke Meyer,[1] of Boston, in Trinity Episcopal Church. From the church the guests, a brilliant gathering of New York and Boston people summering in the Berkshires, went to the home McKim had designed, and at 11.15 o'clock Miss Julia Amory Appleton was married to Charles Follen McKim by President Thomas S. Hastings of the Union Theological Seminary (the father of Thomas Hastings, then in the McKim, Mead & White office), assisted by the Reverend R. S. Howland, of Lee, and Justice Thomas Post, of Lenox. Mr. and Mrs. McKim left immediately for a European trip.

Among the gifts was a copy of 'Their Wedding Journey,' inscribed by its author, with this note:

My dear McKim: Will you kindly give this book to Miss Appleton for the Mrs. McKim of to-morrow, and accept for yourself my most cordial felicitations? The book, by a fortunate inspiration of the binder, is of nearly the same color as the beautiful house you have made her, and if she will allow it a nook in it, when you return there, I shall feel somehow as if I were sharing the happiness which its roof will shelter.

Yours affectionately

W. D. Howells

June 24, 1885

While in Europe, McKim received the sad news of the death of the first child of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White. His letter of sympathy also contains the sole record of his own honeymoon:

[1] Mr. Meyer (1858–1918) was a member of the Boston city government while McKim was building the Boston Library. McKim often asked his aid in small matters. He was ambassador to Italy, 1900–05, and to Russia, 1905–07, during the Portsmouth negotiations for peace between Russia and Japan, supervised by President Roosevelt. 'I like Meyer,' the President told McKim; 'he works. Most of these dips, think only of the plush.' Mr. Meyer was Postmaster-General in the Roosevelt Cabinet and Secretary of the Navy in the Taft Cabinet. The relations between Mr. and Mrs. Meyer and Mr. McKim were affectionate.

HOTEL BELLEVUE, THE HAGUE
August 22 (1885)

MY DEAR STAN: A letter from (Wendell) Garrison received through Baring to-day has brought to us a great sadness, small part though it be of what Bessie and you are suffering.

It is impossible to express the sympathy that one ever feels and it becomes the harder to do so when one's best friends are concerned, and so I will only send this line now to let you know how truly my wife and I have been with you ever since the sad tidings reached us. More than once I have described my little Godson to Julia and told her of him as if I were speaking of one of my own blood, and she has been interested to follow your and Bessie's history and to know about the little fellow whose life seemed to be as full and fair as the courtship that preceded it. Oh, it is very sorrowful and very hard, and the mystery of such a blow remains such a mystery still — but you will not despair and you still have much in the recollection of what cannot be taken away from you, though you are deprived of it for now. Do write to me soon fully when you can, and I will follow this before long with some account of our doings — but not now.

We had a perfect time in England and have also enjoyed Holland much, in spite of my stomach which for a week has pulled me down. We leave for Antwerp on Tuesday and then go directly to Switzerland for a fortnight or 3 weeks of quiet.

With much love to you both and the most earnest wishes that the help you so much need may be given to you,

Aff'y ever
CHARLES

After a year and a half passed so happily that almost no record of it remains, Mrs. McKim died suddenly in the New York home, on January 3, 1887. The funeral services, held three days later in Trinity Church, Boston, were conducted by the Reverend Phillips Brooks; and the burial was made in the Appleton lot in Mount Auburn Cemetery.[1] Later a transfer was made to the McKim family lot in the cemetery at Orange.

From her father, Charles H. Appleton, of Boston, Mrs. McKim had inherited an ample income, and from the proceeds she had built the Lenox home, which at her death her husband inherited. It was quite characteristic of McKim that he should use the money obtained from the sale of the property to further the objects in which his wife was most interested. His own

[1] *Boston Evening Transcript*, January 6, 1887.

income, although modest, satisfied his wants, provided something to give away, and a little to save.

Mrs. McKim had been accustomed to devote a considerable portion of her time and income to hospital work in Boston, and the circumstances of her death made it eminently fitting that a third of the proceeds from the sale of the Lenox property should go to the Boston Lying-in Hospital, an offshoot of the Harvard Medical School. Here since 1889 the Appleton Fund of $20,000 has been serving its purpose in providing for medical research.

A second third was given to Columbia University to establish a traveling scholarship in architecture. The last third, after being held for several years against contingencies that might arise in the finances of the American Academy in Rome, went to establish the Julia Appleton McKim traveling fellowship in Architecture at Harvard University.

Desiring to place a memorial to his wife in the midst of her earthly activities and among the congregation of her family and friends, Charles McKim expressed this desire to Phillips Brooks, then rector of Trinity Church, a building associated with McKim's first architectural experiences. 'I want to say most earnestly,' wrote Dr. Brooks, 'that there is nothing which I should more welcome than a memorial of your wife put there by you. I am sure that the church was much to her — I am sure she would have loved to be remembered there . . . I am deeply interested in what you propose.' So it came about that in the nave, in the south wall on the left, is an opalescent glass window made by John La Farge and placed 'as a loving memorial to Julia Appleton by her husband Charles F. McKim, and her sister, Alice; 1859–1887.' Hidden in Italian is this inscription: 'Here shines in glass the beautiful countenance of the Blessed Virgin, as painted by Titian and most resembling the beloved wife whose bright memory is blazoned here.' The guidebook of Trinity Church relates that 'the subject was chosen at the request of Mr. McKim, because his wife resembled the little figure in Titian's great painting of the Presentation, in the Academy at Venice — Mary ascending the Temple steps, robed in blue, symbolic of divine love. Below is a decorative figure of an angel seated, playing a musical instrument — Mr. La Farge's own design, a rich color scheme of green, symbolic

of hope. Above are two symbols associated with the Virgin Mary: the Lily, symbolic of purity, and the Dove, symbolic of the Holy Ghost.'

Thus prematurely ended the great romance of McKim's personal life, the sign of which he always wore in the form of a simple gold ring with two hearts intertwined, a wedding device which has come down from a remote past. In moments of deep thought or emotion he would instinctively turn this ring around on his left little finger.

CHAPTER VI

THE QUEST OF BEAUTY IN THE EIGHTEEN EIGHTIES

Two features marked the office of McKim, Mead & White: first, the struggle to attain perfection; and, second, the training of younger men, not so much in technical skill as in the underlying principles of the art of architecture. While the fees charged were never less than the schedule and often exceeded it, so much time and labor went into the preparation and development of plans, especially in public work, that the profits were comparatively small. Again, the ideals of the office were so lofty and the prevailing spirit was so fine that young men with high aims sought places there, and the list of those who went out thence and attained distinction is a long one.

Perhaps one element of success came from the fact that the members of the firm enjoyed life to the full. They had a share in every movement in art, and they were a part of the social and intellectual life of the day. They entered into the lives of their clients, both expressing their desires and also directing their tastes, often at the expense of much persuasion. In the way of persuasiveness, McKim became so adept that Saint-Gaudens called him 'Blarney Charles' and 'Charles the charmer'; while Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, after her experience with him in the restoration of the White House, averred that 'he could charm a bird from the bough.' In the latter instance, however, on some points he more than met his match.

An estimate of the part played by members of the trio has been made by Mr. White's son. 'Each building McKim produced,' he writes, 'was an architectural event. He built in the grand manner, even to the point of austerity, and his work has a noble intellectual quality, a sober perfection which is completely satisfying. White was exuberant, restless, a skyrocket of vitality. He worked at terrific pressure and produced a great many buildings which are graceful and charming rather than imposing, and often profusely ornamented. Mead, although he gave less of his time to actual designing, often not

only conceived the scheme which was the basis of the whole design, but gave timely criticism which had vital bearing upon the finished work.' [1]

It should be added of White that his designing was displayed also in picture frames, magazine covers ('Scribner's' and 'The Century'), bindings, jewelry and other objects, as well as in the profuse purchase in foreign countries of furniture, pictures, tapestries, hangings, marbles and the like, for the adornment of American homes and the enrichment of American life. 'Thus Stanford White grasped the spirit of the masters of the Renaissance and brought the living flame of their inspiration across the Atlantic to kindle new fires on these shores.' [2]

Saint-Gaudens made a caricature of Mead in difficulties, flying two contrary kites marked 'McKim' and 'White'; and Mead once answered a curious inquirer as to his part in the firm's work by saying jocosely that he 'prevented his partners from making damned fools of themselves.' Sometimes White's criticisms of McKim's sketches were so brutal as to reduce the latter to a state of melancholy. On the other hand, William M. Kendall tells that when White suddenly went to Europe, leaving McKim to finish the Madison Square Garden drawings, McKim attempted to change to a classical design, but quickly gave up the idea because he found White's conception so much better. Among all of White's admirers, McKim must be counted first.[3]

It is a great loss to the architecture of New York City that three of White's choicest productions — the Madison Square Garden, the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and the Herald Building — have been swept away by the march of 'progress.' Whereas it is fortunate that McKim's masterpieces

[1] *Sketches and Designs by Stanford White*, with an outline of his career, by his son, Lawrence Grant White, 1920.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Stanford White was born in New York City, November 9, 1853. In 1632 John White came to America from England and for a time lived within the limits of the present Harvard Yard. He was one of the founders of Hartford, Connecticut, and the ancestor of many Presbyterian ministers. Richard Grant White, Stanford's father, was born in 1821; graduated from New York University in 1839; married Alexina Mease, an author of children's poems; and he himself became an editor of Shakspere and an essayist of high repute. In 1872, at the age of nineteen, Stanford entered Richardson's office, and six years later made his first trip to Europe.

in New York — the Pennsylvania Station, Columbia University, and the University Club — are now seemingly outside the realm of 'improvements.'

The influence of McKim, Mead & White on American architecture was due not more to their own productions than it was to the training given to the younger men.

When I entered the office for the summer of 1887 [writes William A. Boring, now the professor of design and director of the School of Architecture, Columbia University], I had a new and beautiful vision of Architecture. They seemed to look at the profession in a way different from that of other practitioners. Their first thought was for beauty — for that which is the most lasting and most appealing quality. They cared little for formulated theories, which formed the body of the literature of that subject. They did not revere drawings in themselves, but insisted that the building itself was the object in which they were interested. All of their buildings were carefully thought out in detail; all of the interiors were drawn out with care, the modeling and ornament were considered of great importance.

It was esteemed a great privilege to be admitted to the offices of these architects, which seemed to breathe the spirit of the fifteenth century. Mr. White was looked upon as the Benvenuto Cellini, while Mr. McKim was regarded as the Bramante of the firm. At that time they were imbued with the spirit of what is known as Colonial Architecture; they were not in sympathy with the architecture of modern France. In his early work Mr. McKim showed feeling for the finer things and did beautiful work, but he had not then that power which came with maturing growth. He never stopped studying. When he was doing a building of importance, it was said of him that he would make improvements in the design even after the contractor's bill had been paid.

When I came back to the office in 1890, after an absence of three years, I found a mighty growth in scope of design and practice. Madison Square Garden was about completed, as were the Century and other clubs, and there were the beginnings of greater things.

McKim would always bend the office to his point of view in design, however much they might differ from him at the beginning; but this was accomplished without friction or ill feeling. He regarded his assistants as participators in the creation and treated them as equals. The office had an inspiring atmosphere, due largely to Mr. McKim's ideals. Men were glad to be associated with him. He helped to form the character of the most successful practitioner who followed him. He would come into the drawing-room and look over one's work,

saying, 'Now I think this is splendid, and I am glad this sort of spirit is displayed in this office.' Then, after looking over the work, he would continue, 'However, don't you think we might make a little different arrangement of this?' And he would go through the whole design in that gentle, quiet way, until there was a complete change in the whole affair — and it would be improved.

Mr. McKim was never a dashing draughtsman. He could tell you how to do a thing, but he did not inspire by making clever sketches to be followed, as did Mr. White, who dazzled us by his flashes of genius. We revered what Mr. McKim said and were always seeking his advice. He had the rare quality of being able to translate his vision to others, especially in making them see the beauty in the fitness of all things which good taste requires. He insisted on having everything conform to dignity and good taste.

To Mr. McKim the question of beauty was not confined to architecture. He saw beauty wherever it was; and he insisted that things accessory to architecture and to life in general should conform to his ideal of good taste. Indeed this fine ideal, which he inspired in others, is his lasting monument.

His lively sense of humor made his criticisms sparkling. His philosophy was optimistic and persistent — he knew no defeat and in the end overcame extraordinary difficulties. His facility in imposing upon others in the professional world his own point of view is explained largely by the fact that his ideas were unselfish and always for a good cause. It was not so much by his diplomacy that he led his fellow architects, as it was because he commanded their absolute respect. They followed him because they were convinced that he was right, that he had something which they had not, that he was a master, and that if they followed him they would come to see as he saw.

He did not seek to build up a fortune. His mind was ever on improving the conditions of instruction in architecture: for this cause he gave scholarships, and collections of casts; he sent men abroad, and he carried on the work of the American Academy in Rome until it became a solid institution.

His appreciation for sculpture and painting and artistry in buildings, and his ready willingness to listen to the views of artists in other lines had much to do with the success of his work. He knew the value of unity in the art of building and decoration; and he was always endeavoring to get an expression of beauty in every phase of his work. He it was who started the idea of appropriate monumental decoration of buildings; to him we must give the credit for appreciation of sculpture in the building programme.

John Russell Pope relates that on one occasion while he was conducting an atelier under McKim's direction for the students

in architecture at Columbia, he almost forced McKim out of his office to meet the students, a thing which he was loath to do because of diffidence, lack of time and of physical ability. Pope delivered his talk on 'the plan' as of prime importance. McKim fidgeted until he could stand it no longer. Then he broke in with: 'Young men, the thing of first importance in architecture is — beauty.'

Henry Bacon, an early and always trusted associate in McKim's work, bears witness that

his foremost trait was buoyancy of spirit, an invaluable aid to him as well as to those under him, in the long and tedious processes he followed in the evolution of a design. With this buoyancy he approached the drawing table, bringing with him a rough sketch of the problem to be solved. In the sketch the idea was evident, but most indefinitely drawn; and in no stage of planning and designing did he make a definite line or contour. With each visit to the table he would express appreciation of the draughtsman's work and generally would be enthusiastic over it. Invariably, however, he would place tracing paper over the drawing, and with pencil sometimes in one hand and sometimes in the other (for he was ambidextrous) he would lightly sketch a revision of the scheme.... The draughtsman was then expected to put into the right lines and contours the sketch and draw carefully the details and ornament. Mr. McKim's inspection of this drawing would result in further studies by him, the design being then drawn carefully again by the draughtsman, and so on until it was in his opinion ready for study in perspective.

The same study was expended on the perspective that had been devoted to the previous drawings. Change after change would be made during this stage, and later in many cases the design would be studied similarly in small plaster models. All of these processes would involve, of course, either changes in all the drawings or entirely new sets of drawings, but no prospect of expense or labor would deter him from an endeavor to improve his project. This method was sure to accomplish a well-finished result. It was arduous, but the fatigue of the draughtsman's mind and body was immensely relieved by Mr. McKim's contagious enthusiasm and his unceasing encouragement.

In preparing letters or telegrams he was extremely particular in the choice of words and the arrangement of phrases, and would usually ask for the attendance of one or the other of his draughtsmen while he framed a communication even on unimportant matters. On one occasion he was about to dictate a telegram which finally contained fewer than ten words, but the session lasted nearly an hour, the time being spent in changing phrases and weighing synonymous words. Nothing satisfied him which seemed to admit of improvement, and

to no man were possible improvements more visible — or so multitudinous.[1]

The same care that was expended on the drawings was exercised in all his processes in the art of architecture. The full-sized plaster models underwent similar changes, in the modeler's shop, and at the building; and even the actual work in stone and other materials would be subject to alterations, for with him the finished product was the only thing considered. While he admired beautiful drawings he regarded them as of secondary importance.

The difference between the first studies and the final drawings of his designs was very great. In most cases the finished design bore no relation in appearance to the original sketches, a natural consequence of the great range of his ideas during the prosecution of his work, and strongly significant of his freedom in the choice of those actually employed. He insisted on having his designs kept in plastic state far beyond the point at which others would have regarded them as finished; and even after buildings were well on in construction he would change dimensions and details, to the despair of those erecting them. But here again his qualities of buoyancy and enthusiasm would tide over situations in which all but he himself would seem stranded. At the crises of these situations there would appear in him a tenacity of purpose which nothing could weaken.

It is evident that this demanded a great deal of energy on the part of all concerned, but certainly it demanded most of all from him; and even in his later years, although impairment of physical stamina became apparent, his interest in his work continued undiminished and he used the same ardent, persuasive method.

Mr. McKim constitutionally on some occasions took the longest way to reach the goal, and this sometimes misled others as to his motives. He was seldom direct in speech or action, but he always had only one end in view, and that was — to give the best possible results. This unquestionably cost him time and money — but time and money

[1] A like experience occurred to the author. Mr. McKim had devoted months of time and thought to the development of the plans for the central composition in the Washington Plan — the section from the Capitol to the Lincoln Memorial and from the White House to the Potomac. I was preparing the report of the Commission, and with Mr. McKim sought the seclusion of the directors' room in the Corcoran Art Gallery for a long morning devoted to his part of the task. Long past the luncheon hour the discussion went on. He could not invent a suitable phrase with which to begin, nor could I suggest one to satisfy him. Finally we adjourned with nothing accomplished. I then offered to write out that portion of the report to submit to him. He agreed, and the draft came back substantially without change. From that time on I was called on to write many of his public reports, speeches, and official letters. The ideas were always his, many of his striking expressions were embodied; but for the arrangement and wording he relied on me and was more than generous in acknowledgment. His spontaneous and unpremeditated letters, dictated to his devoted stenographers, are representative of his conversation. Everybody with whom he came in contact delighted to work with and for him.

were nothing to him. His eyes were constantly fixed on the best efforts of his hand and brain, and the long and tedious method of arriving at results was amply justified by what he attained.[1]

Though he was well acquainted with the work done in the past, both in ancient and modern times, and consulted constantly, during the progress of his designing, the drawings and documents with which his library was well supplied, he was no slave to precedent. On the contrary, he was a most discriminating judge of the possibilities of using solutions of problems in the past to the advantage of the buildings in his care. Each of his buildings is stamped with his own individuality and on first sight instantly is recognized as his work by any one familiar with architecture.

While his foremost characteristic was buoyancy of spirit, his largest quality was an uncompromising love of the beautiful and a corresponding hatred of ugliness. His patience was always apparent. Though many circumstances occurred [in his life] that would have been disastrous to an ordinary mind, the writer [Mr. Bacon] never heard him utter an impatient word, or saw him lose his accustomed cheerfulness.

Such was the bundle of rare qualities known as Charles McKim. Over and over again we shall find them exemplified in his work, and to them is due his success in life and his abiding influence through the years.

[1] Mr. Bacon's own labors over the plans for the Lincoln Memorial are proof that he had well learned the lesson of taking infinite pains. He was selected to do this work largely because Mr. Burnham regarded him as the man who worked most in the McKim spirit. The acquaintance began while Mr. Bacon had charge of the McKim, Mead & White work at the Chicago Fair.

CHAPTER VII

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY: A MANIFESTATION OF CIVIC CONSCIOUSNESS

McKim, Mead & White were appointed architects of the Boston Public Library purely and simply on their merits. There was no competition; there were no compromises. For six or eight years the Boston city government of the time had attempted to give the appointment to the municipal architect. These attempts were vigorously and successfully opposed by Samuel A. B. Abbott, who finally succeeded in getting the Massachusetts Legislature to put the appointment in the hands of the trustees of the Library, of which body he was a member. Mr. Abbott was particularly impressed by the Villard houses, which, report said, were designed by McKim, one of the Harvard Nine that defeated the Lowells. Mr. Abbott had seen those games and had followed McKim's career. To be sure, it was going out of Boston; but McKim had married an Appleton, and his wife's tragic death only a few months before had made him widely known.[1] McKim records in his memorandum book:

Sat. Mar. 19 [1887]. Abbott came at 11.30 a.m. First interview in our parlor, 9 W. 35th; talked to him till nearly four. A. staid to lunch. Very tired but happy.

Sun. Mar. 20. A. returned to call on Sunday and asked me to meet Mr. Greenough at the Brevoort on Monday. Walk in p.m. with St. G[audens] and W[hite] and H[itchcock].

Mon. Mar. 21. Met Trustees, Messrs. G. and A. and Prof. H. at Brevoort. Very successful interview.

After going over the whole matter, the trustees unanimously selected McKim, Mead & White. The contract was signed March 30, 1887. Mr. Abbott expressed the opinion, forty years later, that the city never has had cause to repent of this action.[2]

[1] Letters of S. A. B. Abbott to C. Moore. The Abbott-McKim correspondence is large and long. The McKim firm had built in Boston the C. A. Whittier and the John F. Andrew houses, two of their characteristic works.

[2] Samuel Appleton Browne Abbott, H.C. 1866, was a trustee of the Boston Public Library, 1879–92; president, 1889–94; director American Academy in Rome, 1897–1903.

Founded in 1852 as the world's first free municipal library, endowed by a London banker grateful to the land of his birth, enriched by gifts of collections of books that represented life-acquisitions of discriminating donors, the Boston Public Library had come to be regarded as a vital function of the civic economy. When, about 1880, the necessity for a building larger than the one occupied on Boylston Street became imperative, the problem was not merely one of room for more books. The desire and purpose was to create a visible manifestation of the civic consciousness of Boston — of pride in her past, satisfaction in her present, confidence in her future. At first the stirrings of the spirit were faint, but they were unmistakable; and during the building years, under McKim's persuasive lead, they gathered force and confidence. The spirit was not unlike that which moved communities in days of old to build the great cathedrals as the manifestation of civic opulence and emulation no less than to the glory of God.

Having, besides the Boston Library work, a little public library at Manchester and the Algonquin Club on Commonwealth Avenue, McKim found it convenient to establish an office in the Appleton houses at 53 and 54 Beacon Street, where he sought solace amid surroundings and belongings that had been his wife's. There first the plan and then the general outlines of the design began to shape themselves in McKim's mind, in accordance with his customary method of reasoning out his problems.

Across Copley Square was the towering mass of Trinity Church, the consummate expression of the genius of an architect who had caught the fancy of the public at a time when chaos reigned and opportunity was ripe. Richardson had lifted architecture in America to its place among the fine arts. If McKim had come to apprehend that Richardson's choice of style was not adapted to American conditions, nevertheless his training in the Richardson office had imbued him with respect

In college he was a member of the Porcellian; in Boston a member of the Somerset Club. His home is now in Rome. His affectionate name for McKim was Rollo; while McKim addressed Abbott variously as SABA and Judge.

The trustees at the time were W. W. Greenough, president; Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Professor Henry W. Haynes, Deacon Whitmore, and S. A. B. Abbott. Mr. Whitmore was hostile to both architects and Library Scheme. He resigned in 1888.

for the master's sincerity and an appreciation of his methods. Perhaps, too, he caught something of Richardson's grand manner, albeit without exuberance of expression, such as was characteristic of Stanford White, who enlarged on his early training in that respect.

Trinity Church by its picturesque mass dominated Copley Square. At the left the tall, square tower of the New Old South Church was another dominating feature, but one which could be pressed into service and annexed as it were to the Library.[1] At the right the nondescript Art Museum with its terra-cotta sculpture formed a portion of the frame of the Square, although obviously its days were numbered. Such was the exacting environment.

As the problem presented itself to McKim's logical mind, there was first the straight line of Dartmouth Street, passing directly in front of the site and prolonged on either side — an important thoroughfare. The new building must recognize the street. It must also oppose itself to the irregular, vertical masses of Trinity. Therefore it must emphasize the horizontal lines, and thus by contrast itself enhance and be enhanced by its picturesque neighbor. Moreover, in the community of dark and colored stone and brick, in which romantic characteristics prevailed, the Library must be white in color, severely simple in outline and classical in style. So, although comparatively small, it would hold its own amid its motley neighbors.

The very requirements of plan contributed to the effect. Here was a building not only to house precious collections of rare books resorted to by scholars, but also to provide for a multitude of casual readers, who wanted to stretch out the hand at will and themselves take from the shelves volumes containing information needed immediately. Then there was the throng of borrowers seeking books for home use. Obviously there must be a great hall for readers. Light — abundant and well disposed — was the prime necessity. This requirement should find expression on the exterior. Hence Bates Hall, drawn across the entire front of the building and made the predominating feature of the plan — a conception which met with im-

[1] The firm's photographs of the Library show the Old South tower as if it were a part of the design.

mediate favor. In his day Thoreau thought that the best club in Boston was the one that gathered in the old Fitchburg Station to take the five o'clock train to Concord. To-day there are those who regard Bates Hall as the best clubroom in a city of clubs.

The plan having been accepted by the trustees, McKim turned his attention to the details of the exterior. Here his desire for perfection got hold on him, and his inborn timidity asserted itself. He was face to face with the greatest problem of his life thus far — his first monumental building. Quite naturally he felt that he must go to Paris and there, in an artistic atmosphere and amid enduring examples of architecture, work out the details of his exterior. Fortunately Mead came to the rescue. In a letter which both reflects the temperament of McKim and expresses the strong common sense of his partner, the Paris idea was vetoed:

57 Broadway, New York
Dec. 19, 1887.

Dear McKim,

I did not wire you to-day because I found that White held the same opinion that I do about the advisability of your leaving the Library drawings at this time. It seems decidedly to me that now that you have got a vote of the committee authorizing us to proceed with working drawings, the proper thing to do is to pitch in.

You have got a design accepted and a design which as a scheme has had lots of study, and if you leave it, and get under the influence of Doumet or anybody, you will simply come back and knock into fits the accepted design and all the work done in your absence.

I know you pretty well and I say this because I do. If the Library is to be built or started under this committee you may be sure it had better be started in early spring. Once started it cannot be stopped. It will require all your efforts to get everything ready for a start.

It is now nearly the first of January. The three months you would be away would bring you to the first of April, the time when you ought to have your contracts signed. I say most firmly — complete your drawings, get your contracts signed, and then, if it is necessary to go abroad to refine the design in its details, go.

I tell you, with your temperament you are in great danger of getting in doubt about the design and suggesting all manner of changes, even thinking you have an altogether better scheme, if you leave it for a moment. You stand in a good position now, and we are all ready to back you, but nobody but yourself can take care of the Library for the next three months.

I do not say anything about the financial condition of the office, and the necessity of pushing all the work we have on that account. I say all I have said because I want the Library to be a success, and I know that it cannot be left in other hands without great danger.

I am not going to string out my letter but you have my views.

Yours

MEAD

I saw the Cambridge Library for the first time on Saturday night. It is stunning, and they are the ones to be pitied because they did not build it.

While working over one scheme after another for the façade, one evening McKim started out for dinner with his assistant in the work, William T. Partridge. As they were leaving the house, McKim turned on the lights which illuminated a large, colored picture of the Colosseum in Rome, hanging in the hall, a favorite picture of his wife's. As the two walked down the street, McKim stopped suddenly, saying: 'I have it. The Bates Hall windows shall have the same simple, direct character as the arches in the Colosseum. Let us see how it will work out.' And so, quite oblivious of hunger, the two returned and worked over the new scheme till two o'clock in the morning, when the main outlines had been established and nature asserted itself. They went to bed hungry but satisfied. Superficial critics have dismissed the Boston Library as a copy of the Library of Sainte Geneviève in Paris. There are resemblances; and also radical differences. The main difference is the marked superiority of the Boston Library. McKim himself never hesitated to call attention to the sources of the inspiration for this or that detail of his work; but from the four winds came the breath he breathed upon the dry bones of archæology that they might live and stand up upon their feet.

The question of finances now came to the front. The original sum available was less than half a million dollars, an amount manifestly inadequate to fulfill the aspirations of Bostonians or to carry out the approved plans. The Library cost ultimately $2,743,284.56; and it was necessary to have recourse repeatedly to the Legislature for authority to issue bonds to provide the required funds. It is a tribute to the large-mindedness of the trustees, to the liberality of the city authorities, and to the rare

MAIN STAIRCASE, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

persuasive powers of the architect, that these successive appropriations were made with a minimum of expressed dissatisfaction and friction. These mounting expenses came from no miscalculations on the part of the architects, but rather from the enrichments worked out in coöperation by an artist and his clients, all bent on creating an enduring monument.

Royal Cortissoz says that to McKim

> building materials were what pigments are to the painter; he handled them with the same intensely personal feeling for their essential qualities that a great technician of the brush brings to the manipulation of his colors, and he left upon his productions the same autographic stamp.... Stanford White had no keener passion for the effectiveness, as decoration, of a rich Flemish tapestry or a carved and gilded old Spanish column, than McKim had for the pure structural character of a well laid course of stone.... During the building of the Boston Library certain sheets of marble were to be put in the entrance hall — Numidian, I think they were — and their dimensions were determined by McKim with the utmost care. He regarded those dimensions as essential to the ensemble, but when the marble was delivered it was found that they had not been rigidly followed. Forthwith the sheets were rejected. The contractor argued at tremendous length and almost wept, but McKim was harder than the Numidian itself. He was dealing in marble as an artist deals in paint, and he would no more submit to a change in the appearance of the surfaces he had planned than a painter would allow his color-man to dictate the final condition of his picture.
>
> I make much of this episode because it stands for temperament, for an inborn gift. You cannot learn fastidiousness like that. The right dimensions of a piece of material for a given position in a building can no more be thought out and communicated by a pedagogue than the secrets of color and texture, to be similarly applied, can be formulated in the schools. To think of McKim is to think of a genius expressing itself through the stuff of architecture as creative genius expresses itself in all the other arts, somehow identifying itself with the very grain and fibre of that in which it works.[1]

When the architects came to figure their profits, which were not realized until the last two payments were made, they found that, after eight years of work, they were $22,000 to the good; from which sum, if they deducted interest at four per cent on the deferred payments ($5280), the net profits were but $16,720,

[1] *The Brickbuilder*, February, 1910.

or a trifle over $2000 a year.[1] Joy in the work and in the associations was a major part of the compensation, at least for an architect like McKim, to whom personal fame and money were alike minor considerations.

The details of the Library building are readily available to the student; and criticisms are abundant, many of them reflecting the knowledge, both technical and archæological, of the writers.[2] It is the story of the building of the Library that is of interest here.

[1] McKim's letter to Bernard R. Green, April 18, 1904. *A.I.A. Journal*, March, 1928.

[2] *Handbook of the Boston Public Library*, by Herbert Small, C. Howard Walker and Lindsay Swift; 1895. *The Boston Public Library*, by Frank H. Chase, Ph.D. Sixth edition; 1923. The Working of the Boston Public Library. An address by Josiah H. Benton; 1909. *The Public Library of the City of Boston; a History*, by Horace G. Wadlin, Librarian; 1911. Russell Sturgis, Jr., in the *Architectural Record*, May, 1895. Proceedings at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Boston Public Library, November 28, 1888.

CHAPTER VIII

CHARLES McKIM SUMMONS SAINT-GAUDENS, PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, SARGENT, ABBEY, FRENCH, MacMONNIES, AND OTHER ARTISTS

'HERE, too, in the German Savings Bank Building, were brought to me, by I do not know whom, a couple of red-heads who have been thoroughly mixed up in my life ever since; I speak of Stanford White and Charles F. McKim.' So relates Augustus Saint-Gaudens in his 'Reminiscences.' 'White, who was studying with Richardson, had much to do with the designing of Trinity Church, Boston. He was drawn to me one day as he ascended the German Savings Bank stairs, by hearing me bawl the *Andante* of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and the Serenade from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." He was a great lover of music. . . . McKim I met later on. A devouring love for ice cream brought us together.'

Music and ice cream acted as lubricants. The minds of the three men worked alike. Each had the artist's intuitive perception of beauty; the indomitable will to achieve beauty in whatever work he undertook; and the gift of persuasiveness, whereby he was able to impress his ideas on clients, who at first followed on trust rather than from conviction.

To McKim, White, and Saint-Gaudens a monumental building without sculpture and painting was inconceivable. During their walk on the Sunday afternoon before McKim was to meet the trustees of the Boston Library, the youthful work of each on Trinity Church [1] must have been in their minds while they discussed the possibilities opening before them for the creation of the greatest combined work of the architect, painter, and sculptor ever achieved in America up to that time. This concept was then simply one of opportunity, to be developed as the work progressed and means were found to carry out a creative scheme.

[1] For John La Farge Saint-Gaudens painted the Saint James in Trinity Church. *Reminiscences*, I, 164.

McKim, Mead & White's original estimate included every item of decoration except the sculpture by Saint-Gaudens, to whom were assigned two groups, one on either side of the main entrance. These groups were to be the chief sculptural feature of the building — with a strength and beauty all their own, and yet imbued with so much of the architectural feeling as to make them constituent parts of the ensemble. The story of this sculpture is the greatest of all the tragedies connected with the Library.

Saint-Gaudens pondered the conception in his mind throughout his entire career from 1887 until the end of his life — it was to be the culmination of his work as a sculptor; and so those who appreciate him most highly believe it would have been, but for a series of untoward events, coupled with delays due to the artist's struggle for perfection.

When the commission for the execution of the Library groups was put up to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, he wrote on December 10, 1888:

> My dear McKim: In reply to your questions as to the time necessary and mode of payment in the event of my executing the groups for the Boston Library, I should wish $20,000 the first year and $30,000 each of the remaining four years. The final $10,000 on the entire completion of the groups. I should agree to furnish them in either Bronze or Marble or Stone and the payments to be made in instalments as the work progresses, as is usual in all my contracts.
>
> I regret very much that the large sized sketch is not the thing to show your committee. I have made an earnest attempt to remedy it in the direction necessary but it is an utter failure. To make it as you wish would take as much time as to make a new set of sketches; besides disliking greatly to make that kind of a model — and being unfitted for it I have not the right to take the time necessary to do it and I shall have to abide by what is already done. It troubles me because you desire it so much and I desire so much to do the work.

In October, 1892, McKim wrote to Richard Watson Gilder: 'It is a pleasant thought that the Mayor [Matthews] has of his own accord put back Saint-Gaudens's sculpture, which he had cut out from the estimates, the loss of which would have been nothing more or less than a surgical operation. Saint-Gaudens's scheme for the groups of seated figures at either side of the front doors is worthy of the best period of Greek art. The

bronze doors also have been given back to us. As you would say, "Hurrah!"'

Saint-Gaudens describes his conception in a letter written to Mr. Abbott, May 21, 1894:

I am working on the library work on the following rough lines: on one pedestal Labor, represented by a man seated between two female figures — Science on one side and Art on the other; — and on the other pedestal a male figure of Law in the middle, with female figures of Religion on one side and Force, or Power, on the other. Sail into me all you wish about it, please. The idea was to get two leading male figures, Law and Labor, supported by the others as you see. It is an extremely difficult thing to manage, and I have been thinking of it more than anything else in my life. Blarney [McKim] and you might say, 'that is not saying much.' But such is the case.

These two elementary figures may be made to embrace the principal subdivisions by shields which they may hold, or they may be indicated in the pedestals bearing the classifications. For instance, under Art we should put music, architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry and drama; and so on with the others. I am feeling rather happy at this arrangement, as it seems to have some kind of harmony, making Law and Labor the units, on which the others depend. Although I am happy about it, I shall be happy, as I said before, if you abuse me, now that there is something to abuse.[1]

Saint-Gaudens was working on the Boston groups in Paris at the same time he was doing the small model of the Victory on the Sherman equestrian statue. James Earle Fraser, then a pupil and helper, enlarged the groups in the Paris studio approximately from one foot to three, spending three or four months on them. Afterwards Saint-Gaudens himself worked on them for six months, producing two superb groups, as fine as anything he ever did. About this time he was taken ill and came to America. The sculpture in his Paris studio was sent to his house in Cornish, New Hampshire. The only things left in clay were the Boston groups and, because he wanted to work further on them, they were sent over in plastiline. When the boxes were opened in America, the models were found to have been packed in balls of hay so badly that they were almost entirely ruined. The sculptor was profoundly discouraged. Yet the models were set up and Saint-Gaudens worked them over

[1] *Reminiscences*, II, 305.

from time to time, but he never again really got going on them.[1] It is a great loss to American sculpture, and especially to the Library, that the groups were never completed; but the sculptor's friends (particularly Herbert Adams and Fraser) felt that no one else could adequately carry out his conception.[2] The models in their unfinished state were cast in bronze, under Mrs. Saint-Gaudens's direction, for Charles L. Freer, and they are now somewhere in the Freer Art Gallery in Washington.[3]

The Public Library work of Saint-Gaudens, in so far as is apparent, is confined to the carved seals over the main entrance. In the seal of the City of Boston a pair of youths appear without 'pants.' The 'Boston Record' discovered their destitute condition one cold evening in February, 1894, and raised a hubbub about it. The other papers, however, voiced the general opinion in praise of the design; and Mr. Abbott wrote to Stanford White: 'The boys will not be troubled. I hope they will be found improved by age a hundred years hence in the same place they are to-day.'

In 1890, while Saint-Gaudens was doing a portrait of Miss Gertrude Mead in bas-relief, as a wedding present on the occasion of her approaching marriage to Edwin Austin Abbey, the sculptor spoke of the desire of McKim and White and himself to bring Abbey into the great game they were playing in Boston. Saint-Gaudens cautiously expressed hesitation on account of limitation of funds. The building had cost so much that there was little left for 'carving and gilding.' To Miss Mead this seemed no insuperable obstacle. Abbey himself was eager to see what he could do on a larger scale than the black-and-white drawings with which he was winning fame in Harper's Magazine; and the three artists, all experimentalists, discerned in him the potentialities of a mural painter.[4] Hence this characteristic note from Saint-Gaudens to Abbey:

[1] Letter of James E. Fraser to Charles Moore, September 4, 1926.

[2] When one considers how much the Phillips Brooks in Boston and the Baker Memorial in Mount Kisco Cemetery suffer from the lack of the taste and vigor of Saint-Gaudens, one realizes that his friends were both wise and judicious.

[3] Mr. Freer paid $15,000 for the casts. They are not on exhibition.

[4] E. V. Lucas: *Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A.: The Record of his Life and Work.* 1921.

DARLING,

McKim, White, Sargent, thee and I dine at the Players Wednesday night this week at 7.30, D.V., so help me . . . McKim don't want any other fellow round, although I tried to [get] the whole crew together as we had agreed. The photos will be on hand. If you can't come, let me know right away. The Medallion [of Miss Mead] looks like hell. I thought I had done a good thing, but it makes me sick!

ST.-G.

It meant a great deal to McKim, whose Library design was under fire, to have the support of such artists as Abbey and Sargent. His excitement manifests itself in this letter to Mr. Abbott:

57 BROADWAY, *May* 9, 1890

MY DEAR ABBOTT: Let me explain my dispatch of to-day. I received one morning a little over a week ago an excited note from Saint-Gaudens, stating that Abbey had just returned from Boston and was at that moment dining with him. It appears that while there Abbey had gone over the Library and was so impressed that on his return he could talk of nothing else. This at least was the substance of Saint-Gaudens's note.

It appeared also that Sargent had expressed himself strongly interested in it, and knowing the policy of your Board in favor of mural decoration should the opportunity offer for it, Saint-Gaudens proposed boldly that we should meet at the Players Club the following evening and dine with him and talk over a scheme to be submitted to the Trustees. You can imagine how joyful was this news with substantial assurances of interest and approval from men like Abbey and Sargent and Saint-Gaudens, and how delighted we were to accept his invitation to meet them at dinner. Only Abbey, Sargent, Saint-Gaudens and McKim, Mead & White were present. After dinner, the plans of the Library were spread out and the mural possibilities of the walls and ceilings of the halls and galleries forming the special libraries collections discussed.

Abbey was vastly interested in the Shakespeare collection, while Sargent's interest in the direction of Spanish literature was a most natural one. The interest of the occasion was much enhanced by the presence of several hundreds of carbon prints from the Masters, covering the whole period of the Renaissance. The works of Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes were also discussed.

Finally Abbey with the spontaneity which characterizes him could resist no longer and seizing his pencil sketched out in almost a moment, upon a sheet of brown wrapping paper which happened to be at hand, two compositions for the Shakespeare Room, representing at one end 'Comedy' seated opposite 'Tragedy' under a ceiling divided

into 'Sonnets.' These two allegorical figures were placed in repose over the central door-ways.

It was impossible to restrain our admiration as he went from one thing to another, talking as he drew, and it was good to observe the pride which Sargent evinced in the powers of his brother artist. The next day Abbey came here at four o'clock and stayed two hours or more for the purpose of obtaining proper measurements of the wall surface and ceiling to be covered, and the disposition of the various vaultings. I gave him three arrangements. . . .

Last night I dined with him and his wife at Saint-Gaudens's and learned that he had actually made a study in oil since our last meeting at The Players Club, which Saint-Gaudens and I are going to see to-day. To make a long story short, we propose if you approve to descend upon you in Boston some time next Wednesday, with the sketches which have been made at our request, and take dinner with you and talk this matter over.

Abbey sails immediately for Capri with his bride of two weeks. Saint-Gaudens and I are anxious that you should meet and know him, hence this sudden despatch. The suggestion to ask Mr. Brooks, Mr. Brimmer and others at the same time was in order to render the occasion more interesting, as well as to create if possible public support of a policy which has not yet been carried out on this side of the ocean. Of course we do not expect anything from the City, but I am convinced that any space you may see fit to allot to Abbey and to Sargent can be paid for privately. *I have already some promising assurances of this!*

No such brilliant opportunity has come within my recollection and I feel sure it will appeal to you in the way it deserves.[1]

The conquest of Boston was planned on this wise:

May 12, 1890

My dear Abbey,

Herter is at work on a model of the Shakespeare room, which will be sent to you to-morrow afternoon. I have not been able to get in to see you, but will try to do so to-morrow.

Abbott writes from Boston expressing the pleasure of the trustees in anticipation of your visit, and says that they have got various nice people to meet you and Sargent and St. Gaudens. Altogether things look well for the great enterprise. Abbott is in hearty accord with the movement. I will show you his letter when I come. As the dinner has been ordered nothing must happen by any chance to our party. They are confidently expecting Sargent to come with us. It would undoubtedly be a black eye to the proceedings if any part of the New York contingent should fail in the face of their preparations.

[1] The Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C.: *John Sargent.* 1927.

I am sorry that I could not get the model to you to-day, but it was impossible. As it is it will be a very rough affair, but perhaps sufficiently truthful in proportion to answer your purpose.

I will not write to St. Gaudens if you will send a messenger to him apprising him of what I have written.

Descending from their private car (another McKim touch), the party prepared for the dinner by attending a baseball match! The dinner accomplished its purpose. The trustees came up to the situation. They arrived at an understanding with Sargent, although the actual contract was not signed until January 18, 1893. Abbey sailed for Europe with a commission to paint for the Library delivery room a frieze 180 feet long by 8 feet high, for $15,000, the subject to be selected by himself. His first idea, broached to McKim in a letter written on shipboard, was eight panels, each devoted to the literature of a country. Second thought, however, led him to select the legend of the Holy Grail, a subject common to all literature and all countries, and therefore peculiarly fit as a symbol for a library where all learning is stored.[1] Painter and poet, too, Abbey put into the Holy Grail series the best that in him was; and here he has produced the highest work of his mind and hand.[2]

Building the greatest of studios of its day at Morgan Hall, in Fairford, Gloucestershire, Mr. and Mrs. Abbey and her mother, Mrs. Mead, made a happy household. Soon Sargent joined them, setting up his easel in the east end of the studio and there working out the first of his conceptions for the decoration of those portions of the Library assigned to him. To this blissful retreat McKim made frequent visits, not so much to note the progress of the work as to enjoy the companionship. After one such visit, in the summer of 1891, McKim writes to Mrs. Abbey:

The world would be (to my mind) a good deal poorer if English trees and parish churches had been left out! . . . As for the cricket, my shoulders and shins still remind me that I was born in the reign of Louis Philippe, and *not* twenty-five years ago. It must have been

[1] Lucas: *Abbey*, 232.

[2] A description of these paintings, the combined composition of Henry James and Mrs. Abbey, is quoted by Lucas, and is adapted in the Library *Handbook*.

a pathetic sight to the Heavenly Host above, when all at once, on the very way to the steamer in Liverpool, I was seen to stop at a certain shop window and immediately after to plunge in and then radiantly out with a cricket bat — a 'guaranteed driver' — victim to the same old delusion in regard to a new future, free from cigars and wine and late hours! However, according to the old adage, I have still one year of grace, for it goes 'A man to forty-five may make new habits; after that — he has hard work to steer his old ones.' [1]

Again, in the summer of 1892, McKim and S. A. B. Abbott came to Fairford together; and in his bread-and-butter letter to his hostess McKim wrote:

At one o'clock this morning after our fourteenth reference to Fairford and its delightful hospitality, Abbott sat writing [to be shown to the trustees] and I reading from your manuscript aloud to him, about the 'Quest' which had taken us there, and through which we had been so amply repaid. The more I think about it all, the more I like to, and the more confident I grow of the verdict when the 'Abbey Room,' as it is henceforth to be called, is finally completed. . . . And Sargent (in another way), what an undertaking, and what an achievement, his splendid 'machine' painted with the 'blood of empty stomachs' is! . . . I thought I knew something about struggling till I reached Fairford, but the attitude of these two men towards their work has been a *revelation* to me.

The selection of Sargent as one of the painters to decorate an important room in the Library came naturally. Born in Florence of American parents in 1856, and trained in France, he had a cosmopolitan mind, so that no country was alien to him. Having made a success in London as a painter of portraits, naturally he was sought by Americans, who were not deterred from sitting to him by reason of the frankness with which he expressed on canvas the character of the person he saw before him. His visits to America began in 1884, and four years thereafter, at the first special exhibition of his work held at the Saint Botolph Club in Boston, he exhibited portraits of many of the fairest and most influential ladies of that city.

Like his friend Abbey, Sargent desired ardently to do a work of sustained interest that would tax his powers of mind as well as his technical skill. Therefore, when the commission came to him, he determined to make of the Library decorations his

[1] Lucas: *Abbey*, 248.

masterpiece; and this he has done. A broad stairway with inviting steps, enriched with colored marbles, leads to the main floor of the building; but the upper floor, where are stored the treasures of the Library, is reached by a long, narrow flight of stairs, the grim walls of which are decorated only by a hand-rail of dark marble. By Sargent's own choice the artificial lighting is much subdued, so that the imagination of the spectator plays its part. The center of one side of the long room is decorated with the backs of fine books. The remainder of the space is given over to the artist, who during twenty-six years worked out his conception. What that conception was is best told by Sargent's latest biographer:

> Confronted now with the alternative of taking scenes from the pictorial literature of Spain, or choosing some scheme of his own, he turned to religion. The subject required faculties and qualities not usually associated with Sargent's art. For once he was not dealing with the visible, tangible world, but rather with a thing so abstract as a movement of thought. The progress of the movement had to be interpreted, symbolized and legibly translated into painted form. It was a daring scheme. He must have seen in a flash of intellectual vision the possibilities of the idea. His mind must have been already stored with learning sufficient, at any rate, to enable him to visualize vaguely the opportunities or imagery provided by such a theme. But it was with no fervor of religious enthusiasm that he approached it. To Sargent the evolution of religion was a subject which could be viewed with detachment; he approached it without bias or preference. He was no mystic drawing near to some sacred shrine, no devout enthusiast working by the light of an inward revelation, but a painter aware that here was a subject with a significance lending itself to interpretation in decorative pictorial designs. His imagination was fired, but as when he was told he had revealed the moral qualities of a sitter he said, 'No, I do not judge, I only chronicle,' so in his Boston decorations he must be understood as treating objectively and dispassionately the images suggested by his theme.[1]

One panel, the central one over the stairway opening, is

[1] The Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C.: *John Sargent*, 107; 1927. The subjects are: the Pagan religions and the Hebrew Prophets; the downfall of Paganism and the Messianic era; the Doctrine of the Trinity; Heaven, the Judgment, Hell; the Synagogue, the Church. The Synagogue seemed to the Jews to reflect on the vitality of their faith. In 1922 the Legislature passed an act virtually to remove the picture; the Attorney General held that the act was unconstitutional, and in 1924 it was repealed. Sargent also decorated the rotunda and staircase of the Boston Museum of Art, and the staircase of the Library at Harvard, the latter as a World War memorial.

vacant. This he had reserved for the representation of Christ preaching to the people — not the dead Christ of the Crucifix, but the ever-living Christ to whom the Prophets looked forward. This culmination Sargent did not reach.

The difficulties experienced in fitting Sargent's novel work of mural paintings with incidental high-relief to the very carefully considered architectural features of the walls appear in the correspondence. On January 28, 1892, Sargent writes from Fairford:

My dear McKim: The work is getting on slowly but steadily. I shall soon be wanting absolute figures, as I cannot trust to the little models. I wonder whether you are anywhere near carrying out on the wall these details of the division of my surfaces that we talked over. One item I should propose an amendment to. I complained that the width of the space for my row of prophets was very small and begged for more inches. Then again I am willing, I think, to give up the idea of separations in the plinth running along under the feet of my prophets, all except the center trio, which must have an actual relief.

I want to know definitely whether you admit of this treble thing in real relief. You can reduce the relief a little if you think proper, but not the breadth of the panels, as I cannot squeeze a life-size figure into a narrower space than 21 inches and ½. The whole breadth of the three panels would be 7 feet 7 inches. I expect you will object to that being wider than you want for the entablature or architrave or whatever you call the stone over your door. But can't you get over that? and if the relief of my panels is very slight will that matter? Especially as I hope you will stick to your proportion of the heavy projecting mouldings at the top of your wainscot. I shall be entirely at sea with my prophets if you object to this proposition. . . . These are the questions about which write what you can do for a fellow — the character of the cornice within the limits of my painting, the paralleled projections for Moses & Co., and the question of the top of the wainscot and the width of the band for prophets — 6 ft. 9 or 7 ft.

The large lunette is in a fair way of being done very soon and the large scale of it suits the kind of thing well. The Israelites, the Pharaoh and the Assyrians are arranged just like in the first sketch. Jehovah and the rest quite different and much better.

As Sargent's work was about to enter upon its second phase by reason of additional subscriptions of $15,000 secured by Edward Robinson, McKim wrote, on December 19, 1896:

19th December, 1896

My dear Sargent:

I rarely saddle my friends with letters of introduction, and I hope that the enclosed from Miss Ellen G. Emmet will reward you for the trouble you took on her account. You certainly cleared the cobwebs from her vision and made her grateful.

I am not a famous letter writer, as you know, — but then neither are you; but I none the less wonder constantly about your work, both for the Library and otherwise, and delight in your achievements, as we all do in talking about them. The people who went on to Boston the last time to see the result of the first canvases are eager to go again, and I daresay that the old woman who stopped you and said, 'I believe that you are Mr. Sargent; will you be kind enough to tell me in a few words what all this means,' will be lying in wait for you. It will be too much to hope that Mrs. Jack will be absent the next time, so make up your mind to another speech![1]

You will be glad to hear that since the reversal of the Art Commission's opinion in favor of the MacMonnies Bacchante, our relations with the trustees are nothing if not intimate, and if you will send me a page of the history of your work up to date and the outlook for its installation, I shall be much obliged, as they ask me when I expect your work.

The Chavannes work is superb in its stately proportions and high ideals, carried out with a breadth that easily makes him master of his Art. The public have hailed it by common acclaim. He has made it his staircase rather than that of McKim, Mead & White, and I am sure that it cannot fail to deeply impress you.

Hoping that you are in robust health — notwithstanding your exhausting study of *architectural panels* — and that the work advances, and with messages to Mrs. Harry White when you see her.

Yours faithfully

Charles F. McKim

P.S. I had a letter from Ned Abbey the other day saying that he had forwarded his 'Fiametta,' but we have not seen it, and I don't know whether it has gone to the bottom of the ocean or not. My client expected it last summer. If it doesn't come pretty soon I don't know what chance I shall have of disposing of it for him.

Probably no mural decorations in America are so much studied as are these conceptions of Sargent's that require a

[1] Mrs. 'Jack' Gardner, whose portrait by Sargent, together with many of his important paintings, is in the Italian palace she planned, filled with treasures and bequeathed to Boston — one of the choice things in the world. Mrs. Gardner told the author Mr. McKim once said to her that no architect could have planned so successfully!

strenuous climb to look upon. The frieze of the Prophets is as familiar as Saint-Gaudens's 'Lincoln'; and the single figure of Hosea, clad in a spiritual whiteness, has become an idol of the household.

When in Paris during the summer of 1891, McKim spent two days with Puvis de Chavannes and explained to him the plans of the Staircase Hall, proposing for the trustees to confide to him the decoration of the walls.

I first met Charles F. McKim [relates Wallace Wood], at the hour of 7 a.m., in the studio of Puvis de Chavannes, when I was taking my morning lesson. It was thus I happened to be present when one of the gentlest and greatest of Americans met one of the gentlest and greatest of Frenchmen, and made him the offer for the decoration of the Boston Library. The price was very generous indeed; the artist was evidently staggered. I noticed that he trembled and the silence became oppressive. Mr. McKim quietly urged the matter, praising the artist, who finally said: 'The offer is princely, but the undertaking is great. Boston is distant, I am an old man; in fact, I am afraid. *Enfin, j'ai peur.*' Puvis finally accepted, and after the architect had departed he asked me what he should take as a subject. I suggested something, I have forgotten what, but he replied: 'I must wait till it comes. My genius lies in the unconscious.' Judge of my delight when I first saw that vestibule complete.

Greatness is the simplest thing in the world. The Boston Library is the simplest thing in the world. The Gates of Paradise by Daniel French, the Hill of Parnassus by Puvis, and the whole temple of light by McKim. Architecture is the simplest of the arts; it is also the greatest, as the name shows.

What constitutes a great man? Shall we count Vitruvius and Palladio and Vignola among the great and good? Shall we count the brain that conceived the Pantheon, the brain that conceived the British Museum? Is not the Boston Library McKim's true monument? [1]

Chavannes, much interested, was disposed to accept the commission, but later wrote to McKim that France had offered him an important work, and therefore it would be impossible for him to undertake an American commission. Knowing the interest he had aroused in Chavannes's mind, McKim was far from despairing. He even had a model made of the staircase and sent it to John Galen Howard, who was then studying

[1] *New York Times*, September 16, 1909.

architecture in Paris. 'Will you,' writes McKim to Howard, 'call upon M. Chavannes and represent to him for the Trustees and this office our desire to have him undertake the work at his own price, and induce him if possible to address us a letter stating upon what terms he is willing to undertake the work? The surface to be covered would be the back wall of the Gallery Arcade, the vaulting thereof, and the panels in the Arcade of arches continuing around three sides of the hall, choice of subjects to be left entirely to him.' [1]

A year later McKim wrote to Major Henry Higginson in Boston:

> Two years ago Puvis de Chavannes and James A. McNeill Whistler were approached with reference to the painting of certain mural decorative panels. . . . Due to the stormy position in which the Trustees found themselves at that time, they were unable to pursue the negotiations, and Chavannes just about that time receiving an order from the State to paint the walls of the Hôtel de Ville of the City of Paris, the matter was obliged by necessity to remain in abeyance. But from the beginning the walls of the Staircase Hall have always been associated with the name of Chavannes, as the creator of the frieze of the Sorbonne and the acknowledged master of mural decorative painting in our day.
>
> Nearly two years having elapsed and the friction that at one time threatened the cordial relations between the Trustees and the City Government having disappeared, Abbott and I determined this winter while in Paris to renew the attack upon Chavannes and Whistler. When we found both still interested in the Library, and that Chavannes, who had never in his life undertaken a work out of France, was not only ready but willing to assume a commission if it should be given him, we congratulated the Trustees upon the good fortune which awaited them. It was equally a surprise and pleasure to us to find that Whistler's interest, which had impelled him two years before to ask to be allowed to paint a subject for the Library, had in no way diminished, and representing a public work in America which has been so often and so soundly abused — especially in Boston — we were received by him, as by Chavannes, with unexpected consideration.
>
> To go back for a moment in the history of the building. You doubtless remember how it happened that His Honor the Mayor [Matthews] a year or more ago cut down from the appropriation of one million granted by the Legislative Committee to the Trustees over two hundred thousand dollars, and compelled us under protest

[1] Letter of April 13, 1892.

to cut out from our drawings certain features representing this money which he and his architect [E. M. Wheelwright] decided were not essential to the success of the building. Without attempting to explain to you the Trustees' feeling or our own in this matter, the fact remains that over two hundred thousand dollars voted for the completion of the Public Library Building is held back, so that it is impossible to avail ourselves of it now when we most need it in order to perfect the policy along the lines of which the Trustees have served faithfully for nearly five years without a penny of compensation.

I have not forgotten — and I hope that you have not — your expression of interest in the Library at the time of our trip to Chicago, when you were good enough to add that if we needed your help it might be possible for you, by reason of your relations with Mayor Matthews, to assist us. Please understand that in venturing to write you now it is not us, nor me, that I am asking you to assist, but the cause of art for ART, and the accomplishment of a purpose which if achieved would be a source of civic pride not only to Boston but the whole country.

The enclosed paper [1] expresses the sentiments of the signers, most of whom are known to you though they do not live in Boston; and it occurred to some of us that if you should think proper to join with us in adding your name, together with others which you may determine upon, in this request to the Mayor, perhaps he may see his way clear to treat us in the future with something more than the scant courtesy which marked the early part of his administration. I understand, my dear Higginson, that there is no sort of reason why you should join this crusade unless you want to. I can only say that if it should strike you favorably we shall throw up our hats!

I have received within a week all the important works which Chavannes has painted for the State of France — the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris; the Museums of Amiens, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Marseilles and Lyons. He had these made expressly for the Library.[2]

A happy outcome for the Chavannes matter and the misunderstandings on the part of Mayor Matthews is made evident by McKim's letter to Professor Charles S. Sargent, of December 1, 1893:

DEAR MR. SARGENT: Mayor Matthews is, as you know, running for re-election and I understand needs all the support he can get for his campaign. Ever since your dinner he has been very friendly to us in

[1] A memorial signed by Richard M. Hunt and many distinguished artists not living in Boston. This memorial indicates the general interest outside of Boston that was being taken in the Library work from an artistic standpoint.

[2] Letter of March 29, 1893.

every way, and I find that Abbott and he are on the best of terms. All this and Abbott's present support of him is amusing, in view of the original belligerent attitude which existed between them. It is to be said for Mr. Matthews, however, that when he found he was doing us injustice he was quick to make amends, and would never have been arrayed against us but for some dirty underhand work by city officials.[1] For myself I am entirely convinced of his great administrative ability and value to the city, and it is for this reason that now, being asked from Boston to do my best to try to enlist your interest in his campaign, I am willing to do so.

I had a very kind note from Mrs. Sargent a few days ago asking me to dine with you and talk over a memorial to Mr. (Francis) Parkman [2] which her note said was in contemplation. No time was suggested for my coming, so I replied at once by wire that I would come when needed — either on my next regular visit or earlier if desired. I trust that she received my despatch.

It is needless for me to say how much pleased I should be to be of service to Mrs. Sargent and yourself in any possible way.

The decorations by Chavannes are in harmony with McKim's building. Quiet, modest, keeping their own place on the wall amid more conspicuous neighbors, they make their appeal to those persons who concern themselves with the things that are permanent and enduring. The serene figures are lifted above the controversies of the day, above even the reforms of the hour. The thinkers and the scholars who climb first the broad and then the narrow stairway to reach the treasures of the Library — the wisdom and the beauty of the ages — hear the heavenly voices of the Chavannes floating angels, and are welcomed by his Sages into the everlasting groves of learning. So, too, Saint-Gaudens's seated groups would have taken their quiet place and would have preached to the hurrying crowds of Copley Square sermons based on eternal verities.

Politics and paintings could not keep McKim from the foot-

[1] In March, 1892, Mayor Matthews decided to stop the hearings in progress at the City Hall, and commissioned E. M. Wheelwright to make an examination of the design of the roof, which was complained of. Mr. Wheelwright insisted on discussing matters with Mead instead of McKim. The result as usual was that the roof was built as originally designed. (Letters from S. A. B. Abbott, March, 1892.)

[2] This refers to the Parkman Memorial on the site of Mr. Parkman's house and rose gardens, on the bank of Jamaica Pond. The original sketch by McKim did not satisfy the committee and he withdrew in favor of D. C. French. The memorial as executed is primarily one of sculpture. Mr. McKim did the architectural work.

ball games. Writing to Abbott about the Yale-Princeton football game of 1893, his sporting instincts found vent:

Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing Yale licked to a standstill, defeated on the merits of the game; over-confident at the start, surprised all along the line, placed almost instantly on the defensive, bucked through the center by a lighter team, both her ends turned, and out-played and outgeneraled from start to finish, and in the presence of 50,000 people.

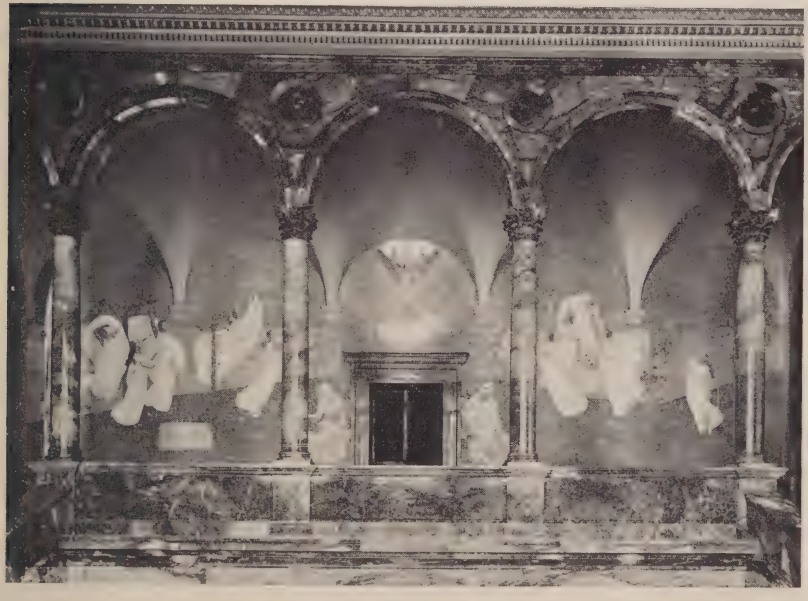
White wore an enormous buttonhole bouquet of blue violets and perhaps the brightest blue necktie ever seen, a blue handkerchief, blue trousers — and probably a blue shirt — and the air of a Wilbur Bacon. He might have been mistaken for the Yale mascot. It was hard for him — as it was for the larger half of the fifty thousand spectators; but as on all such occasions, a large proportion of the 'rooters' who were all ready to go with Yale were just as ready to go with Princeton and became the most enthusiastic of her supporters. When Princeton secured her touchdown Hell let loose was nothing to it, and the excitement during the second half as Princeton carried Yale before her at will increased to a pandemonium. I had a kind of bloody ecstatic feeling through the game I have never had before — not in the least to see the Yale Eleven defeated, who contested every inch of the ground they lost, but to have it publicly and irrefutably demonstrated that while Yale is great in skillful determination, brains are not confined to New Haven traditions. The game was won yesterday by means not only of the points in which Yale has stood alone, but through resources in the game which she does not and never has possessed. The pitiable confusion of the Yale team while these were being practiced upon her was plain to every one, and yet on Princeton's side there was nothing but straight football; and all agreed that her open game of brilliant running and long, accurate passing far surpassed the up-to-date methods of massing. The play has evidently got to be made more open, both for the players and the spectators.

A characteristic note to Stanford White written at this time reads:

Dear Stan: Donald[1] wants a bully sketch right off for a pulpit for Trinity Church in stone, to cost not less than five nor more than ten thousand dollars, money to be raised on the sketch. He asked whether we would do it. I told him that we would, and that I knew you would regard it as a personal satisfaction to make the design. Please send me $25 in return for this endorsement, and the sketch to Donald at

[1] The Reverend E. Winchester Donald, rector of Trinity Church, who died in 1904. He was a friend of the firm during his New York days. The pulpit as built was designed by Charles A. Coolidge.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY AT THE TIME OF COMPLETION



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES DECORATIONS, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

the earliest moment. He wants something big, broad, ample and simple, but rich in the right places — just what it ought to be — SEE!

C. F. McK.

Whistler's relations to the Boston Library have been related in various divergent forms. It is made plain by McKim's letters that Whistler naturally desired to have a place in the most representative building of its day, and that McKim was both willing and anxious to bring about the result. To him the architect tentatively assigned one end of Bates Hall, named for the first benefactor of the Library. This great reading room is architecturally the most important room in the building — two hundred and eighteen feet long, forty-two and a half feet wide and fifty feet high, with terrazzo floor bordered by yellow Verona marble, Ohio sandstone walls, and barrel vaulting elaborately molded. Around the sides of the room are oak bookcases containing ten thousand books of ready reference. At either end are bays with Renaissance mantels of sandstone and red Verona marble. The room is brilliantly lighted by great round-topped windows. It was the space in the windowless, half-domed northerly end of Bates Hall that was to be given over to Whistler.

To arrange the matter with Whistler, McKim asked Sargent to prepare a dinner for four, at Foyot's in Paris. Whistler accepted. 'Now,' said Sargent, 'one of three things will happen, and I don't know which. Either Whistler will be as silent as the grave, or he will be outrageously vituperative, or he will be the most charming dinner companion you have ever met.' As it happened, Whistler was in his happiest mood. At the dinner's end the subject of a Library commission was discussed with him by Abbott and McKim. The dinner was repeated the next night at the same place. Whistler inquired as to the location he was to have. Then, clearing the table of the remaining dishes, he took a pencil and began to draw rapidly on the white cloth. The whole conception bubbled up in his mind. His companions watched with admiration and surprise such an exhibition of virtuosity. In the greatest good humor the quartet parted, well satisfied with the night's work. The tablecloth went into the wash. That was the end. Because of

delay on Whistler's part, and later for lack of money, the commission was never completed, much to Whistler's wrath.[1]

To John La Farge McKim wrote:[2]

> I am very anxious to proceed with the decorative work of Bates Hall, at least to find out what is going to be done and who is going to do it, and to place an order for the best panel in the hall. In order to accomplish the painting of this panel I am ready to try and raise $10,000. Any increase in the amount might kill the whole thing. Please let me know whether you would care to undertake the work at this price, and if you would agree to complete it within two years from the time of getting the commission. Should you decide favorably I suggest that you write a letter stating the subject which you would select and any general description of it which would be interesting to the donor. I would then be in position to work.

In the same letter McKim offered La Farge the commission to undertake the main chancel window in Saint Peter's Church, Morristown, New Jersey, for $3000. 'My idea,' McKim writes, 'is to strike the chancel window first, making it as rich and fine as possible, thus to set a standard for the church. The only window given out at present is the one we entrusted to Abbey for the chapel,' at a cost of $1500. In reporting La Farge's acceptance of the latter commission, McKim expressed the opinion that in his hands 'the window would be a work of art and possess the characteristics of brilliancy and richness of effect so important to the interior of Saint Peter's Church.'

The reason why John La Farge is not represented in the Boston Library may be gathered from a letter written by Frederick L. Ames, one of the Trustees, to McKim, August 25, 1893: 'I have your note of the 21st inst., and in reply would say that I have not heard a word from Mr. La Farge in regard to the decorations at the Boston Public Library, and I have been so busy that I have had neither time nor inclination to follow him up. I think that if you cannot bring him to time, I cannot, and we had better abandon the idea of employing him.' The space assigned to La Farge is still vacant, but a McKim dinner

[1] McKim hoped to raise the necessary money among the friends of the late James R. Osgood, publisher, who was a friend of Whistler. (Letter to R. W. Gilder, Oct. 25, 1892.) The anecdote of the meeting was told to the author by McKim, and confirmed by Mr. Abbott.

[2] June 20, 1892.

was required to prevent the place of honor from being usurped by less able men. What John La Farge had in contemplation he has told in a letter written to McKim, Mead & White on February 7, 1889:

I have been considering the question proposed to me by you of carrying still further the decoration of Bates Hall by color and mural pictures. . . . I think that the further the subjects and stories are removed from such an obligation of reality as would compel inevitable errors in historical accuracy and thereby be out of place in the meaning of this building — the better. . . . If a certain something of poetic fable can pervade the pictures we should have a result in harmony with the literary side of culture, would have the flavor of the past that the building is meant to have, and would be, if I may say so, the ornament of study. . . . I should like to see in the great panel at the end such a theme as the story of Alexander placing the manuscript of Homer in the safety of the golden box taken from the Persian spoils. . . . Then I should like to have plenty of Greece and Rome, Socrates and the Philosophers, Pythagoras consulting the Wisdom of the East, Demosthenes and Cicero defending the cause of intelligence; the vicissitudes of Science or study in the world — the death of Archimedes, Pliny in the dangers of Vesuvius, Ovid in exile, the house of Pindar spared — the story of Hypatia — or again Chiron teaching the heroes, and far away from these the Queen of Sheba going to visit Solomon — the Magi observing the stars — and perhaps some chapter of Chinese or far Oriental history.

McKim desired to have Daniel Chester French represented in the Library, both because he admired Mr. French's work, and also because he was the leading sculptor of New England antecedents. On March 31, 1892, McKim wrote to Abbott: 'I have been working on the Vestibule, Tympanum and Bronze Doors. The doors somewhat resemble those from the Baths of Caracalla which, you remember, we saw in the Baptistry of St. John Lateran. I have tried hard and the result promises to be fairly classic, and I hope they will be simple enough to suit you.' The decoration of the doors he gave to French, who selected for his subjects 'Music and Poetry,' 'Knowledge and Wisdom,' 'Truth and Romance.' The figures, rendered in low relief, are among the chief ornaments of the building.

'Of course I am enthusiastic over the idea of making the doors for your beautiful building, and elated that you and Saint-Gaudens and Mr. Abbott want me to undertake them,'

wrote Daniel Chester French, on September 9, 1894. 'Mr. Abbott explained to me the scheme that you had favored — a big, plain surface with a single figure in low-relief on each valve. Now I want to talk with you.' More than ten years later (November 21, 1904), Mr. French wrote:

DEAR McKIM: I was in Boston yesterday and found the doors entirely finished and swinging. John Williams has made the finest sort of job and is entitled to all praise in the matter. Mr. Fox (of the McKim, Mead & White office) was on hand, as well as the Librarian, Mr. Lincoln, and others, and they all professed themselves as pleased with the result of our labors. I was myself unusually relieved to find that the figures come out so well and so strongly in the bad light to which they are subjected. It has entirely vindicated my belief that it would be necessary to keep the doors more or less polished. I have explained the situation to the officials of the Library, and they promise that a man shall go over them once a week or so rubbing them with his hand. This will not only keep the surface, which I think is indispensable, but will gradually give them a fine color. I hope you will agree with me when you see them. Have you not an errand to Boston soon that will make it possible for you to inspect them, and relieve an anxiety that I naturally feel in regard to your opinion?

Louis Saint-Gaudens did the lions in Siena marble that guard the landing of the main stairway and play a part with the Chavannes decorations.[1] It was no easy task to bring to a successful conclusion a commission entrusted to Louis. 'If I am to do the work,' he wrote in December, 1888, to McKim, 'I am not willing to sign any agreement whatever or have my brother sign anything for me. Please do not consider me insolent in this. I should be sorry to have you feel that I am ungrateful. My manner in this regard comes from some inherent lack of energy or unwillingness to undertake responsibilities of this sort.'

Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote in explanation of the above letter from his brother:

DEAR McKIM: Louis has just told me of what he wrote last night. The more he thinks of the matter the more irritated he gets. He does

[1] The lions are memorials of the Second and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments in the Civil War. The committees were Mr. John C. Ropes and General Charles D. Pierson for the Twentieth and Captain George P. Bangs and John A. Fox for the Second Regiment. Mr. Fox, who is an architect, was in charge of the McKim, Mead & White work for a time.

not want Beaman (who prepared the contract) brought in, and all that remains to do is to go ahead without any agreement. This same trouble occurred once before for the Saint John he made for the Church of the Incarnation. He got angry and refused to have anything further to do with the matter if there were to be any agreement. He did his work faithfully and that ended it. Don't come to see him about the matter. Don't get Beaman to write, or to come either, because in conversation with either of you he will assent to your desires and within twenty-four hours will send you a letter more fierce than the first, and perhaps refuse to have anything to do with the matter at all. He has got his dander up, which occurs very rarely, but when he does it remains up for a very long while and everything makes him worse. Unlike his elder brother, who gets it up frequently but is immediately soothed. Let him have his way. Tell the trustees he's a crank, or what you will and don't trouble him further and he will do his work honestly and well. He left the studio to-day, fearing a visit from either you or Beaman. When I see you we will settle about the seal.

On being pressed to do the lions without delay, Louis consented, but only to recant. 'Since your visit this afternoon I find that I have changed my mind again. I have no inclination to do the work on any terms other than those mentioned to you in my letter. So you had better stop all arrangements on my account as I do not want the work and would feel better without it. MacMonnies in Paris would be a good man. Wouldn't he do?'

By January 5, 1889, arrangements satisfactory to Louis were made, and he began work. He wrote on August 5, 1889:

My dear McKim: I have taken time to answer your letter so I might be able to impress upon your mind the serious nature of the difficulty we are in, if you insist on having the Lion before I am satisfied with it. We will continue to work as steadily as possible, but I will not consider it finished until I have had the benefit of my brother's criticism again; therefore I am unwilling to make a plaster cast of a piece of work which is or will be unfinished any time during the next three or four weeks, or whatever time my brother remains abroad. This is a very serious thing to me and rather than have a plaster cast made of the Lion before I know it is as good as I can make it, I will relinquish it altogether and return the money I have received for it. I am sorry if you have been led into any difficulty through me. I would have been delighted to have been able to deliver the Lion at the time I said but the fates have willed otherwise.

Five weeks later (September 15) the skies cleared. Louis writes:

> Since I received your last letter Augustus has returned and worked on the famous Lion and has improved it very much. I am sure you will like it. It is now finished. Don't you wish to see it before I have it cast, which will be on Wednesday next unless I hear from you to the contrary?

Critics and public alike acclaimed the 'Bacchante with Infant Faun,' exhibited by Frederick W. MacMonnies in the Paris Salon of 1894. For the Boston Library he had done the justly admired statue of Sir Henry Vane. His Nathan Hale in the City Hall Park, New York, and his colossal fountain at the head of the Court of Honor at the Chicago Fair had placed him among the foremost American sculptors. McKim and White had watched his career ever since, as a boy of seventeen (in 1880), he was admitted to the Saint-Gaudens studio; and they were glad to have his services in various works. MacMonnies, in recognition of these associations, gave to McKim the original bronze of the Bacchante group; and when the French Government offered to buy it for the Luxembourg, MacMonnies insisted that he had already given the original to McKim, but that he would be glad to have a replica made for the Luxembourg, and this he did. McKim (with the approval of the sculptor) decided to add this group to his own gift of a basin and fountain in the Library court. He thought that the joyous figures would add just that touch of life and gayety which the court needed to relieve a certain austerity and to give it charm.

The trustees accepted the gift and, after some hesitation, the Boston Art Commission unanimously approved it. So one Saturday night in November, 1896, the blithesome little lady was placed upon her Irish marble pedestal, under the direction of William M. Kendall, of the McKim, Mead & White office. The lady's advent had been heralded, and on Sunday morning, after service, the congregations of Trinity, the New Old South, and the Brattle Square churches dropped in to visit her — and came away shocked. Not only was she without a shred of clothing, but the dancing hussy was actually dangling a bunch of

grapes in the face of the laughing child in her arms — a shameless exaltation of wine, woman, and song; and this, too, in the very Temple of the City of Boston! Before the sun could go down on Puritan wrath, protests from the city and suburbs were started. From the Library balcony Professor Charles Eliot Norton looked down upon the exhibition of joy without 'ethos,' and to his former pupil, Mr. Kendall, mourned the degeneracy of the times! President Eliot headed the signers of the protest that came from Cambridge. Hester Prynne, with her scarlet letter, might walk the streets of ancient Boston, at least in shame if not in repentance, but the joyous Bacchante must be driven into the wilderness — as it happened, into the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York.

Of course the newspapers and the art journals did not lose the opportunity to poke all manner of fun at Puritanical Boston.[1] McKim kept his temper (outwardly) and sought for the group adequate setting in the court and quiet consideration by people capable of judging a work of art. To Saint-Gaudens he wrote, March 24, 1897:

DEAR GUS:

Dr. Bowditch, one of the Trustees of the Library, has been here to ask for advice from you and French and me once more in regard to the answer which the Trustees shall make to the petitioners, headed by Charles Norton and President Eliot, for the removal of the Bacchante. I had supposed that the thing was a fake, and am dumbfounded to learn that it is not. The Trustees feel very indignant as well as very badly about it, and will probably oppose any attempt at interference, but they are anxious to make no mistake in their reply, and are desirous to have an expression of opinion from us as to their proper course in deciding how to act.

French was here to-day and will be at the Fine Arts Federation to-night at the Academy of Design. I have to be there also. If you can make it possible, please meet me there for a short talk in regard to the letter which is to be sent to the Trustees.

After six months of controversy, during which the tide kept rising, Mr. McKim relieved the Trustees of their embarrassment in this letter to Dr. H. P. Bowditch, the president:

April 5th, 1897

DEAR DR. BOWDITCH: Since my return from the south a fortnight ago, I have been suffering from an attack of something like grippe,

[1] The Century Club exhibited a caricature called 'The Back Bay Aunty.'

from which I am just picking up, and until now have been unable to consult with Messrs. French and Saint-Gaudens concerning the petition, as requested by you.

After carefully reviewing the history of the matter, and taking into consideration all the circumstances of our connection with it, we have come to the conclusion that there is nothing further that we are able to suggest which would be likely to be of service to your Board, bearing upon the MacMonnies group, and that it would be presumptuous on our part even to suggest in what manner you should deal with this complaint.

We can only reaffirm our confidence in the position taken by the Trustees, as a Board, from the start, and believe that it expresses the educated sentiment on both sides of the water. It would seem that the final endorsement of the group by the Art Commission, in its unanimous vote passed at the City Hall, should dispose of the matter; so far as Mr. French, Mr. Saint-Gaudens and myself are concerned, it certainly does.

As yet, the Fountain has never had a fair trial, nor have the people by whom and for whom the building was built, been given a fair opportunity to judge for themselves in a matter which concerns all. For this reason, it would appear most unjust to all concerned that the personal prejudices of the signers of this petition should be mistaken for the voice of the whole community. If it be true that the present complaint is due to the name, both Mr. Saint-Gaudens and I feel assured that Mr. MacMonnies will consent to re-entitle his group, according to Mr. Edward Robinson's excellent suggestion.

On the other hand, nothing could have been farther from my thoughts in making this gift to your Board, than that it should not prove a source of satisfaction to you, as well as an adornment of the Fountain and Court of the Public Library (and I am perfectly clear in my own mind that no similar opportunity is likely to present itself). At the same time, I should be the last one to wish to place your Board in any position of embarrassment, and I write therefore to say that unless you see your way clear to a final settlement of this matter, that you will advise me, in order that I may withdraw the group from a contention which you doubtless find as undignified and humiliating as we all do.

Please be very frank, and do not hesitate to act without regard to me, and I shall not misunderstand your action. All I ask, for the love of Heaven! is that this matter be finally determined.

Sincerely yours

CHARLES F. McKIM

Mr. McKim's statement to the public was carefully guarded:

The 'Bacchante' was presented to the Trustees of the Boston Public Library last Autumn, and accepted by them, and finally

approved by the Art Commission of Boston, to whom it was submitted. The Trustees, from the start, have been constantly supporters of the statue of Mr. MacMonnies, and after the approval by the Art Commission, we, here in New York, supposed the matter had been disposed of. No sooner, however, had this decision been received, than protests were privately circulated by a certain element in the community, who were offended by the MacMonnies bronze, and the Trustees have been so constantly annoyed by organized effort to have the statue removed, that Mr. McKim offered to relieve the Board from an embarrassing contention, as humiliating to the sculptor and architect as to the Board of Trustees, by withdrawing the figure. This offer, after some correspondence with the Trustees on the subject, was accepted.

The MacMonnies group was offered to the Metropolitan Museum, New York, where it was gratefully accepted. To MacMonnies in Paris (who had heard rumors of an attack on the Bacchante in New York), McKim wrote a letter of reassurance: 'Your gift has passed out of my hands and has been made over in good faith to the Metropolitan Museum and has been accepted by it. I do not anticipate anything in the future but an increase of the prestige of your classic and most beautiful creation. Removed from Puritan surroundings to this Metropolis, where she belongs, I think we may regard the question of her virtue as settled for all time.' In spite of the kind of publicity it received, the group remains, after thirty years, one of the most admired works of statuary in America. Is the Bacchante missed from her rightful place in the Library court? Let those say who on summer days seek the place (made attractive by easy-chairs and an array of the newest books) in order to while away a pleasant hour to the music of the splashing water of McKim's fountain. Will she return, Kilmeny like, in the gloaming? Perhaps. For the late George R. White, a Boston collector whose rare possessions have gone to enrich the Boston Art Museum, secured the second copy of the MacMonnies group and gave it to that institution, with stipulations intended to express his outraged feelings over the nymph's banishment from the Library.[1]

[1] In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact that in 1777, the great French sculptor, Houdon, sent to the Paris Salon a Diana, modeled after one of the most beautiful women of the time, Mlle. Odéoud, the costume of which statue appeared a little too airy and the nudity a little too pronounced for the chaste goddess who so strongly

To-day the gay little lady dances alone at the end of the long, cold vista on the main floor of the Museum, where she is as much out of her element as she was in it when she added charm to the Library court. Some day, perhaps she may come into her own place.

resented the indiscreet curiosity of Acteon. The head alone was admitted. 'The goddess is beautiful,' wrote La Harpe, 'but it is thought to be too naked for a statue to be publicly exhibited.' The artist protested in vain. He exhibited it in his own studio, where all the world went to see it. In 1781 he showed a reproduction in marble in the Bibliothèque du Roi; but the Salon remained obdurate. (Henri d'Almeras in La Revue Mondiale, Paris, July 15, 1928.)

CHAPTER IX

PURITAN LIBERALISM AND PAGAN AUSTERITY IN NEW ENGLAND ARCHITECTURE

Since the days of Charles Bulfinch no other architect has exerted so profound an influence on Boston and Cambridge as has Charles McKim. McKim, regarding Bulfinch as the greatest American architect, sought to protect from desecration his extant work; and in numerous instances designed in the Bulfinch spirit and Bulfinch forms. McKim impressed upon Boston the value of its own architecture; he gave to it two buildings of the highest class and many others quite perfect in their way. He married into one of the old and important families; he formed close friendships with men of power; ladies of social consequence were eager to accept his hospitalities; but he was always an outsider. Beacon Street wondered (sometimes aloud) how Miss Appleton permitted herself to marry a New York architect.

The Bostonian is still fundamentally a Puritan, who regards pleasure and beauty with suspicion. McKim was something of a pagan, in whom the joy of living must express itself in work as well as in play. He could be as austere as John Cotton himself, but with him austerity never hardened into grimness; always there was a touch of sheer beauty expressed purely for its own sake. No one of his buildings was mediocre or dull; each had life and sparkle — if only clients knew how to live up to possibilities.

McKim designed the Charles A. Whittier house, which was finished in 1883, and five years later the John F. Andrew house. From 1887 until 1898 he was engaged on the Public Library; the Algonquin Club was opened in 1889. In February, 1888, Professor Francis J. Child (affectionately known to Harvard students as 'Stubby') wrote:

Dear Charles McKim: When Hastings Hall was to be built, I did not forget my wish that your services might be received. Charles Norton spoke to the President as to an architect and asked that at least there might be a competition. The whole thing would seem to

have been settled, as usual, in the Corporation, without asking any opinion from without or listening to any. I was struck with despair. I don't think we shall ever have an improvement unless some man who wants to build us a hall insists on his own choice of an architect — but Heaven knows what choice such a man might make. Some friend of Richardson's was ready, just when R. died [1886], to build us a Reading Room, or possibly a whole library, more out of regard to R. than to the college, I suppose.

I wish some person would conceive the same fancy for you. . . . Our late buildings don't even hold together. Memorial Hall has just been re-pointed all over on account of bad mortar — and other buildings!

Ever yours faithfully and affectionately

F. J. Child

That same year McKim's Harvard opportunity came in the form of a commission from the Corporation to build the Johnston Gate, given by Samuel Johnston, '55, of Chicago. In Vienna, one glorious Sunday morning in July, 1891, McKim related his first interview with President Eliot:

It was a raw November day — and President Eliot was as raw as the day. From his house, where I had been lunching, he took me to the main entrance to the Harvard Yard between Massachusetts and Harvard Halls. 'Here,' he said, 'is where the Johnston Gate is to go; and there is one thing of which you can be certain — if one half the alumni shall be pleased with your work, the other half will damn it!' With that pleasing reflection in mind, I returned to New York to ponder the problem. After long communing, light came. I will build, I resolved, a gate that will go with Massachusetts and Harvard Halls; and then, if all the alumni damn it, they can go to Hades.

As preliminary to designing this first gate, McKim thought out the whole subject of a proper enclosure for the Harvard Yard. To his logical mind a gate without a fence was an anomaly; and he foresaw that, once the gate was built, the old, low fence with rough stone posts and wooden rails would be replaced by a suitable structure.

The drawings, submitted to the Corporation on April 29, 1889, were immediately accepted, and in October the gate was finished, 'President Eliot having examined and approved the inscriptions, saying nothing about the other work.' [1] As a matter of fact the color and texture and form of the New Hampshire brick were the subject of experiment and repeated trials, with

[1] McKim, Mead & White office correspondence.

results finally so satisfactory that the term 'Harvard brick' came to be applied to them. As it happened the alumni apparently were unanimous in approval and the Johnston Gate attained popular fame throughout the country.

'The gate,' wrote William C. Lane, in the *Graduates' Magazine* for October, 1892, 'is eminently successful in harmonizing the older architecture of the college and adds great beauty and dignity to that side of the Yard. The second gate, agreeing in general character with the first, but of more modest dimensions and style, stands just east of Holworthy. It is the gift of George Von L. Meyer, '79.' [McKim's brother-in-law.]

Harvard welcomed Charles Follen McKim into her company of scholars by conferring upon him the degree of master of arts at the Commencement of 1890. His friends Richard Watson Gilder and the new president of Columbia University, Seth Low, also received honors. President Eliot, more than a year after the event, wrote: 'Certain accidents have delayed the transmission of this diploma, but the lapse of time has only added to the evidences of conspicuous merit on which the action of the University was grounded.'

The disorderly and haphazard manner of building at Harvard distressed McKim as it also distressed Charles Francis Adams and Professor Norton, who in 1905 secured a report from D. H. Burnham and F. D. Millet on the subject.[1] Already, in 1896, McKim had tried his hand at preparing a plan for the development of the Harvard Yard and extensions to Charles River, such as are now taking place. On July 8, 1896, McKim wrote to Edward Hooper, the University Treasurer:

DEAR MR. HOOPER: I sent you to-day the plan you asked for, designed some years ago to present the possibility for a front door or connecting link between Harvard University and the Charles River, the area thus proposed to be planted with elm trees four abreast, in a manner similar to the Mall on Beacon Street, forming a broad alleyway, whose length would afford numerous plots for the development of the University upon a definite system.[2] At the time the plan

[1] *Life of Burnham*, I, 249.

[2] A letter of July 14, to Wendell Garrison: 'Edward Hooper has requested me to send on Lloyd's plan for linking Harvard University with Charles River. What can be done with it I do not know, and I do not dare to hope too much; but that we have been asked to send it for further consideration is a fact.' The net result of the correspond-

was made I consulted Mr. Morris Meredith as to the possibility of a demolition of the present inch-plank architecture of the district referred to; and as nearly as I can recollect, after looking carefully into the matter he determined that the whole thing might be purchased for about $450,000, and intimated that the proposed boulevard along the Charles River from Boston to Harvard would go far to justify the development of property on that side of Harvard Street. You know the rest!

What difficulties may stand in the way of this plan I do not know; but this I do know — that *some* plan is woefully needed at Harvard to restore, at least in a measure, the sense of order and repose which belong chiefly to her early buildings.

Fogg Museum and others excepted!!

July 21

DEAR MR. HOOPER: I received your letter of the 14th on reaching town yesterday, and in reply hasten to write and ask you to make any use that you like of the scheme in your possession. I only trust that when framed, as you propose, and hung in your office, it may not serve as a warning to the Corporation of Harvard and its benefactors who have thus far escaped all entangling relations with this firm! Whatever the result, please remember that it was you not I who chose to exhume one of our rejected addresses from its last resting place. I will only add that I appreciate your good will.

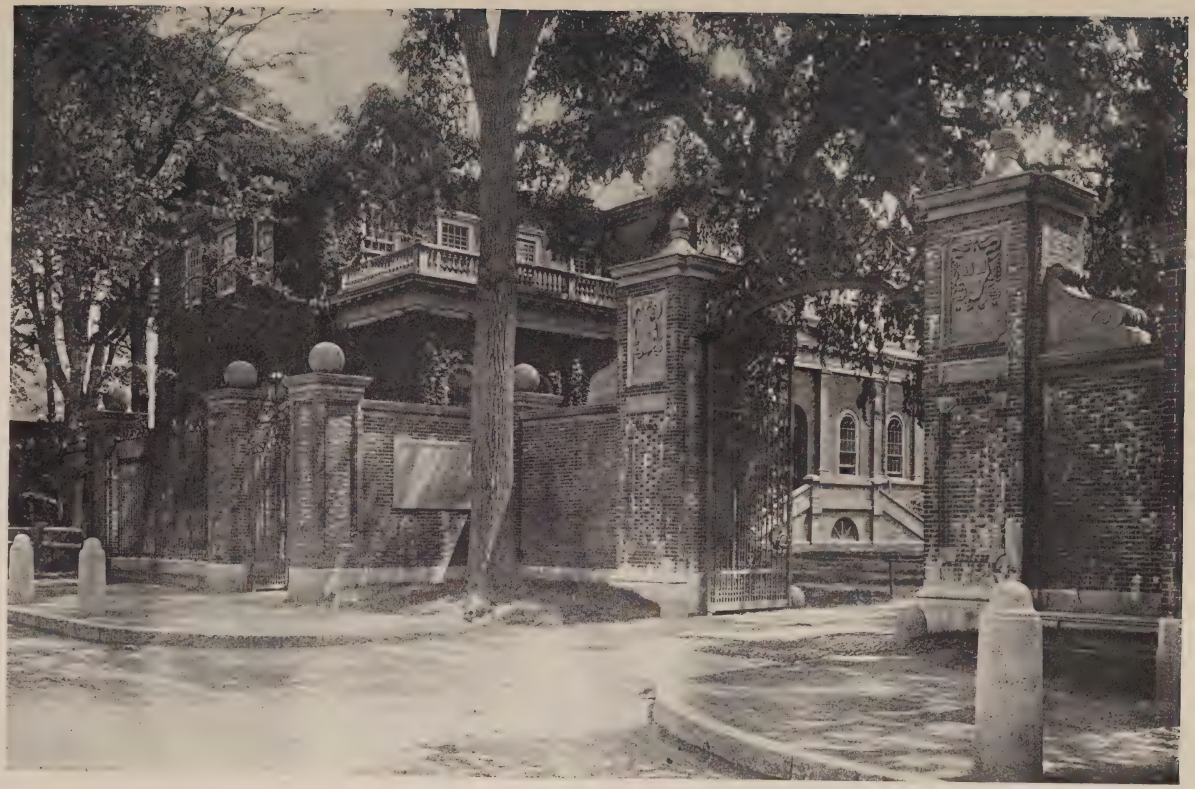
To Saint-Gaudens McKim wrote on September 3, 1896:

DEAR GUS: Heaven be praised for all its blessings! I can hardly believe my eyes and am overjoyed to hear that the Shaw is really done — on your account and that of the surviving members of the committee. I am leaving in another hour by boat to meet our Providence committee and shall return by way of Newport, leaving there Monday night. Hoping that Tuesday will not be too late to see your last work before it goes into the modeler's hands. Yours.

P.S. Mead you know has sailed and we are up to our necks in work. Nevertheless I will try to get up to Windsor for a day on one of the two dates you mention. I can sleep in the studio if there is not room for me in the house.

Ten years after the Johnston Gate was completed, the question of a fence for the Yard was brought up by Amory Hodges, who telephoned McKim in May, 1899, that his class of '75 desired to contribute its proportion of fence as a class memorial, and that he would like the design of a section in time for Com-

ence, McKim writes, on July 21, is that 'it has brought about a friendly feeling on the part of the Treasurer of the University for some definite system.'



JOHNSTON GATES, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

mencement. Thereupon McKim showed him the sort of thing he had in mind at the time the gates were prepared, but said he would have to confer with A. W. Longfellow, the architect of Phillips Brooks House, so as to make the fence conform to that building and other interests involved.

The development of a fence which shall seem to be the natural boundary of the old buildings around the college yard [McKim wrote to 'Waddy' Longfellow] has always seemed to my mind easy of attainment, provided we adhere to a system of alternate pier and open iron panel construction of the simplest sort, the scale being regulated to conform with the average height of the old buildings. In this way familiar vistas would be retained, while uninteresting ones could easily be screened by turning from pier construction into stretches of actual wall. To save expense and in view of the plain character proposed, the iron work need only be partially wrought, the larger part being cast, the piers being made without panels and capped with a flat moulded stone. . . . Perhaps you will send a rough sketch at scale of what you think would suit the occasion, and be most in harmony with the old buildings, and we can then study up any modifications which may seem desirable and likely to bring about the most unity. As regards the scale of the general fence, it should be diminished, I think, considerably from that of the lower side panels of the front [Johnston] gate, the height to be regulated by the mass of the whole group of buildings.

A furious attack was made on the design of the fence by the Harvard Memorial Society, an organization sponsored by Professor Norton. The Society represented to the Corporation that the McKim design was 'both unsightly and wholly unsuitable for memorial tablets. More appropriate plans have been submitted by Professor Norton and Professor Charles H. Moore.' The Society asked that the McKim plan be rejected and that one of the two professorial plans be substituted.[1] The 'Harvard Monthly' opined that the McKim plan 'would be suitable enough for an athletic field or the grounds of an orphan asylum.'

The Norton design presented a wall three and one half feet high, surmounted by ironwork. Here and there, at irregular intervals, the palings might be replaced by a rise in the wall, into which could be set memorial tablets of 'pleasing' design.

To this remonstrance of the Society McKim made reply:

[1] *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, June and September, 1900.

The principle of the Johnston Gate, which we have from the start intended to perpetuate in the general inclosure, is that of an open iron panel-work extending *through the entire height of the fence* and supported at intervals by masonry posts or piers. To depart from this in the continuance of the boundary fence or wall to another treatment would, we feel, be inconsistent, however interesting. To our mind the success of the fence depends upon the very abstract and impersonal character to which objection has been raised, and which would, we fear, be lost by the introduction of a variety of elements of an individual character such as you propose. In other words, we regard the fence *simply as an inclosure* and have sought to keep it as simple in its parts as possible, relying upon the gates for emphasis, and concentrating memorials at these points.

The Corporation evidently sided with McKim, who summed the matter up in one of his own sententious phrases: 'I decided that, if I was to build a fence, I would build a fence; if I was to build a graveyard, I would build a graveyard. But I would not build the two in one.' Mr. Norton never quite forgave McKim for his insistence; and that was a pity, for no two men more thoroughly agreed on fundamental conceptions of art. Only, Mr. Norton was essentially an historian of fine arts, while McKim was an artist — a creator of beauty, important elements of which are simplicity and appropriateness. One now cannot conceive of the Harvard Yard being shut off from the busy street by an aggregation of go-as-you-please memorials — 'a ha-ha wall,' as the McKim, Mead & White office jocosely called the Norton design.

The proof of the soundness of McKim's contention is to be found in the adoption of the elements of his design at other colleges. At Princeton McKim repeated his success with the Johnston Gate, during the time when Woodrow Wilson was president of the college. When the plan was submitted to President Wilson, he returned it red-penciled with various suggested changes. McKim had all the red marks removed, and the gate was constructed according to the original drawings. The story goes that on being congratulated on the success of the gate President Wilson remarked: 'Yes; but I had to teach Mr. McKim the A.B.C.'s of architecture.'

It was characteristic of Major Henry L. Higginson's impul-

sive way of doing things that he should send McKim a short note offering McKim, Mead & White the commission to build Symphony Hall, and should have the note delivered as McKim was taking the train for New York. This happened on October 28, 1892, at the time when the architect was deep in the Chicago Fair work. The commission was something more than another job, albeit a large one for its day. In truth it marked one of those friendships based on mutual admiration and confidence which were frequent in McKim's career. On the following day McKim wrote to Major Higginson:

> I wired you last night from the train to say that I had received your letter at the moment of leaving and, having to be here to-day, was unable to remain over, as I should have so preferred to do.
>
> We all feel that it is quite impossible to express the pleasure we have that you should wish to associate us with the development of your splendid idea for a Music Hall for the City of Boston, and that nothing more flattering or complimentary has ever happened to our office, and I must leave all that I should like to say unsaid, except that we shall do our best when the time comes to assist you to reach the result you desire. We fully appreciate the importance of keeping the matter dark until you give the word. Some time next week Mr. Mead and myself propose to pay you a visit and look over the ground with you, and we shall endeavor to keep any appointment which may be convenient to yourself. I will only add that while our ambition will be to make the building representative of the purposes for which it is intended in the best sense, we believe that this is not inconsistent with the use of simple materials and economical construction.

Here was the opportunity to create a building that in the economy of Boston's civic life would rank with the Public Library. During eleven years of planning and unstinted giving, Major Higginson had built up the Boston Symphony Orchestra into one of the great orchestras of the world, thus realizing the dreams of his boyhood. Not only was it one of the chief features of Boston, but, through its concerts in other Eastern and in Middle-Western cities, it had become a potent influence on musical culture.[1]

The concerts had been given in the old Music Hall; but the necessity of cutting a street through the site of the building led a group of Major Higginson's friends to place in his hands the

[1] M. A. DeWolfe Howe: *The Boston Symphony Orchestra.* 1914.

money necessary to provide a suitable home for the orchestra on which he himself had spent over a million dollars — a loss he counted gain in the consciousness of service to the community and joy to himself.

McKim, on his part, loved music. He was an eager attendant at Saint-Gaudens's studio concerts, and the two men often went together to the opera, where they found rest and refreshment. Almost to the end of his days McKim kept up his singing lessons with a master. Naturally he was elated over the opportunity to build a permanent home for one of the world's great orchestras; and he set his heart on designing a concert room after the fashion of a Greek theater. So he made a full set of plans and a model of the interior, which was exhibited in the Public Library in January, 1894. 'Of all the persons who saw the model not one made adverse criticism, and many expressed themselves highly pleased with the beauty, simplicity and convenience of the design. The substitution of an amphitheater for the usual galleries appeared to take everybody by storm. One of the most striking facts of the exhibition was the very general and hearty appreciation of the simple beauty of the design shown by the public at large.[1] This appreciation, it has been suggested, was a direct result of the more general understanding of correct architectural design brought about by a visit to the World's Fair and the sight of the beauties of the Peristyle, the Court of Honor, and the various splendid buildings of the great exhibition.' So said the 'Boston Transcript,'[2] quoting Professor H. Langford Warren to the effect that 'the restraint and simplicity, the quietness and repose, the propriety and expressiveness of such ornamentation as has been used, are especially noteworthy. Such a hall would by its beauty add to the enjoyment of music heard there, without distracting the attention by obtrusive and overladen ornamentation.'

[1] On July 10, 1893, McKim submitted to Major Higginson three sets of studies from three different points of view, all made by John Galen Howard in consultation with Professor Laloux of the École des Beaux Arts. The first was worked up according to McKim's own preferences — a semicircular plan. The second, elliptical in form, was believed by M. Laloux to promise the best acoustic qualities. The third, rectangular in shape, represented the views of M. Lamoureux, director of the concerts of the Cirque d'Eté and of the Grand Opera. 'As you are familiar with my views on the subject,' he added, 'I need not repeat them here.' At the same time he sent a scheme worked out by Mr. Lord for other parts of the building.

[2] *Boston Transcript*, January 15, 1894.

SKETCH FOR SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

DESIGN FOR THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTED BY McKIM MEAD & WHITE IN THE COMPETITION

Boston, however, was wedded to its idols, one of which was the old Music Hall, and Major Higginson's directors were averse to such an innovation as McKim proposed, in which decision they were supported by the only known authority on acoustics, Professor Wallace C. Sabine, of Harvard. We have Major Higginson's word for it that 'the directors pondered long over plans, and finally, laying aside Mr. McKim's beautiful design after the Greek Theater, they adopted the shape of hall which had of late been in vogue because successful. In this decision they have put aside the convictions and wishes of the architect — and they may have erred. . . . As for Mr. McKim, he is here but will not speak for himself, his partners, and his office. Abandoning his pet idea with absolute cheerfulness, he set himself to devise a plan not entirely to his liking, and even in the execution of this plan he has given up many hopes, wishes and fancies because the directors had no more money. . . . Let me add that the beauty of the hall has been won entirely by Mr. McKim, and I hope it pleases you. I think it is very handsome, and know it is convenient and entirely safe.' [1] McKim gave up his pet idea with less reluctance after consulting the great director, Richter, who confessed: 'I don't know anything about acoustics, but my first violin tells me we always get the best results in a rectangular hall.'

Widespread was the regret that so inappropriate and remote a site was selected from motives of economy. To-day Symphony Hall is on the inskirts, so to speak, of the greatest aggregation of educational institutions in America, including the Art Museum and Mrs. Gardner's collection of works of art, the Boston Conservatory of Music, the Harvard Medical School, and Simmons College, to name a few of many.

If McKim was forced to sacrifice his hopes as to the shape of the hall, features of convenience and amenity that he planned lavishly were carried out in generous fashion. H. G. Wells averred that 'the Boston Symphony concerts are attended by elderly ladies in expensive high-necked gowns.' The contrast between a Boston Symphony gathering and a New York Metropolitan Opera House audience marks the contrast between the two cities. Some day, Symphony Hall will be com-

[1] Opening address, October 15, 1900. Symphony Hall cost, including land, $750,000.

pleted by cutting those inscriptions for which McKim made abundant provision. Then, with a modest restraint that exalts the merits of the person commemorated, the service Henry Lee Higginson rendered to the community he unselfishly loved — and to the art of America as well — will be duly inscribed.

The Harvard Union was planned to represent the democratic spirit in the college. When William Roscoe Thayer, editor and founder of the 'Harvard Graduates' Magazine,' became convinced that the elective system was splitting the three upper classes into groups while leaving the freshmen floundering in a maze of required studies, he conceived the idea of establishing a headquarters for student activities and a club for undergraduates. So convinced and convincing was Mr. Thayer that he won Charles Francis Adams, second of the name, who was ever ready to undertake the fight to better anything — from a transcontinental railroad in dishonor to the Harvard Yard in chaos. Also there were the popular young Democratic Governor, 'Billy' Russell; and 'Foxy' Bancroft, of rowing fame; and the Reverend William Lawrence, great among Harvard money-raisers; Augustus Hemenway, C. P. Curtis, Jr., and Henry L. Higginson, all of whom signed the call for a meeting, held on November 26, 1895, at which it was resolved that a building should be provided 'to do for Harvard what the Oxford and Cambridge Unions do for those universities.' As the idea took form, Major Higginson, with characteristic generosity, gave it substance by providing the money.

The project was broached to McKim in September, 1899, by Major Higginson, who asked him to visit the clubhouse at the University of Pennsylvania, to get suggestions as to the scope and requirements of such a building, that institution having forestalled Harvard in making such needed provision for student life. In November McKim had a talk with Professors Hollis and Archie Coolidge [1] as to specific Harvard requirements, and the same month Major Higginson came to see the first sketches.

The building for the Harvard Union was another of McKim's determined efforts to 'bring Harvard back to bricks and mortar,' after the style of the older days, when simplicity,

[1] Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge (1866–1928), a rare spirit and an elegant scholar.

appropriateness and proportion were cardinal features of design. To his daughter Margaret, November 22, 1899, he writes:

My precious Daughter: The visit to Boston was very satisfactory. George de Gersdorff went on with me to help me out. On the train were Mrs. Butler and Susie. When we passed —— station I pointed them out as nearly as possible the big house on the hill just where you were, and four pairs of eyes strained as if to catch sight of you. Then we dashed on to Boston, arriving at three, the B's going to their hotel and George and I to Mr. Higginson's, where we were expected to stay. Within a few minutes of our arrival the Music Hall committee arrived, including Mr. Gericke, the leader of the orchestra, and Mr. Hendricks, the organ builder.

At six o'clock we were still at work, when the Cambridge committee, who were asked to dine, arrived in their dress coats, and we were adjourned until four o'clock the next day by Mr. Higginson, and scurried off to our rooms to dress and join them. I think I told you that Mr. Higginson's latest gift to Harvard is $150,000 to build a new club house for the University, and that the dinner was given to discuss the plans with those graduates and undergraduates most interested in the project. There were present Charles Francis Adams, treasurer of the University; Professor Hollis; Harry James, a nephew of the writer; William Roscoe Thayer, the originator of the movement; Mr. Storrow, stroke of the winning crew of his year; Peter Higginson, stroke of this year's winning crew, a nephew of H. L. H., our host; Mr. Donald of the foot ball team; Archie Coolidge and others. Needless to say a good dinner had its proper effect, and shortly before midnight the company separated to meet again, on very good terms with itself and McK., M. and W.

The next day a visit to the new Music Hall, now fast rising above ground, a visit to Cambridge to look over the sites for the new club house and the Architectural building, lunch and unfinished business of the committee of the day before at the old Music Hall. Then tea at Mrs. Whitman's studio with Mr. Higginson; goodbye to him and removal to Somerset Hotel — food, nap (my first!), dinner, and afterwards to the station to meet some people coming on to the Harvard-Yale foot ball match to take place the next day, for which I had accepted one of several invitations. Of the match you have read in the newspapers how Greek met Greek in the presence of 35,000 spectators, neither side being able to score in a battle royal. Of course I saw lots of people I knew, many of whom asked after you. After the match we went to Charley Butler's room in college and had tea, and I brought eight of the boys and girls back to town for dinner, half of them going afterwards to the theater. The next day, Sunday, declining all temptations to stay, I took train and returned, reaching home at dark.

I know this is a long, meandering epistle, and that you will have to wade through it, but you *would* know about Boston, so you are properly punished! Till Sunday.

On the opening of the Union, Major Higginson, in his inimitable, happy fashion, paid tribute to the architect among other fellow workers:

When the building was set on foot, three graduates at once asked to furnish the house. Mr. James H. Hyde, of '98, has given us the library, both fittings and books. Mr. Francis L. Higginson, of '63, and Mr. Augustus Hemenway, of '75, old and proved friends of the University, have given us the furniture. These carved panels, these mantel-pieces and coats-of-arms at either end of the hall, as well as the brass wreath in the floor yonder, are gifts of various graduates, students and friends. The bust of John Harvard is the work and the gift of the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Daniel C. French, and the bust of Washington, together with the eagle and the stag-horns, we have from the hands of our great architect. The chief happiness of this architect seems to lie in the beautification of our College grounds, and with the help of his able lieutenant, a late graduate, he has made this building a labor of love. He has outdone even himself.

Thus you see that our house springs from the imagination and the work of many men, and you may be sure that the work and the joy of building it have gone hand in hand. It is pleasant to record such an united effort in behalf of Mother Harvard, for she exists only through the constant labor and bounty of her friends. It is her whole mission in life to pour out her blessings on us; and we, as grateful children, can do no less than hold up and strengthen her hands, thus emulating the example of her friends outside, who have of late showered her with gifts in so splendid and thoughtful a fashion.[1]

The problem of a gymnasium for Radcliffe College gave McKim an opportunity to work out in a small area his ideas for the development of an educational institution. On March 27, 1897, he wrote to Mrs. Henry Whitman:

Although at first glance the solution would seem easy, we have found it no mean task to bring about a symmetrical relation in a territory of such irregular form; and, in fact, until a common center of reference for the whole system of buildings was reached, by the adoption of the library as the central feature, from which and to which all lines should radiate, we failed, notwithstanding numerous studies,

[1] Address by Henry Lee Higginson, '55; *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, December, 1901.

to accomplish much of value. Now, however, we believe that we are in a position to ask your serious consideration of the plan submitted, at least in several regards:

First, as to the wisdom of the general policy of connected buildings, related in character, and so disposed towards the central building, and to each other, as to form a practical and economical method of development for Radcliffe, while creating at the same time a shaded internal area of ample dimensions. In the center of this quadrangle it would be our aim to locate the library building, as the common laboratory and workshop, so to speak, of the college, circular or polygonal in form, facing all the buildings, and practically equi-distant from all. This building should be broad and low, with a central reading room lighted by an entire clerestory, and surrounded by a series of stacks and special libraries for students, through two stories in height.[1]

While the uses of the buildings suggested in this plan are speculative, they may serve to suggest a system of development and general policy along lines to be established in advance; as, for example, the entrance of the college being placed opposite the Common on Garden Street, we have assumed a PORTICO as the form of approach, academic in character, affording shelter and protection against the elements, while at the same time a natural meeting place for the students. Through its columns the library and grounds of the college would be visible from without, at the same time being sufficiently screened from public observation. The offices of administration would be reached directly from the portico, on entering. Depending for our GROVE, as they say in Athens, upon the elms of the yard, (and I think we may depend upon them, don't you?) the opportunity for a small THEATER is presented in the angle of Brattle and Garden Streets, with which building we have associated the gymnasium and refectory, as dependent functions, especially at Commencement time. But it is needless further to pursue a line of reasoning already familiar to you, calling, in whatever modified form of material, for classic treatment.

I will only add that the site suggested for the gymnasium may, if preferred, be exchanged for that of the refectory, but in the event of the construction of a theater, I should think the broad surface of the gymnasium floor would furnish an excellent space for exercises and dancing at Commencement time, and in connection with the theater.

Hoping that we may not have interpreted your views wholly in vain . . .

[1] On June 1, 1897, McKim again wrote to Mrs. Whitman, calling her attention to the picture ever in his mind and heart: 'Some day *after dinner* and when you are not harassed by the outside world please turn to Raphael's 'Marriage of the Virgin' and let me know if the little temple in the background and forming the top of the panel does not appeal to your imagination as an appropriate theme for a library for a Radcliffe girl and worthy of becoming a central feature in her existence.'

The Harvard Club of New York was opened on June 12, 1894, by a great gathering of Harvard men who had worked hard and sacrificed much to secure quarters commensurate with the fast-increasing numbers and influence of the graduates. It was to be primarily a club for the younger men, who needed a college home in the city whither they had come to try their fortunes.

After the brief exercises [writes Lloyd McKim Garrison,[1]], the members wandered about, examining it with great interest and delight and feeling singularly at home in it, despite its newness, so much had the spirit of what is most characteristic in Harvard architecture been followed throughout its entire design. . . . The woodwork of the interior of the building is white, and the general effect of the interior as a whole is one of age, refinement and tranquillity.

Later, when the club was enlarged, the great central room known as Harvard Hall gave McKim an opportunity to create one of the stateliest and yet most cosy and homelike of rooms. That room was one of the greatest satisfactions of his life.

In 1900 an anonymous donor made a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for a building to accommodate the Harvard School of Architecture, and an equal amount to endow the building as to upkeep — the latter item a welcomed novelty in Harvard annals. Moreover, the donor proposed to add casts of the more important examples of the architectural orders. The architectural work was turned over to McKim, Mead & White, and McKim and Kendall reveled in the opportunity presented to create out of bricks and mortar a structure which, in its harmonious proportions and elegant simplicity, should stand for the profession they both loved. The benefactors turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Robinson of New York. The building was located so as to form the second side of the small quadrangle where, save on stormy days, the Commencement afternoon exercises are held. Sever Hall, a Richardson building, already formed the west side; the south afterwards came to be occupied by Guy Lowell's Emerson Hall, and Charles A. Coolidge has completed the quadrangle with the new Fogg Art Museum — a remarkable collocation of architects. In

[1] *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, September, 1894.

ROBINSON HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE HARVARD STADIUM

the group Robinson Hall impresses one as a perfect example of good taste and high breeding; quiet, unassertive, modest — with much to be modest about.

The following letter indicates that McKim did not always have his way, especially with women clients:

November 12, 1900

DEAR MARY: The ways of woman are unfathomable, and according to their humors they lift us up into the seventh Heaven or plunge us into the deepest abysses!

Just now I have received a shock of the latter sort, from Mrs. Nelson Robinson, who is giving the building for Architecture at Harvard, as a memorial of her boy. She came in to say that she had been to Cambridge, and had seen the building (now nearly under roof), and that, although she might eventually become reconciled to it, she did not *like* it much at present! She had also made up her mind that the proposed bas-relief, over the front door, would be a mistake, and out of keeping with the surrounding buildings of the University. She had gone, she said, to the Public Library, as I had requested her, to see the Seal of the Library, over the front door, by Saint-Gaudens (figures supporting a shield), and she did not think that any such thing would be appropriate. After one or two ineffectual attempts, I found that her mind was so made up that I did not press it further.

Up to the present time I have dealt with Mr. Robinson only, who has more than met our suggestions at every point. Hence my confidence in venturing to consult you in regard to the relief over the front door. I am awfully sorry to have given you this trouble in vain, and write at once, in order that you may not spend any further time upon it.

Hoping that, in the near future, I may be able to have the benefit of your counsel and advice in some other direction,

Believe me, with great regret, etc.

MRS. M. L. TONETTI

The growth of the game of football in popular favor and the constantly increasing crowds at the Yale-Harvard games, taxed the capacity of the improvised wooden seats and made them dangerous, and so the agitation began for a permanent construction of steel and concrete. Major Higginson had given a playground of twenty acres stretching along the Charles, and named by him 'The Soldier's Field,' in memory of six friends who had lost their lives in the Civil War, in which conflict he himself had received a serious wound and a scar that gave

distinction to his face.[1] The younger Olmsted was to lay out the grounds and fix the locations. Professor Ira N. Hollis worked out the construction features on the basis of Professor J. L. Johnson's plans. To McKim was entrusted the task of giving architectural expression to the structure.[2] To Hollis and McKim, discussing problems on the ground, appeared President Eliot, who expressed the emphatic opinion that the proposed structure was entirely too large for any college game. When asked if he would set the limit, he turned and walked away. At the first meeting of the Senate Park Commission, on April 5, 1901, the Harvard plans were uppermost in McKim's and Olmsted's minds, and Burnham expressed the conviction that the Greek and the Roman stadia always had the open end toward the water. The discussion ran on throughout the entire day, and it was only on the way home that the Washington work was adverted to, and then only to discuss Burnham's ultimatum that the members of the commission must be prepared to go to Europe at the earliest possible moment. A whole day seemed lost; but artists, like crabs, often make progress when moving backwards.

At any rate, both the Harvard Stadium and the Washington Plan were completed. For a considerable time the Stadium, built on the lines of the Roman Coliseum, looked gaunt enough; but as vines grew and money came for the colonnade around the top, the massive pile has taken on beauty of line and proportion and color. Not only does it serve football and other sports, but occasionally Greek tragedy finds there an appropriate setting; and on Class Day the afternoon exercises end under a blazing, billowing canopy of colored confetti, making a spectacle of glory.

In a criticism of Harvard architecture made to the Board of Overseers in 1904, Charles Eliot Norton expressed with frank-

[1] Sargent's portrait in the Union makes much of this scar. McKim was urgent to have Sargent paint this portrait and arranged for the sittings.

[2] George B. de Gersdorff, '88, of the McKim, Mead & White office, had much to do with working out the design of the Stadium. See *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, March, 1894. The work was begun June 20, 1903; and was made possible by a gift of $100,000 by the class of 1879, supplementing a like amount in hand and half as much borrowed.

ness and in detail his personal opinion of McKim's work. Of Robinson Hall he says that 'the building has neither beauty nor impressiveness, and both without and within is open to legitimate criticism in the disregard which it here and there exhibits of established principles of good architecture. Moreover, in design, in material and in color it is out of harmony with Sever Hall, to which it stands in close and subordinate relation.' Mr. Norton did not admire Richardson's Sever Hall. He thought it had excellence as a mass; but 'its interior arrangement was sacrificed to its exterior appearance'; while the unfitness of Richard M. Hunt's Fogg Museum for its purposes is generally recognized. 'Had it been intended as an example of what such a building should not be, it could hardly be better fitted for the purpose.' Mr. Norton returns to his attack on the Harvard Fence and Gates:

> The Fence lately erected around the greater and most conspicuous portion of the College Yard [he says] affords another illustration of the unfortunate result of the method of the Corporation in delegating its responsibility and authority to an architect of high popular repute, and in permitting him to carry out his design with insufficient consideration and without submitting it to discussion and intelligent criticism, and in part against the protest of those whose position and judgment gave them a right to be listened to. . . . The fence actually constructed is of a kind perhaps appropriate enough in its greater part for the inclosure of ornamental grounds, but lacks the character which should distinguish the wall of a scholastic institution. The number of gates upon its most exposed side is excessive, breaking the line into feeble divisions. Moreover, not one of the gates is of conspicuous merit as a work of art, while as a whole they are deficient in symmetry of design which might group them in a comprehensive and impressive architectural unity. They have not even the inferior merit of picturesque effect.

In summing up, Mr. Norton declares that

> there is perhaps not a single University building of the last fifty years, from the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy to the Memorial Hall, and from that to the Harvard Union, which, either by its beauty or by the peculiar fitness of its adaptation to its object, is likely to be held in admiration one or two generations hence.[1]

Because it was a portion of the setting of the Harvard

[1] *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, March, 1904.

Union, McKim gave great consideration to the gate and terrace at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Quincy Street — a spot made illustrious by the names of Louis Agassiz, Andrew Preston Peabody, and George Herbert Palmer — the most commanding site in the Yard. McKim hoped to see the University Church located on this eminence — but college buildings are not located for architectural reasons. The terrace is a memorial of the class of 1880, and on modest slabs of limestone, one on either side of the gate, are cut the names of Roosevelt and Robert Bacon, both members of that class. In order to give form and significance to the terrace and a proper corner to the Yard, McKim felt it necessary to sacrifice to the street a portion of land not so big as a bandanna handkerchief; and this he did in the face of the Corporation of Harvard College. It was his last work for Harvard.

Time has proved that McKim and not Mr. Norton was in the right. Harvard has 'come back to bricks and mortar,' and the New Harvard now fast building on both sides of the Charles is conceived in the spirit of the Founders. The School of Business Administration group, designed by McKim, Mead & White (William M. Kendall, '76) as the result of a competition, worthily carries on the McKim tradition of appropriateness, simplicity, good taste, and charm. The group needs but one last touch to make it complete — the two small cupolas supporting the central one are necessary to pull the buildings together into unity. The omission of them marks a characteristic sacrifice of beauty to economy.

CHAPTER X

THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR MARKS THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVIC ART IN AMERICA

'McKim, damn your preambles; get down to facts!' called out Richard M. Hunt, who was presiding at the first meeting of the Eastern architects in whose hands Daniel H. Burnham had placed the artistic problem of the buildings of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 — first, of the group as a whole; second, of the separate buildings. The meeting was held in the office of McKim, Mead & White about the middle of December, 1890, and there was no active desire manifested to take part in the enterprise. But, assuming that they would accept the Chicago invitation, McKim was advocating the uniform use of classical motives to control the style at least of the central composition, marked on the plan of the buildings and grounds (and water) as the Court of Honor.

There was no particular opposition to the general theory as to the style of the architecture; but it required all of Burnham's eloquence and enthusiasm (following a good dinner) to arouse in the New York and Boston men an active, vital interest in a fair — in Chicago. This result Burnham accomplished on December 22, and from that time on he had the unflinching and untiring support of the 'outside men' — and, what was more important, they had his support, considerate, sagacious, intelligent, and whole-hearted. So it came about that for the first time in America five firms of architects worked together to produce a unified result consistent in its parts.

Mead represented the firm at the first meeting of the architects, held in Chicago on January 10, 1891. On the previous day Sarah McKim died at the Llewellyn Park home, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. At each crisis in McKim's life thus far she had shared his joys and his sorrows. Her predominant trait was unselfishness, except perhaps her humor, which removed all friction and dissonance from family life, and rendered intercourse with her delightful. It was one of her subtle

charms which are not to be described any more than her beauty could be fixed on canvas by the painter or on paper by the sun. During the fourteen years following her daughter's death, she had been the manager of her son-in-law's household and a mother to her two grandsons and her granddaughter. Not in robust health, her cheerfulness of disposition never failed her family; and her independence she maintained to the end of her life.

In May, 1887, when McKim wrote her of the Boston Library commission, she replied:

My dear Charley: Thy lovely letter with all the flattering cuttings from the various papers in reference to the Public Library reached me safely, and I rejoiced with McKim, Mead and White with my whole heart and thought with thee how dear Julia would have rejoiced in all the glory that had come to thee, and how she would have said, 'I told you so; there is nobody like Charley!' . . . Annie Dennis reached us last Friday and now seems very well, had a good time, a good voyage, and is ready now with me to give thee a good welcome home. When is thee coming? We wished for thee tonight at table when we sat down to frizzled beef and hot cakes. Only Annie, Lloyd, Katz and myself. Wendell is passing the night at Fanny's.[1] . . . We shall be expecting thee very soon and will then finish our talk. Annie says, tell him to hurry along, and Lloyd calls with Annie, 'Give him my love. Now, precious boy, there is no use sending mine, for thee has it all.

Thy own Mother

One trait that McKim learned from his mother was abundant generosity in thought and deed. Often she vainly sought to counteract by precept the teachings of her own example. Shortly after his wife's death she wrote from 'The Park':

My Darling Bad Boy: I feel constrained to write thee a line to remind thee of what our dear Julia so often used to say to thee: 'Charley, listen to your Mother, do as she tells you,' and yet not a thing will thee do as I say.

Annie has brought the $2. horrid notes back that I left for the cabman. If I can't come and do a little independent work for myself, then I must stay away from New York, that's all. Next time I want a carriage, I'll go across to Walter Thome.

My precious child, thee is almost constantly in my mind. I think

[1] Mrs. Henry Villard's home on the Hudson, where McKim also was a welcome visitor.

of thee night and day, and wish in some way I could be a stay and comfort to thee. I will send in by Annie a Hymn Book that dear Father used to read a great deal in. Thee will find it full of his marks. Now I am going to say one word of love and advice, hoping it may save thee some future trouble. I am so often struck with the haste in which thee does some things that seem pleasant and right for the moment, but after a little reflection thee would have acted so differently. Take a few days to reflect upon sending away all thy dear wife's things. Do save something for thy dear self; sure no one has so good a right, and I should think thee would love to hold on to some things, as I feel certain dear Julia would have thee do, for none she loved so well. Excuse me, dear Charley, if thee thinks I am wrong. I do it to save thee from future regrets. It is a Mother's love that prompts the suggestion....

Thy affectionate MOTHER

The household at Llewellyn Park adapted itself to the inevitable changes. Expediency brought about the marriage (1891) of Wendell Garrison and Annie Dennis, then a widow; and thus continuity was maintained largely for the sake of the three children, in whom McKim took a lively interest. But his thoughts turned more and more to his own daughter, whom he had not seen for a dozen years, but who, he knew, was living with her grandmother and aunt in Cambridge, while she was preparing for Radcliffe College [then known as the Harvard Annex] at Arthur Gilman's school.

From the quiet cemetery at Orange, McKim returned to his busy life in New York and plunged into the plans for the Agricultural Building at the Chicago Fair.

Burnham, in his infectious enthusiasm, impressed the architects with the idea that their buildings should be in design and arrangement, of the highest possible architectural merit, and that 'such success is not so much dependent on the expenditure of money as upon the expenditure of thought, knowledge and enthusiasm by men known to be in every way endowed with these qualifications. And the results achieved by them will be the measure by which America, and especially Chicago, must expect to be judged by the world.' No one responded to this clarion call more thoroughly and completely than did Charles McKim, who became Burnham's guide, philosopher and friend in matters of order, fitness and taste. It was an opportunity joyously embraced.

Fully to appreciate the Chicago Fair as the most significant event in the history of civic art in America, one has to consider prior conditions as well as consequences. When, in 1863, Charles McKim, a schoolboy, walked the battle-field of Gettysburg amid the still uncovered remnants of carnage, President Lincoln had not then made his plea that 'government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.' Thirteen years later the people of a reunited, prosperous country gathered at Philadelphia to lay the products of farms and factories on a common altar. After a full century of misunderstandings, and conflict of interests, culminating in civil war, we were now one people, with common purposes and aims, common ideals and a common destiny. The end had come of storm and stress; the era of faith and hope had dawned.

'One of the most notable facts connected with the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia,' wrote Richard Watson Gilder, 'was the universal devotion to the art galleries:[1] . . . To the majority of the visitors the present exhibition is the first of any magnitude that they have seen. . . . Now these facts mean a great deal with relation to the future of art in this country. They mean that there is an innate love of art . . . in the average American, from which it needs only time and opportunity to reap grand harvests of achievement and appreciation.'

The future might be boundless, but how meager the present! Scarcely a single name among the artists of the Centennial has come down to us. The opening of the Philadelphia Fair was coincident with the unveiling of young Daniel Chester French's first success — the Minute Man at Concord. In 1881, Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Stanford White leaped into fame with the Farragut; six years later they produced the standing figure of Lincoln at Chicago, which has done more than books to form our conception of the Great Emancipator; and in 1891, they again collaborated to produce in the Adams Memorial, a work never surpassed in American sculpture.

In the Centennial year John La Farge, in command of a dozen painters, decorated Richardson's masterpiece, Trinity Church in Boston; and then went on to his finest achievement, The

[1] *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1876, p. 126.

Ascension, in Stanford White's church of that name. In these two works, mural painting in this country had its beginnings.

In 1879, McKim, Mead & White, discarding the romantic styles in architecture then in vogue, launched their classic renaissance. Because they based their work on precedents gathered not only from colonial and early republican architecture, but also from the enduring works that have come down from past ages; because they solved the modern problems of light and air; because they were able to meet the requirements and aspirations of a rich and powerful people; and because they were able to impart to their creations charm without ostentation and restraint without meagerness, they built for their clients buildings instinct with enduring beauty. Moreover, they so fired the imaginations of the younger men that their office became a training school to carry on the great tradition.

Such are a few of the outstanding products of the formative period. American artists, trained in the schools of Europe, indeed, but free from that domination of the Old World which had stifled their predecessors, came into their own, and reached heights of achievement never since surpassed. During the fifteen years succeeding the Centennial, a veritable galaxy of artists appeared in the American firmament. If the artists themselves were not evoked by the Philadelphia Fair, at least the spirit in which they worked and the emotions to which they appealed were there engendered.

Thus it came about that when, in 1890, Daniel Burnham blew his trumpet, men trained in the arts flocked to his standard and under his leadership transformed the sandy dunes of Lake Michigan into a White City so charming in landscape and water effects, so orderly in the arrangement of its buildings, so consistent in its architecture that the Chicago Fair appeared the vision of an enchanter rather than the work of men. Then and there the American artist seized his opportunity, compelling the respect and admiration of the world.

The problem of the Fair seemed to McKim, first, one of order and harmony, and then, within those boundaries, of festivity. It was quite true, as Charles Eliot Norton said, in the rebound from his first enthusiastic outburst of praise, 'not one of those great façades was an expression of the plan, con-

struction or purpose of the building behind it. The buildings were simply masked by full-sized models of decorative walls. They were intended for scenic effect; they were magnificent decorative pieces. They were architecture only in this sense, and in this sense they were worthy of the warmest admiration.' That certainly expresses McKim's idea.[1]

The first of McKim's twenty-three visits to the Fair was made in February, 1891, at the time the associated architects presented their tentative plans at a meeting, in Burnham's office, with the Grounds and Buildings Committee, Lyman J. Gage being in the chair. Saint-Gaudens had been called in to advise in regard to the sculpture. Burnham has related the story of the meeting:[2]

All the fellows, including the Chicago men, were there, each with his sketch or sketches. One by one they put their drawings on the wall. Hunt, crippled by rheumatism, sat on the edge of the table and told about his Administration Building, with its dominating dome expressing the leadership of the Government. The scheme as a whole began to take hold of us. Then came Post. George Post had a dome four hundred and fifty feet high. When they saw that dome, a murmur ran around the group. George turned about, saying, 'I don't think I shall advocate that dome; probably I shall modify the building.' Charles McKim had a portico extending out over the terrace. It was extremely prominent. He did not wait as George had done, but explained that the portico had merely been under consideration and that he should withdraw it to the face of the building.

Thus was the feeling for unity manifested; and the willingness of these two men to subordinate their individual ideas in order to produce a single harmonious effect illustrates the spirit which made possible the artistic success of the Fair. Where these two led, all others were willing to follow. . . .

So the day went on. The winter afternoon was drawing to an end. The room was as still as death, save for the low voice of the speaker commenting on his design. It seemed as if a great magnet held every one in its grasp. Finally, when the last drawing had been shown, Mr. Gage drew a long breath. Standing against a window and shutting his eyes, he exclaimed: 'Oh, gentlemen, this is a dream.' Then opening his eyes, he smilingly continued: 'You have my good wishes; I hope the dream can be realized.'

All day long Saint-Gaudens had been sitting in a corner, never opening his mouth and scarcely moving. He came over to me and,

[1] *Life of Burnham*, 1, 87. [2] *Ibid.*, 47.

taking both my hands, said: 'Look here, old fellow, do you realize that this is the greatest meeting of artists since the fifteenth century!'

In his Agricultural Building McKim relied for decoration largely on sculpture. For Philip Martiny he secured a contract for $50,000, to include a heavenly host of eighty-three angels and forty eagles each seven feet high, besides sixteen large groups — and McKim expressed himself in no heavenly terms on that sculptor's procrastinations.[1]

To surmount the dome he secured the Saint-Gaudens Diana, removed from the Madison Square Tower to be replaced by a replica of a smaller size and more befitting scale. To Larkin G. Mead, a brother of his partner, he assigned the sculpture for the pediment.

I think [wrote Larkin G. Mead from Rome] you will be pleased with the last half of the pediment. I have got as drunken looking a Silenus as you would care to see; a sprightly young Bacchus; a lively Satyr, playing cymbals; a gay young Bacchante, playing flutes; a rather stunning Flora, a pretty good Jason, and a reclining Gæa. I have been working to-day on Mercury and Proserpine, full size. Mercury looks a little sick at the stomach, but he will get up in style in the large.[2]

When McKim returned from a trip to Europe, made with Abbott during the summer of 1891, he made serious changes in his scheme of the perspective, which practically upset what had already been done, and the work was held up for weeks until new drawings could be completed. In January, 1892, McKim writes to Ernest Graham:

I have had a letter from Burnham which makes me very blue. He says raising the dome and making it rise from a square instead of a circular base will cost $6000. He telegraphs that he will be at the Holland House to-morrow morning. I will go for him. I'm coming to Chicago if necessary. Somehow it must be put through if it takes a leg.

[1] 'Mr. Burnham is here and is leaving on the 3 o'clock train. He is very anxious to see you about Willie's [MacMonnies] fountain, and is also anxious to look at Mr. Martiny's work. Martiny is "clean bust," as usual, and if you can come down and take lunch and make an estimate of what is due him, you will save him from the poor-house and McK., M. & W. from the lunatic asylum.' (McKim to Saint-Gaudens, December 16, 1891.)

[2] Larkin G. Mead to McKim, February 29, 1892.

Happily for all the artists concerned, Francis D. Millet became the Chief of Decorations and watched over the details. To McKim he wrote in confidence, June 6, 1892:

DEAR CHARLES: You had better write a letter embodying all the ideas of changes you have, because before you know it they'll have you by the umbilicus. I staved them off from a cement floor in the Rotunda to-day and insisted that you must have brick. Atwood [1] was away and they were bothering about the temple of Ceres. It takes no end of time and worry to get a thing settled right but only a second to have orders given out for a wrong thing to be done. All these remarks are in strict confidence, and I write in this way to urge you to be explicit and flat-footed in your wishes. I hope you will hint to Mr. Hunt that a concentric and radial pattern in his floor would be better.

Henry Bacon, who was McKim's direct representative at the Chicago Fair, relates a dramatic incident:

During the last days of the construction, when overworked men were still furiously working and when the last too small appropriations were apportioned, Mr. McKim decided that his building, the Agricultural Building, then practically completed, would be improved in design by the addition of an attic story.

A meeting was called, one hot afternoon, composed of the powers that were, and a drawing showing the proposed improvement was presented by him with an enthusiastic argument for its adoption. All those present admitted the improvement, but they were positive that no money was available for its execution. Mr. McKim ignored the lack of funds and grew so buoyant over their approval that in spite of interrupting statements that the money was not to be had, he enlarged his argument. All of these men, ten or twelve in number, could not convince him that his purpose was unattainable.

Mr. Burnham as Chief of Construction was presiding. Towards the close of the session, which lasted two or three hours, he reiterated, in a tone of finality — 'Charles, we have no money.' Whereupon Mr. McKim again renewed his appeal and with such increased vigor that the Council lost their heads to their hearts. They decided to find some way to provide funds for the addition — and the attic story was built.[2]

The New York State Commissioners having given their building into the hands of McKim, Mead & White, McKim

[1] Charles B. Atwood (1849–95) was Mr. Burnham's architectural adviser. He designed many of the buildings, including the Peristyle and the Art Gallery.

[2] *The Brickbuilder*, February, 1910. Bacon began his work in Chicago in June, 1892.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO

submitted a design based on the requirements of the problem — 'a building economical in construction, appropriate to the purpose for which it was intended, and withal monumental in character, as befits the headquarters of the State of New York.'

In the selection of a style [McKim continues] we have been guided by several considerations of climate and surroundings, and after careful reflection, believing that in the school of the Italian Renaissance the best opportunities for a successful comparison with other State buildings exists, we have decided to adopt it in our design. The incongruous and conglomerate result which the use of imitations of historical buildings of the several States is bound to produce seems to us an additional reason why the broader treatment, the more festal and palatial characteristics and grander proportions of the Italian Renaissance, in which the use of Allegory and Symbol is possible, adapt it most admirably to all requirements.

McKim chose as his model the Villa Medici, a building he both admired and loved, the home of the French Academy in Rome. Occupying the highest point on a hill where once Lucullus and Sallust and Domitian built their palaces and laid out their pleasure gardens, the Villa takes its name from Ferdinand de Medici, a cardinal at the age of fifteen years, who governed the Roman States during the reign of Gregory XIII, became Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1587, and in both Rome and Florence was the greatest patron of arts, letters, and the sciences. Who was the architect is uncertain — the names of Michelangelo, Annibale Lippi, and Flaminio Vacca are connected with this marvelously beautiful treasure-house of ancient art, the combined work of architect and sculptor, set as a jewel in the most exquisite of gardens and commanding the panorama of Rome. Pillaged during the invasion of Napoleon in 1798, the Villa Medici became the property of France, and the work of restoration was begun. In 1803, Napoleon established there the French Academy in Rome (founded by Colbert in 1648), because of his desire to see the French arts efface the glories of Florence and Venice and Rome.[1]

As the sculptor for the New York Building, McKim selected Olin L. Warner, to whom he wrote on sailing from Europe, November 30, 1891: 'The matter is now in your hands, and we

[1] *Villa Médicio à Roma*, par Victor Baltard.

trust that you will cover yourself with glory.' Unfortunately for American sculpture, an early death cut short the career of Olin Warner.

At the same time McKim wrote to Burnham:

I had cast recently from the original in the Naples Museum the monumental group known as the Farnese Bull group. You can judge of its colossal size that when packed it represented 26 cases. These cases are now on the way to America and will probably arrive in my absence addressed to your care. I write now to ask if you will accept this group for one of the terraces free of cost to the Exposition, asking merely that it be provided with a suitable pedestal of staff. It has occurred to me that it might be placed to great advantage on the lower Agricultural terrace on the main axis of our building; but I have no set or fixed idea about it and if when it is set up, which should be done with the greatest care, a better place can be found I shall be entirely satisfied. Along with this group are other pieces of sculpture which I asked Coleman to have cast and forwarded and which I will explain later. The Farnese Hercules is one of them. If Peabody wants it for his building he can have it. I have not written him but when he is next in Chicago somebody might tell him that I thought of him in sending for it. There will be plenty of people who will be glad to get it. The sculpture on his building is so damned bad I should think he would jump at it.

To Atwood, looking for a sculptor to do the caryatides on the Art Building, McKim suggested Dominigo Mora, at the same time tactfully writing to the architect:

I impressed upon Mora that an abstract, distinctly an architectural result of Greek character would be most likely to gain for him the work, and to shun all approach to romance as he would the devil.

When the Fair was virtually completed, when the builders could look upon their work and see that it was good, McKim suggested a dinner in New York as an expression of the appreciation of the East for the achievement of the West in the field of art. Now, McKim planned a dinner as carefully as he planned a house. To Mr. Hunt he wrote:

3rd March, 1893

Dear Mr. Hunt: I have just returned from Chicago. The visit was a revelation of progress in all directions, and above all, of the wisdom of the Classic policy. The scale of the whole thing is more and more tremendous as the work proceeds, and is as imposing as such an area girded around by a single order of architecture 60 feet high

can make it. Your Administration Building is going to be magnificent and no mistake. Already the constructed portion commands the eye in a way to dispel doubt. Burnham pointed out to me from the Transverse Canal how readily it will count above the roofs of neighboring buildings. As for our building, it forms all that I ever intended it should — one of the walls of the court. As such it must suffer by comparison with its huge neighbor opposite, whose volume — 215 feet high — off the main axis, is bound to swamp us and everything else around it. If Mr. Post's building had a symmetrical relation, I should not care whether it was 2 miles long or 2 miles high.

I spent two days with Burnham, sleeping at the grounds one night. He is keeping up under his heavy responsibilities and looking well, and we all owe him a great debt for his constant watchfulness and attention to our slightest wishes. I think he is as proud of your building as though he had designed it himself. They say his hold on the authorities grows daily, and the visit of the Congressional Committee in a special train from Washington on Washington's Birthday was made largely successful through his efforts. I tried to tell him how we in the East appreciate all that he is doing for us, and I ventured to propose for us, without consulting you, how much we should consider it a pleasure if he would dine with us when next in New York. He replied that it would be a pleasant break for him to get away for a day or two, and I now learn that he can be here on Saturday, the 12th March. Would you like to meet a few of the artists on that day and in an informal way, without 'PREAMBLES' and speeches, fill him up? If you approve of this and will let me know your wishes I will encourage Burnham to be here on the 12th.

To Millet he wrote:

10*th February*, 1893

DEAR FRANK: If you find time to get to bed some night *before* two o'clock, just remember that there are several of your friends who haven't seen you who would like to have the opportunity of a little talk when you have a moment to spare.

I send you herewith a form of call, drawn by Judge Howland at one of our preliminary dinner meetings, to be signed by Hunt, St. Gaudens and yourself, for architecture, sculpture and painting; by Gilder, for letters, and by Judge Howland, for his acquaintance with men at large in and out of other professions.

Burnham has wired that the 25th of March [1] will suit his engage-

[1] The dinner, presided over by Richard M. Hunt, took place in the Madison Square Concert Hall. Charles Eliot Norton, Joseph H. Choate, Charles Dudley Warner, William D. Howells, Henry Villard, and Parke Godwin were among those at the high-table. At the lowest table sat Charles McKim, Frank Millet, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Louis M. Howland and William and Edgar Carey, masters of the feast. In his address Mr. Burnham spoke of 'Charles McKim, our critic, counsellor and friend.' (*Life of Burnham*, I, 74.)

ments and the Madison Square Garden has been talked of for that date — it being the general feeling that the dinner should be given as near the eve of the opening of the Exposition as possible.

Hunt and I are preparing a list of architects representative of the profession, and St. Gaudens of sculptors: Gilder of the Press and men of letters; Howland of Universities, Clubs, and City, State and General Government. Will *you* prepare one for the artists and then will you meet us at five o'clock on Monday, if possible, to discuss the whole list of invited guests that we may reach a definite understanding of exactly who is to be asked. The time is very short in which to get the people we want and the printed forms must be ordered at once. If for any reason you can't come, send your list; but C O M E. Reinhart sent me some names this morning which I turn over to you herewith.

P.S. As painters are a high-strung race, Reinhart and Blashfield, who were here the other day, both thought you could bring them into line better than anybody else; so do not hesitate to brace up any weak-kneed brothers you happen to meet.

To Daniel Chester French, who was designing the statue of the Republic to stand in the Court of Honor, he wrote:

6th March, 1893

My dear French: Numerous suggestions have been made in regard to the embellishment of the Concert Hall of the Madison Square Garden, which is to be used for the Burnham Banquet, and have been abandoned one after the other as frivolous. The suggestion, however, that your model of the figure of the 'Republic' should be there seems to meet with general approval, and provided you are willing to let her stand on that occasion for Art at the Fair, we will drape her in green or you will; and she will, I am sure, make a greater impression upon the hearts of the men than any other girl in the room.

The dinner was to be marked by the presentation to Burnham of a cup:

Dear Mr. Hunt: I gave up, as you suggested, cabling for the London cup, finding that Howard was able and willing — although with not a moment to spare — to make us a cup, and I now write to say that, having found an old Irish cup of the time of William and Mary which seemed to be eminently appropriate, being simple and at the same time dignified, I got Howard to enlarge the design, adding a third handle, thus making a three-handled cup, twelve inches high, holding about a gallon. It arrived yesterday, just as Carey and Blashfield were having a meeting, and they both thought it so good

that I decided, in view of the short time, to go ahead, and trust I shall have your approval.[1]

To Burnham McKim wrote, on May 18, 1893:

DEAR DANIEL: The more I go on the more I find that the center of attraction lies near you, and so I am coming back on Sunday— this time with White, who has just landed — and wish to have it understood that if I didn't say good-bye when we parted it was simply because I hadn't left you.

To-morrow Saint-Gaudens and I go on to dine with Charles Sargent, at Brookline, and to meet the Mayor of Boston — the object being to secure for Puvis de Chavannes the commission for the mural decoration of the Staircase Hall of the Public Library. If this can be accomplished I feel that it will be a matter of interest to you not less than to us. I tried hard to have Frank Millet present as a lever; but we shall have to do our best without him. His own appointment for a commission is simply a question of time, and the present time would have been an excellent opportunity for him to have met the Trustees; but I suppose it was reasonable for Graham to wish to be married now instead of at some other time. Wasn't it very thoughtless of him and inconvenient? I haven't sent him a present because he never gave me any warning and I never knew of his plans until now; but I wish you would communicate to him on his return my kindest regards and best wishes. As a closer of contracts he is a success!![2]

As for all this row about Theodore Thomas, it is simply disgusting and an eternal reflection upon the selfishness and narrowness of some men. I have thought of you since it came up and wondered how you were standing it and what you would do. That Thomas will be sustained in spite of all the newspapers put together I feel very sure. It is a blot on our civilization that such men as he do not receive the recognition to which their genius and the efforts of a lifetime entitle them. Thomas's history as an artist has been a particularly pathetic one.[3]

Yours ever
C. F. McK.

[1] A full report of the dinner, together with Blashfield's drawing of the cup, is to be found in the *Life of Burnham*, I, 69 *et seq.*

[2] The present followed in due time: 'a flask suited to a Scotch taste. Were Mr. Graham an older man, I should send him the largest [flask]; but I do not wish to encourage at the beginning of his married life such potations as it suggests!!! Please have it marked in handsome script "Ernest Robert Graham" on one side, and on the other "Dinna waste Gude's mercie." On the cap please engrave the words "A wee drappie." When completed send to E. R. Graham, Esq., Assistant Director of Works, Jackson Park, Chicago.' (McKim to Howard & Co., June 12, 1893.)

[3] This refers to a petty squabble over the use of a particular make of pianos at the Chicago Fair, in which Burnham took Thomas's part. See *Life of Burnham*, I, 58.

Mr. Burnham in his youth failed to pass the entrance examinations, first at Harvard and then at Yale. McKim, who had experience in promoting an honorary degree at Harvard for his friend, E. D. Morgan, started a campaign on behalf of Burnham, and was successful in two trials out of three, both Harvard and Yale bestowing the Master of Arts degree on Burnham in 1893. To Professor William R. Ware, at Columbia, McKim wrote, June 5, 1893:

Dear Mr. Ware: I have written Mr. Low apprising him of the fact that Harvard and Yale will probably confer upon Mr. Burnham, in recognition of his public services as Director of Works of the Columbian Exposition, an honorary degree this (Columbian) year, in the hope that Columbia may see proper to do likewise.

As the recognized authority and head of the Department of Architecture, I feel sure that you will not allow this opportunity to pass of honoring the name of Burnham, to whose faithful endeavors so much of the success of the Exposition is due. Messrs. Brimmer, Hooper, Ames and Higginson have been approached by Mr. Burnham's friends amongst the alumni of Harvard, while Judge Howland is looking after the matter for Yale.

In writing to Mr. Low and yourself in the name of Mr. Burnham's friends and admirers in this city, I hope that I have done well.

To A. R. Ross, whom McKim had assisted to go abroad for study when the work on the Boston Library was nearing completion, he wrote, October 24, 1893:

My dear Ross: I was very glad to find your letter of the 4th inst. from Paris on my return from Chicago yesterday, where after 32 trips for the office (of which I have made 23) I went as a visitor two weeks ago.

You have doubtless learned from the papers of the growing success and appreciation in which the Fair has been held everywhere in this country and abroad, but you cannot imagine the imposing picture presented on Chicago Day, when 713,000 people filled the Grounds. Never since Xerxes, so say the papers, have there been so many human beings shoulder to shoulder, and I am thankful there were no more, for the crush was tremendous — in fact I could perfectly understand the story in the newspapers the next day about the man who, attempting to enter the Fair from Grand Crossing (on the south side) and being headed for the Court of Honor, '*lost everything but his determination*' in getting there. With the exception of torn clothes and picked pockets, however, the list of casualties was as small as the good nature of the crowd was great, only four people being crushed to death at the

entrance to the Elevated stations, where the pressure was impossible. So much for the Fair. Before you return it will probably be razed to the ground, and indeed it is the ambition of all concerned to have it swept away in the same magical manner in which it appeared, and with the utmost despatch. For economy, as well as for obvious reasons, it has been proposed that the most glorious way would be to blow up the buildings with dynamite. Another scheme is to destroy them with fire. This last would be the easiest and grandest spectacle except for the danger of flying embers in the event of a change of wind from the lake.

A letter to Burnham brings the work on the Chicago Fair to a fitting conclusion:

23rd October, 1893

DEAR DANIEL: You know my dislike for saying 'Good-bye' and were prepared to find that I had skipped this morning. To say that I was sorry to leave you all is to put it only one half as strongly as I feel.

You gave me a beautiful time, and the last days of the Fair will always remain in my mind, as were the first, especially identified with yourself. It will be pleasant for the rest of our natural lives to be able to look back to it and talk it over and over and over again, and it goes without saying that you can depend upon me in every way as often hereafter as you may have need of me.

Give my love to Frank Millet.

CHAPTER XI

CHARLES McKIM STARTS THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE IN ROME

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME is Charles McKim's monument, more enduring than buildings of Columbia University crowning the heights of Morningside, or the Pierpont Morgan Library, so built as to defy the centuries. The idea of an American school in Rome was his; he formed the organization; laid down the principles and maintained the standards; selected the persons to realize his ideals; secured the coöperation of universities and trustees of funds for promoting sculpture and painting; endured discouragements, and out of a slender purse paid the constantly recurring deficits. After ten years of dogged persistence he saw the Academy firmly established, with an assured future that goes beyond even his dreams. For this success he paid gladly a large portion of his life.

The idea of the school was long germinating. After a practice of nearly twenty years, during which time he himself was a constant and unremitting student of the great works that have come down to us from the past, McKim was forced to realize the lack of training in fundamentals on the part of the young men who from time to time came into his office. In 1889, he found himself the possessor of funds which he might properly devote to the advancement of the profession of architecture. In the guise of an anonymous donor he appeared to his elder friend Professor William R. Ware, head of the architectural department at Columbia, with the gift of $20,000 to establish a traveling scholarship.

Your little ruse quite took me in [wrote Professor Ware, on October 12, 1889], for, although I recognized the anonymous friend as a suspicious person, I at once dismissed the suspicion. That it should be really you that cared so much for our work and so believed in it was too fine a thought to be entertained without warrant, and too serious a one. That some unknown person, not knowing very well what he was doing, should have taken it into his head to do us this good turn, seemed like a happy accident, to be taken lightly and borne

with equanimity. But this is different and more personal, and makes one feel keenly the burden of his responsibilities.

But I really think your money will not be thrown away. . . . In this as in everything else Mr. Low's accession will give new strength. It is he who first suggested the establishment of a scholarship, and all my correspondence about it has been with him. He will thus be specially concerned to promote the serviceableness of your benefaction.

To assist in determining the awards of fellowships, Richard M. Hunt and Thomas Hastings were called to act as jurors, and McKim personally took a keen interest in the competitions. He writes to his fellow jurors:

I love Mr. Ware so much that I wish his board of assistants could have gone to school a little longer before they began to teach. The thing that has struck me most forcibly in these prize competitions of the Columbia students is the evidence of defective grounding in the elementary principles. Mr. Ware, it seems to me, badly needs a man like Letang.

In March, 1892, McKim, 'living the life of a drummer, between the Boston Library and the Agricultural Building at Chicago,' wrote to Mr. Ware, who was then striving for the establishment of a fuller and more independent chair of architecture at Columbia:

I am very anxious to see brought about the Roman course of which we talked, and am ready to assist you in taking active steps to that end whenever you will see me again. If you will suggest a time I will bring up with me a list of typical buildings which might enter into it and the knowledge of which would become a liberal education to any man.

McKim's appreciation of foreign study comes out in a letter to his brother-in-law, Wendell Garrison, whose son Philip desired to enter the office of Frederick Law Olmsted:

As the profession of landscape architecture [1] is one most closely allied with that of building construction, and as both demand skillful draughtsmanship, I do not know how it is possible for Philip to profit by his relations with Mr. Olmsted without a course in architecture and draughtsmanship in the Institute of Technology, in order to be

[1] The term 'landscape architect' was used first by Mr. Olmsted in 1856, when he began the work of designing Central Park in New York City. (*Landscape Architecture*, by Stephen Child, 1898.)

grounded in the first principles of his art. . . . He cannot hope to succeed without following the regular courses, and without going abroad later on to familiarize and perfect himself in what he has studied at home.

Again, when his intimate friend, Prescott Butler, asked to have a cousin taken into the McKim, Mead & White office, McKim cordially assented; but he wrote:

I have strongly advised him to lose no time in entering the School of Fine Arts in Paris. This is the constant advice of Hunt to young men and has been our counsel for several years past. There are now in New York about twenty-five men of the alumni of the School who have recently formed themselves into an association.[1] About half of these men have started life with us and have gone to the School — some immediately, others later. The great majority agree that the wisest course is to go to the School without delay. . . . I have advised him that there are two schools in this country, both good — one in Boston, the Institute of Technology; the other, the School of Mines, Columbia College; but that by far the best and most thorough is the School in Paris.

Such were the conditions of architectural training at the time of the Chicago Fair — that turning point in the cultural life of America. During the evenings spent in front of the fire in Burnham's shack at the Fair grounds, he and McKim talked of the need and the possibility of establishing in Rome a counterpart of the French school in the Villa Medici — an ambitious project, indeed, but in the midst of such fine creative work as was going on around them all things seemed possible. The end of the Fair sent back to prosaic office-work the artists who created the dream-city; but the Roman idea was firmly fixed in McKim's mind, and soon it became the ruling passion of his life.

On March 29, 1894, McKim wrote to Thomas Hastings:

Dear Tommy: As our representative educator, I am very anxious to consult you in a matter which I am sure will interest you concerning scholarships and requiring immediate attention. Kendall is coming to dine with me on Saturday (March 31) at 9 West 35th Street, and you will do me a great favor if you can arrange to come and take your dinner quietly with us.

As the matter I have in mind has a bearing on the Beaux Arts Society, will you try to arrange (for me) to bring Mr. Boring and

[1] Société des Architectes Diplomés par le Gouvernement Français, founded in 1877.

John Howard? I have also asked Lord. This will make a party of six; hour 7 o'clock.

No ladies. No dress. Thine

C. F. McKim

At this dinner McKim broached the idea of setting up immediately in Rome an Atelier for American students along lines similar to those of the French Academy in Rome. The talk lasted until late hours; Kendall, Lord and Boring favored the project; but both Hastings and Howard went home unconvinced that the École des Beaux Arts did not fulfill all the needs of the American student.

To Burnham McKim wrote, on April 6, 1894:

Dear Dan'l: This is to let you know that the first step towards the establishment of an Atelier in Rome has been taken, and that within a week or ten days I hope to be able to write you that all the architectural schools in America at present offering scholarship prizes (of which there are four) agree and will consent to award the prizes under such 'School' Atelier system of study as may best accomplish the object we have in view, and with which you are already familiar.

As the prizes cover the expenses of the winners, it will be necessary — for the coming year at least — to provide means covering the rental of the Atelier, the purchase of drawing materials, a few necessary books of reference, and the support of the instructor. Four thousand dollars is needed for this purpose. It can be raised here without trouble, and I do not doubt that I can raise it; but in order to make the establishment of the principle broader in its recognition and more far-reaching in its results, it is better that it should not represent the interest of a single locality. For this reason I suggest that you raise half the amount immediately, if you can, and I will supply the other half, and the thing is done; but as within three weeks certain of the scholarships will be awarded under the present defective system, it is necessary, if we expect to establish the Atelier this year, that we act at once. Mind you, I don't ask you personally to give a penny, knowing well the drains which you are and have been subjected to during the last three years; but I should like you to lay the matter before such persons in Chicago as may feel an interest, and give me an answer. I wish you didn't live so far away.

McKim's feeling towards Paris and Rome appears in a letter to Edwards J. Gale, whose European trip he had financed in recognition of Gale's intelligent and faithful work on the Boston Library:

How I envy you those first impressions of Paris. I had mine in 1867 and can well remember the wonderfulness of it, which has not become dimmed by lapse of time. As you have elected to go to Paris first, I think you are wise to plan to remain there for the summer and then go first to Greece and then to Rome. As between Rome and all other Italian cities, give me Rome — not that I care less for Florence or Venice, but more for Rome. Rome contains for the architect the greatest number of typical examples. Still you must go to Pæstum and to Pompeii and steep yourself in the Naples Museum. . . .

In this connection you will be glad to hear that there is a fair prospect of establishing an American Atelier in Rome. After discussing it from all sides it is agreed that the time has come for this. The money will be raised privately, and it is hoped that the professional schools of Architecture will consent to limit their scholarship men to the condition of the pursuit of their work abroad under the guidance of a competent instructor, making Rome headquarters until their money gives out.[1] By the 1st of May we shall know whether the thing is a fact or not. . . .

You ask if there is anything you can do for me. I will be greatly obliged if you will secure for me through any of the school men (1) some history of the French Academy in the Villa Medici; (2) the conditions under which the Grand Prize of Rome is taken — the course of study (this as much in detail as possible); (3) any other information pertaining to this subject, of official character, in books or pamphlet form.

McKim's first efforts were directed to obtaining the coöperation of those institutions that had established schools of architecture, for his aim was to give at the Roman school a post-graduate course, following the fundamental training in American schools. To Robert Peabody he wrote (May 9), thanking him for the interest he had expressed in the Roman Atelier plan, for a three years' test of which, he was happy to say, a large part of the money already had been subscribed. There was little doubt that both Columbia and Pennsylvania would support the scheme enthusiastically, and would condition their scholarship men to the prescribed course of study in Rome under the atelier system as proposed.

It would be good if we could know (through you) from Harvard of her advocacy of this measure and of her approval of its soundness,

[1] McKim regarded the fellowship system defective in that the student had no guidance in Europe and did no systematic work. He had a holiday, but rarely more than that.

and, awaiting the development of your school in Cambridge, it is of course greatly to be desired that New England be represented in the Atelier by the Rotch scholar.

Will you not therefore swing the powers that be into line and accomplish their adherence to the policy of a restricted course under the Atelier system as may be found wise or as may be determined upon by the Schools' interests? . . . Let us hear from you as soon as you can, and if the Rotch people put on any 'lugs' or superior manners, rise up and strike for Doumet!

In the mean time Mr. Boring had prepared a circular setting forth the idea of getting the universities to consent to the use of their traveling scholarships to further the plan agreed upon at the meeting of March 31.

McKim wrote to Elihu Vedder in Rome that he would be glad to know

that we are to have at least the beginnings of a School in Rome. The enclosed circular explains itself, and, knowing how much it is sure to interest you and Mrs. Vedder, it has occurred to me that you would be able to suggest — probably better than any man in Rome — just the right habitat.

The School (or Atelier) during its first three years will consist of an instructor and perhaps at the outside a dozen scholarship or prize men who have won the necessary thousand dollars to enable them to pursue their studies abroad. The space required for so small a group need therefore not be large — one or two rooms well lighted would fill the bill. The location is not essential so long as they be sanitary. Of course it would give a certain prestige to the beginnings of the school if these rooms could be found within some court-yard or within some old palace where the rents are cheap; the number of steps would be no objection. Of course this is a matter of business, as I have no right to ask you to spend your time in the streets of Rome, but if our means are slight the cause is great, and I would rather have your opinion as to our best course in selecting a place of study than anybody else's.

To W. L. B. Jenney, architect, Chicago, McKim wrote:

I was very glad to receive this morning from Chicago certain instalments of money received by Mr. Burnham,[1] including his own check, towards the foundation of the Atelier in Rome, in which, as he has explained to you, we are desirous that the Western and New England States shall participate, as well as New York, Philadelphia and Wash-

[1] Burnham secured subscriptions from: J. J. Glessner, H. N. Higginbotham, C. T. Yerkes, C. H. McCormick, Marshall Field, L. Z. Leiter, C. L. Hutchinson, G. A. Fuller, G. M. Pullman, J. W. Ellsworth, F. M. Whitehouse, Franklin MacVeagh.

ington. As explained in the circular, the measure is one which cannot fail to impress itself on every thinking mind, and it has already received the hearty endorsement of the Beaux Arts Society, numbering some thirty or forty men who have received their education in Paris.

Preparations for the establishment of the Atelier being now far advanced, it has been thought desirable to submit at the earliest possible moment to the universities and schools interested the plan proposed for its establishment and maintenance. At present the University of Pennsylvania sends each year a traveling scholar abroad; Columbia sends two; the Rotch Scholarship Fund sends one; the new School of Architecture recently started at Harvard will doubtless send one or more. These prize scholars receive $1000. to $1300. each, and up to the present time have been permitted to go practically as they pleased with this money in their pockets through the length and breadth of the land. As a result, while the work performed by them during their year abroad has shown application and ability, its value has been seriously lessened by the want of a thorough postgraduate course under the direction of a competent adviser. Hence the Atelier in Rome, from which — if the example of France in the Academy of the Villa Medici furnishes a criterion — a high standard of results may be attained.

To Burnham, McKim wrote, on May 10:

My dear Dan'l: Will you come and dine informally at 9 West 35th Street on May 23rd at half past seven o'clock and meet Professors Laird of the University of Pennsylvania, Ware of the University of Columbia, and Chandler or Peabody for Harvard and the Institute of Technology; also Mr. Boring, President of the Beaux Arts Society, Mr. A. W. Lord, Rotch Scholar of '88, and William M. Kendall (of our office, whose thorough knowledge of the ground to be covered makes him an especially desirable person).

It being now practically settled by the support already assured from the professional schools and the funds either banked or promised, that the Atelier scheme will go through, it is considered important, in order to include the scholarship men of '94, that the matter be submitted immediately to the professional schools and universities interested, and the 23rd has been fixed as a suitable day. The proposition will be made at that time that the committee having charge of the affairs of the Atelier shall consist of a representative of each of the professional schools interested, and in addition, of three practicing members of the profession, i.e., Peabody for New England, yourself for Chicago and the West, and myself (for the moment) for New York. You will therefore perceive the importance of your presence at this meeting, and if you can possibly arrange to be with us I hope you

will do so. If not, I should like to be able to read a letter from you in support of the Atelier, dwelling upon the advantage of thoroughness and the study of the best examples of classic Architecture, and the belief in it which you and others entertain. But come if you can; it will make all the difference to have you present.

Again McKim wrote Burnham, on May 22:

DEAR DAN'L: I tried to catch you on the telephone this morning, but you were out. This is simply to let you know how much we are depending upon you for to-morrow night, 9 West 35th, 7:30. Neither Hunt nor Peabody know very much about it, as I have felt able to go ahead with you and without them up to this point, but now that we are to submit our scheme to the Universities for approval (both of them being prominent School men, valuable in sustaining the enterprise) I have felt that they ought to be brought into it without further delay. The company consists of: Ware (Columbia); Laird (University of Pennsylvania); Peabody (of Rotch Scholarship Committee, also Harvard School of Architecture); Burnham (for the West); Hunt; Boring (President of the Beaux Arts Society); and Mr. A. W. Lord, Rotch Scholar of '88, who has consented to take charge of the beginnings of the Atelier, if desired, and who is considered to be a first-rate man for that purpose.

As the subject of the government of the Atelier is one which directly interests the representatives of the Universities and professional Schools, I propose, in order to relieve the dinner of the burden of a discussion, that we should regard it simply as a meeting of the Universities and the projectors of the enterprise, recognizing the existence and the importance of the foundation of an Atelier in Rome, and leaving the questions of the government of the Atelier and the conditions to be imposed on the scholarship men, and all other details, entirely to a committee to be appointed at the dinner. In order to increase the interest of the theorists in the enterprise, I would propose that one of *them* be made chairman, and would suggest Mr. Ware, as the oldest instructor both in years and experience. Of course, he and his associates in other schools see the force of the Atelier less strongly than men of practice who have been through something more than the books, and it is very desirable, it seems to me, if the Atelier is to become the final school of American Schools of Architecture, that the chairman of its governing committee should be, at the start at least, chosen from one of the Universities. As the committee includes us practicing members, we can, I think, exercise sufficient control in the policy of the Atelier during the first three years. It will be a great satisfaction to be able to announce at the dinner that our funds, banked or guaranteed, amount to $4000 — practically sufficient to cover the first year's course.

The time had now come to bring Saint-Gaudens into the scheme; and so, on May 22, McKim wrote to him:

Dear Gus: The enclosed circular explains itself, and to-morrow night, I am happy to say, the plan for the foundation of an Atelier in Rome is to be submitted to the representatives of Harvard, Columbia, and University of Pennsylvania, at my house at dinner at half-past seven o'clock.

Outside of the men above named I have invited Hunt, Peabody and Boring (School men), and if you will come and give this bully scheme the benefit of your moral support, it will help to assure its success. Burnham and I together have raised nearly enough for the first year. The plan is to take one or two rooms in Rome and to compel the scholarship men, who at present go abroad without limitations, to follow a course resembling that of the French Academy in the Villa Medici — that is, to occupy their time in close contact with the great examples of Greece and Rome and the Early Renaissance, under the direction of a qualified pilot who has been over the ground and who will see to it that they spend their time *on the greatest examples*, and are not allowed to foolishly spend their prize money over their own immature selections.

I have not had an opportunity to speak to you about this before, but I know you will be heartily in accord with it and will be glad to hear that it is likely to be accomplished during the present summer. Of course, if the Atelier proves successful, it will mean that one day we too will have a 'Grand Prize of Rome.' Come to dinner, even if you have to go away early.

Of course, this opens the door to a school for Sculpture, which, if you think well of it, might be started at the same time with that of Architecture. It would be easy, I should think, to raise money sufficient for this purpose, and we should hail it, and help it.

The results of the dinner are told in a letter to Burnham, dated May 29, 1894:

Dear Dan'l: This is the first minute I have had to write you about the Dinner, which, be it said at once, proved successful beyond our expectations.

The party included Mr. Hunt, Professors Ware of Columbia and Laird of the University of Pennsylvania; Peabody, for new Harvard School [1] and the Rotch Scholarship Committee; Boring, President of

[1] Charles Eliot Norton began courses in the Fine Arts at Harvard in 1874. Stimulating and fascinating in their biting sarcasm directed against the manners and morals of the college world, these lectures in Upper Holden were the talk of the college — as the writer can testify — and Mr. Norton's personal contacts with individual students opened new paths and straightened old ones. He taught appreciation of architecture as an expression of its age, and in 'Church Building in the Middle Ages' gave out the

the Beaux Arts Society; Kendall of this office (one of the few really thorough men in the profession); A. W. Lord, Rotch Scholar of '88 (candidate for Directorship of the Atelier); Saint-Gaudens, for Sculpture; and Simmons, the winner of the Oyer & Terminer Municipal Art Prize, for the painters; — all of whom regretted your absence, which I explained was unavoidable.

After dining, much discussion ensued, and some differences of opinion were manifest (growing out of the difficulty of making Columbia and the Rotch Scholarship people see the importance of *conditioning* the men to follow a *prescribed* course on the other side); but all hands endorsed enthusiastically the foundation of an American School in Rome, and appointed a committee, of whom you are one, to draw up and submit immediately a platform for the future government of the Atelier. As soon as this can be effected and the right agreement entered into with the Universities, the School will be made ready to receive the scholarship men of '94. There may be some questions and delays, but we hope to overcome both.

To Richard M. Hunt, on June 5, McKim wrote:

Dear Mr. Hunt: We have the assurance that the Roman Atelier will be started as soon as the scholarship men can agree upon a date to leave, and last night, at the dinner in Philadelphia given by the Art Club to the committee (of whom you were one), Professor Laird took occasion to close his remarks by promising for the University of Pennsylvania that the traveling scholar just chosen should go to Rome and conform to the rules of the Atelier. We likewise hear from Boston that the Rotch Scholar has decided to enter the Atelier, and Mr. Lord learns from his friend, Mr. Temple (the Columbia Scholar of this year), that he has decided upon this course. The matter is then practically settled, except as to the platform to be adopted in the foundation of the Atelier. This is naturally the most critical period, and it is held of the utmost importance that we should all attend the meeting to be held at the Century Club, at eight o'clock on Wednesday night, in order to assure a committal to sound principles, which are likely to be endangered by the want of them in the person of our dear friend, William Robert Ware. Do come, and lay him out, should it become necessary. We cannot do without you, and have decided to defer the meeting to another date, should you not be able to attend on Wednesday. Hoping, however, that you will be able to do so, . . .

fruits of his scholarship. It was not until 1893 that Professor H. Langford Warren gave instruction in architecture alone — in the history of architecture; and not until 1896 that a programme for the complete training of an architect was established. In 1906, Architecture was a department of the School of Applied Science, the first degrees of Master in Architecture being awarded in 1907. In 1914 the Schools of Architecture and Landscape Architecture won their independence from Applied Science, under their own faculty.

On October 9, 1894, McKim wrote to Mr. S. A. B. Abbott, asking if he would accept the directorship of the American School of Architecture in Rome if the position were to be offered to him:

This thought has more than once crossed my mind as a possibility, but has been dismissed as often, as I fear the School is too poor to pay anything but subsistence. We need somebody over there in its infancy to push it into National character, which is the chief aim of its existence. Funds for its foundation and maintenance are guaranteed for the first three years; and it commences on the first of November under the best auspices, the three scholarship men of Boston, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania being now on their way to report to our man in charge.

With a Governing Committee who could not well be stronger, drawn from the ranks of the profession, the institutions concerned and the community at large, and containing in its number several very rich men, we only await better times to purchase a habitat on the plans of that of France. I think I wrote you of the Villa Ludovisi, which has been under consideration, and there is a man now engaged in looking over the possibilities of Rome and its environs for a suitable home for the School.

Mr. Burnham believes that, by letting the School quietly progress through the winter and obtaining full reports from Rome during that time, by spring we shall be able to get what we want. For the present a 'Secretary' has been appointed to take charge of the students, but the Director of the School after all is needed to give its direction and its force, i.e., a man of broad views and representative character. Five thousand dollars would probably represent the Director's income.

To John Mead Howells, then at the École des Beaux Arts, McKim, on October 23, 1894, wrote a letter of thanks for a copy of the rules of the French Academy in Rome,

which was exactly what I wanted and had been in vain waiting for. Now that our ship is launched and a larger committee at work, we are ambitious before long to flower into *what we aim to be*, viz: — *a School of Contact and Research* (*not of original design*), National in character, endowed and maintained through the public spirit of individuals. Already the fund is guaranteed for three years.

I want to thank you again for your efforts in the Chavannes matter, which has been settled to his entire satisfaction — so much so that within a week we have received a letter acknowledging the receipt of photographs of the Staircase Hall, reporting progress and praising in high terms the setting in which his work is to exist.

I had a pleasant lunch with your father [W. D. Howells] and your uncle [Wm. R. Mead] the other day, during which we talked chiefly about you, and I trust that I said nothing which I ought not to have said concerning the importance of more time spent in Italy, and expressing the hope that you would be allowed at least a year of travel before you return.

CHAPTER XII

ARTISTS BUILD THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

The American School of Architecture in Rome began in January, 1895, with Austin W. Lord as Secretary and Director. The quarters were the upper floor of the Palazzo Torlonia. The three students were H. Van Buren Magonigle, Seth Justin Temple, and George Bispham Page. Mr. Lord had come to the office of McKim, Mead & White just before its removal from historic No. 57 Broadway to the old Herter Mansion, at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. As a Rotch Scholar he had studied in Europe, and he shared McKim's aims and ideals in respect of the Roman School. Mr. Magonigle, who had been one of Stanford White's office-men for five years prior to 1891, had just won the Rotch Scholarship. Mr. Page was traveling in Europe as the holder of the University of Pennsylvania scholarship in architecture when he received a cable from Mr. McKim, asking him to report at Rome as a member of the School. William C. Noland, Mr. Page's traveling companion, enjoyed the hospitalities of the School. Mr. Temple held the McKim Scholarship at Columbia.

Mr. Page arrived on New Year's Day, 1895, and found Magonigle and Temple already on the ground,[1] they having come down from Florence with Mr. Lord. The start was exasperatingly slow. Mr. Lord's credentials were not satisfactory to the authorities in Rome, and official recognition of the school was forced to await a new set of papers from America. Meantime Edward L. Tilton had secured a permit to measure the Palazzo Farnese, and he shared it with his friends.

The school quarters, as Mr. Magonigle recalls, were primitive:

> A carpenter made two or three drawing-boards and trestles — no stools. A hallway recess accommodated the library, which consisted of a copy of Middleton. On a springlike morning in the late winter,

[1] George Bispham Page, of the firm of Stewardson & Page, architects, Philadelphia. MS. letter, September 2, 1926.

VILLA TORLONIA, FIRST HOME OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE IN ROME

VILLA DELL' AURORA, PERMANENT HOME OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE IN ROME

the opening exercises took place. Temple was off; but Lord, who had been told to lead his young men in ways of culture, leaned against the door-jamb and began to read from Middleton to Magonigle and Page, who held up sections of the wall. Lack of interest on the part of the pupils caused a stop in the reading; the cultural course was never resumed.[1]

In March, Lord, Temple, and Page went to Greece, along with I. Howland Jones, of Boston, and William C. Noland, of Richmond. A deficit in his budget kept Magonigle in Rome till April, when he, too, went to Greece, returning after two months' stay by way of Naples and the South. Meantime the school had moved to the Villa dell' Aurora, in the Ludovisi quarter. Lord was away, and Temple and Page were making their journey up through Italy to Paris, leaving Magonigle in solitary state to prepare his scholarship *envois*. After two months of such work, he, too, started north. Such was the first year of the school.

While Mr. Lord was struggling with problems in Rome, McKim was kept busy in New York. On February 8, 1895, he sent to Mr. Lord announcements of a competition for a post-graduate scholarship under the direct auspices of the School. Also he said that, by agreement with President Low and Professor Ware, the McKim Scholarship was thereafter to be devoted to the Roman School. The first subject for a uniform competition among the professional schools was to be a Savings Bank, based on the requirements of the Bowery Savings Bank, designed by McKim, Mead & White:

That the school has been opened [McKim continues] and is widely acknowledged is a great consideration, and whatever obstacles we have met or may meet is the least consideration. I hope sincerely that Messrs. Magonigle, Temple and Page will follow the course as it has been planned, and as it will hereafter be followed by the group of men who will be their successors and who should have their example. I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Temple or Mr. Page, I am sorry to say, but I do know Magonigle and his realization of the value of thoroughness, and you can tell him how much the older men from Mr. Hunt down envy him and his confrères the opportunity of spending a few months in Rome, in consistent study and close contact with the monuments which hereafter they will value more and more. Six

[1] Letter of H. Van Buren Magonigle, August 10, 1926.

months spent in Rome means to begin to realize how little one gets of it, and to lose a moment of this is to lose an opportunity that may never come back again. As for the other four months the Florentine Renaissance may be regarded as a pendant to the Roman Renaissance, for which one month is little enough, as the remaining three months is the least time in which one can pretend to get an intelligent idea of Greece and Sicily. To spend any part of this time elsewhere than as mapped out in the course is to spend it among things beautiful but of less consequence, and which, if never seen again, it were better to lose. I know it is hard for young men to believe this; I found it so, and I bitterly regret the loss of time and energy and money and consequent inferior quality of design which my persistence cost me.

I went to Washington the other day. . . . There is excellent prospect of the passage of the [Tarsney] Bill. It is the young men coming on who will be employed hereafter to build the buildings for the Government, and it behooves them to prove themselves qualified and competent to grasp great problems with great knowledge, which can be had only by hard and persistent and unselfish study and recognition of the hopelessness of success by any other course.

A parting of the ways with Professor Ware had now come. A meeting of the Roman School Committee (attended by Hunt and Burnham among others) was held at the Century Club on February 7. McKim's ideas as to the seriousness and comprehensiveness of the course of study prevailed. Mr. Ware wrote to Burnham his intention to resign the chairmanship, and sent the draft of his letter to McKim, who now accepted the inevitable — with profound reluctance. He wrote to Mr. Ware:

After months of consistent effort, it would appear that the divergence of opinion between yourself and the Committee as to the policy of the School is such that I can well understand your desire to be relieved of the chairmanship. As hitherto we have regarded you as the representative of the schools of Architecture in this country, and as your affiliation with them as well as with the practicing architects made you our natural chairman, we have never communicated with the professional schools except through you. In the present unfortunate urgency it is plain that we shall now be compelled to seek other channels of communication with them, in order that the relations which we hope to establish between them and the Post-Graduate School in Rome may be clearly defined and the nature of our support ascertained.

McKim, naturally, was concerned as to what was involved

in the defection of Mr. Ware — and as to what would be the course of the latter in regard to the support of Columbia and other schools; but to Boring he wrote: 'I have no fears of the ultimate outcome of present events.' He was cheered, at this juncture, by a letter from Magonigle: 'We have done a lot of work and I like Rome immensely. We are measuring just now the Arch of Titus and the Palazzo Farnese, and find the Roman School a great advantage. We have comfortable quarters in the Palazzo Torlonia, with every convenience for work both outside and in.'

The red hairs in McKim's head were getting fewer indeed, but, like the Sibylline Leaves, the remaining ones became the more potent. To Mr. Hunt he wrote, on February 15:

After our satisfactory School meeting I sat down and wrote to Lord (for his encouragement and edification) a letter. Twenty-four hours had hardly elapsed when I received an astounding letter from Ware, enclosing a draft of a letter which he proposed addressing to you and to Mr. Burnham, stating his reasons for declining the permanent chairmanship of the School, on account of its policy, which he characterized as suicidal and preposterous. His letter was intemperate in tone and interminable in length. . . . In other words Mr. Ware is simply attempting to resist the tide of events, which are all against him, and to which he opposes arguments illogical in reasoning and for the most part purely fictitious. It may be (and I sincerely hope) that he will recede from his position, but in case he does not our course is very simple, namely, to meet and determine upon his successor, in order that the general meeting of the School may be held and its further organization completed.

Then the wind shifted. To Burnham McKim wrote, on February 19:

Dear Daniel: Uncle Ware's pangs of conscience have given us trouble, but in the end we may not be sorry for his presence on the Committee, as within his own sphere he is a good man and has done a lot of work and is capable of doing a lot more.

Four days later McKim wrote to Robert Peabody:

Dear Robert: . . . You will be glad to hear that in this emergency Mr. Hunt has consented to preside at the meeting of the General Committee, and my own personal feeling is that, if he will consent to become our permanent chairman, we could not elect a better head for the School in its beginnings.

The trouble with Mr. Ware is that he believes in allowing every student who presents himself in Rome to have a foothold and take part in the proceedings as much or as little as he pleases; in short, he would make the School a kind of architectural club or exchange, where the Secretary would be the dragoman, so to speak, of tourists in Architecture. In consequence the School in its beginnings has not been traveling along the easiest of roads; but once established, properly accredited, and rules and regulations defined, we may hope, if we stand together, a permanent resting-place on the Pincian Hill before long.

March 6, McKim wrote to Mr. Theodore N. Ely,[1] of Philadelphia, asking him 'to meet a small company of gentlemen who are lunching together on Saturday, 9th, at the University Club, most of whom you know and by all of whom you are known.' The object was to discuss the affairs of the American School of Architecture in Rome, and to consider the rental or purchase of the Villa Ludovisi, standing on the Pincian Hill, adjoining the French Academy in the Villa Medici.

On March 8, McKim wrote Hunt, asking him to preside at the meeting on the 9th, and also to accede to the desire of every other member of the Committee that he act (at least during the beginnings of the School) as chairman, and thus give the School a support which they felt no other name could give it. He added that Mr. Ware cordially endorsed this judgment and expressed undisturbed interest in the School. Also that those who would attend the meeting were: Hunt, Burnham, Ware, Kendall, Boring, McKim, Cook, Crowninshield, Laird, Saint-Gaudens, Simmons, Abbey. There would be interesting letters from Norton, Garland, Schermerhorn, Marquand, Leighton, MacVeagh, Havemeyer.

The first meeting of the General Committee began with the luncheon at one o'clock and remained in session till after six, Mr. Hunt presiding. Committees were created on Publication, Incorporation, Relations with Universities; and the united vote of all present was that the School should be conducted during its next term on the lines originally laid down, and from which departure had been made only momentarily. Thereafter the hospitality of the School would consist of admission to the

[1] Mr. Ely was the Chief of Motive Power of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was a friend of Burnham and of McKim.

library and lectures, and the provision of a room where transients might work, but absolutely apart from the school course both indoors and out.[1] After incorporation the Committee would take up the question of leasing the Villa Aurora for a term of three years.

In reporting to Lord the action of the meeting, McKim wrote:

It should be a satisfaction to you to know that whatever trials you may have been called upon to meet your services are fully appreciated and recognized; and Mr. Hunt has expressed the opinion that in less than two years the School would be an acknowledged success all over the country. As a proof we can point to the way in which the Prize of Rome has caught the minds of graduates of the different schools: it is likely that as many as forty competitors will take part in it; it has been agreed by the Universities that all scholarships this year shall be awarded on the same problem, the winning designs to be exhibited in New York in competition for the Roman Prize.

As for any malcontents who may have disturbed the even tenor of your way, you can snap your fingers at them, nor need you fear any further trouble arising from want of definite instructions concerning outsiders.

You will be glad to hear that the painters and sculptors are waking up, and that our relations with the archæologists are likely to be cemented at no distant date. Indeed, it is highly probable that if a successful lease is made of the Ludovisi, the Archæological School will commence operations at once, and within a year perhaps one or both of the departments of Painting and Sculpture. Of course these other schools will be quite independent of ours, conducting their own work as separately as we propose to conduct ours — we holding title to the property and they becoming our tenants. . . .

It has been a great satisfaction to have Professor Chandler visit the School and write such a strong letter on the subject of adherence to our original principles.

Mr. Hunt being laid up with an attack of lumbago, McKim wrote to Mrs. Hunt (March 15) on the make-up of the committees, suggesting that Kendall's name be substituted for his on Publications, 'as he is more intimately acquainted with the aims of the School than anybody else and has heretofore done nearly all the writing on the subject.' As to the Committee on Universities:

Burnham stands well for the West and Day for Philadelphia and

[1] This ideal was realized in 1928.

the South, but we need a New York man and a Boston man from the profession. . . . For instance, I should think that the names of Robert S. Peabody and Professor F. W. Chandler should be added to the Boston list, Chandler being an aggressive force and having recently been on the ground in Rome. Likewise Peabody, who was one of the promoters of the School at Harvard. Likewise we ought to have somebody from New York, and I therefore suggest Mr. Hunt's name be added, in his capacity of pioneer, missionary and general slugger. I will be glad to serve on this committee if he wants me.

To Mr. Hunt McKim wrote April 1:

After talking over the matter [of leasing the Villa Aurora] with Mr. Kendall and Mr. Crowninshield, I write now to suggest that, if you are willing temporarily to assume with me (pending raising the money for the rental) the responsibility, I will cable Lord in your name and mine to close through Dr. Nevin for three years at $3000 per annum. . . . Burnham will be here on Wednesday and that we shall be supported by him and other members of the Committee there can be no doubt; but Lord's cable calls for an immediate answer.

So the authorization was sent, and as McKim writes to Professor Ware: 'This seems to be a good winding-up of the first chapter of our history.'

On April 29, McKim wrote Mr. Hunt:

Dear 'Uncle Richard': It is gratifying to learn from Kendall this morning that the jury agreed on the first, second and third man, and that the prize proved to be cumulative, the same man winning not only from his own college but from all comers. I have letters from Mr. Ware and Mr. Day, in both of which *he* (John Russell Pope, Columbia, '94) is mentioned in high terms.

On May 17 he wrote to Mr. Ware:

I am sorry to hear that you have not been feeling up to the mark and that the success of the Roman meeting proved such a dissipation. Mr. Schermerhorn was apparently exhilarated by it, for he spoke [of it] at the election of officers of the corporation to-day as one of the pleasantest meetings he had known. Burnham was elected president, C. F. McK. vice-president, Mr. Schermerhorn treasurer, Mr. Boring secretary.

On July 19, McKim wrote to Professor William Gardner Hale, of Chicago University, in regard to a division of space in the Casino dell' Aurora, which was obviously too small to house the heads of all the Schools, with their families: 'I know

you will be delighted to hear of the visit of the Baltimore committee of the Peabody Institute, consisting of President Gilman, Mr. Hall and Mr. Walters, ending in the endowment of the Rinehart Fund amounting to one hundred thousand dollars for a Department of Sculpture in the School in Rome.'

Gaining confidence from the favor found by the new enterprise, McKim was looking forward to a fully equipped Academy in Rome. On July 20, he wrote a confidential letter to Edward Robinson, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He related the opening of the School of Architecture on the 1st of the previous November, under the charge of Austin W. Lord, in the upper story of the Palazzo Torlonia, and its transfer to a permanent home in the building known as the Casino dell' Aurora, occupying part of the grounds formerly belonging to the Villa Ludovisi on the Pincian Hill. Within three months from the establishment of the Department of Architecture, the Archæological Institute, having determined to join the enterprise, and having a sufficient sum of money at its command, signified its readiness to establish a Department of Archæology, under the direction of Professor W. G. Hale, of Chicago University, and Professor Frothingham, of Princeton. Then the Peabody Institute of Baltimore had come forward with the proposition to devote the $100,000 left by the sculptor William H. Rinehart to establish a School of Sculpture. With the painters the movement had been slower, but there was hope that within a year they would make a beginning in Rome.

Upon the establishment of this last School, there will then exist a small group of men with kindred interests, representing Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Archæology, needing only a Council consisting of representatives of each School, and a Director at their head (representing their united interests), to become an Academy. While the difficulty of securing suitable heads of Departments has been great, the much greater one of a Director has been left in abeyance owing to the difficulty of finding a man whose qualifications and representative character entitle him to the position of becoming the head of such an institution. . . . Recognizing that the successful development of the Academy as a National undertaking must depend upon the wise selection of the Director, who in addition to his scholarly attainments shall possess the necessary talent for organization and be likewise a man widely known at home and abroad, some of us

of the School of Architecture after much reflection have reached the conclusion that the interests of the Academy would best be promoted by offering its guidance to you, should you after further consideration care to be nominated at the approaching meeting of representatives. Hoping for an expression of your views and that the opportunity may appear to you as it does to us — one of as great possibilities as could be desired, I am, etc.

Mr. Robinson declined to permit his name to be used.

The death of Mr. Hunt at this juncture took from McKim one of his strongest props, and, as he wrote Thomas Newbold, left a gap in his existence as an architect which could have been greater only if he had lost one of his partners.

Apart from his loss to the profession as friend and adviser in all matters of common concern, the Roman School just opening into existence loses its most influential advocate. What Burnham and I will do without him I do not know, as we shared jointly a responsibility which was lighter in every way while he was living. Among other things the task of raising $10,000 in New York, as its share of the financial support during the next three years falls upon me. At the forthcoming meeting of the allied schools, called for the purpose of creating an Academy, the loss of our Chairman will be a gap that cannot be filled. Somehow we shall get through, I hope, but how I do not see.

A fall from his bicycle had put McKim in a truss that hurt his body, disturbed his mind and called eventually for an operation by Dr. Bull. Writing to Wendell Garrison from Newport, August 8, McKim relates:

For the past two weeks I have been stealing a luxurious holiday on the water — I say luxurious because it has been for the most part on an even keel in a steam yacht with my friend Morgan. E. D. Morgan is a client of ours as you know, and his proposition over the telephone to join the cruise was so tempting that I arranged with Mead to take the first part of August and he from the 15th. In another week I shall return homeward feeling in much better condition. Starting off on the Defender on her second race as the only extra ballast she carried, we were transferred to Morgan's boat, the Shearwater, at the end of the race, and steamed first to his place on Long Island for a review of his buildings and fine farm of 700 acres, and afterwards kept on from Oyster Bay to Newport.

Here after a day or two I returned with F. W. Vanderbilt (and the plan on which we have been engaged for him) on his yacht to the landing place at Hyde Park on the Hudson which he has recently purchased; thence, after a further discussion of the plans, to the office;

thence, on the grievous news of Mr. Hunt's death, to Newport to attend his funeral; and later by train to Cottage City, where I rejoined Morgan and sailed back with him to Newport. To-day I leave him and his wife, after a quiet but most pleasant visit, to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Canfield, returning not later than the 20th. While here, when not on the water, I have daily ridden my wheel with satisfaction, yesterday going the whole Ocean Drive and only once resting from the time we left Morgan's house until we reached it again. By the 15th of September I hope to be so well that I shall regard an operation as rather an easy way of continuing my vacation.

I am writing from a room in the Ocean House, which I have taken in order to get through with a lot of unfinished business which my stenographer brought on from New York last night. I shall make my appearance shortly after reaching New York. With love to Katherine and the family.

The Rinehart Committee having decided to cast their lot with the Roman School, Mr. Walters discussed preliminary matters with Saint-Gaudens, and the full committee conferred with McKim and French, with the result that it was decided to pick a sculptor without competition and send him to Rome.

It is exciting [McKim wrote to Saint-Gaudens September 13] to think of the progress made within a year — the occupation of the Villa by three of the schools this autumn; four architects, twelve archæologists and a sculptor, numbering with the professors about twenty men. If now we can only get a painter over there it will be fine, and it *must* be done. If Proctor should turn out to be your favorite as he is ours, will you telegraph him or tell me how he can most quickly be reached and what to say. Answer P.D.Q.

N.B. The dinner [with the Rinehart Committee] will be at the Waldorf private room, 7.30, September 24, and if you are not there may the vitals of you be gnawed by rats and the beards of your ancestors grow all over you in tufts!

ERIN-GO-BRAGH

CHAPTER XIII

STUDENT DAYS AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

SKETCHY as the American School of Architecture in Rome undoubtedly was during its first year, and dubious as were the advantages it offered to students, nevertheless it existed full-armed with resources and equipped with standards — in the mind of Charles McKim. Already it was stretching out beyond the confines of a school and beginning to take its ultimate form as an academy.

John Russell Pope recalls the second year of the school and the results that flowed from it:

I graduated from Columbia under Professor Ware in 1894, won the Roman Prize the following winter, and went to Rome as Architectural Fellow in September, 1895.

Austin Lord and Professor Hale [1] were in the Villa dell' Aurora, which was then the Academy. That winter Percy Ash, Will S. Aldrich and myself were the architects, with Hermon A. MacNeil as the Sculptor Fellow. Professor Hale had under him the Classical students, including Rev. Walter Lowrie [2] and Dan Fellows Platt.

We were a particularly congenial and happy family, tireless, and united in our appreciation of McKim's object in building up the Academy and his reasons for sending us, as he put it, 'beyond the Alps.' His intensive influence, which seemed always with us, was responsible for our doing an unbelievable amount of intelligent work, not only in Rome but as well throughout Italy, Sicily and Greece. I know it was of inestimable benefit to us. Personally, with perhaps more architectural education than most, including a full course at Columbia before, and the full course at the École des Beaux Arts after, I still look back on Rome as the cream of it all.

While in Rome, as I said, I was under McKim's intensive influence, and knew what he was doing for architecture and education, and his belief in the soundness of his conviction that the Academy was the surest way to a cultured appreciation of great classical things as a foundation for big conceptions. I did not appreciate how personally vital it was to him until my return.

Columbia University instituted the Atelier System of teaching

[1] William Gardner Hale, of Chicago University, Director of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, 1895–96.

[2] Walter Lowrie, pastor of Saint Paul's American Church, Rome, since 1907.

design. There were two ateliers: one under Thomas Hastings, with Billy [William Adams] Delano as assistant; the other under McKim, with me assisting. McKim was obliged to trust more to me than probably he intended. Fortunately for me he insisted on regular visits to his office, during which I was called upon to tell him what I had said to his class, and also what I intended to say in future. He was a busy man and none too well that year.

On his desk was a model of the front of a ten-column temple. Some of the middle columns were not in place, but lay beside the model. The temple was his emblem of the Academy; the columns were the Founders. Before I began my reports to him he always told me of the progress towards the completion of his temple, and he was not to be disturbed when so doing! I mention the temple and the teaching incidents to show how much both the Academy and its instruction meant to him. I believe him to have been by far the finest architectural influence we have had in a hundred years.[1]

Hermon A. MacNeil adds his testimony:

Late in 1895 I was the first to receive the Rinehart scholarship to Rome, where I arrived (married with the consent but not the desire of the scholarship committee) during the following January. Mr. Lord asked us to occupy the ground floor of the Villa dell' Aurora, where we lived for three years, enjoying the beautiful 'raised garden.' There I grew some fine sweet corn from seed sent me by my father, paying duty on the *Maize gucchero*. Mr. Lord and Professor Hale lived with their families upstairs. The third year Will S. Aldrich had charge of affairs after Mr. Lord's return to America. Then came Mr. Abbott, who occupied the Villa during our fourth year in Rome. We had moved into an apartment in the Palazzo Cellere. Our relations with the directors were cordial, and with the Lords were so intimate that, during their absence in Greece, Mrs. MacNeil had charge of their young family. With the students we formed intimate friendships. G. W. Breck came early on January 15, 1897, bringing to Mrs. MacNeil, as a birthday present, a much appreciated box of American candy. Then there was the already brilliant John Russell Pope; Hays, Percy Ash, Covell, Henry Pennell and Louis Boynton. The latter was married in our apartment.

During summer trips we traveled and worked together — a particularly helpful thing for me, as it gave me a better idea of Roman and Renaissance architecture than I could have got alone. This traveling, working and eating together was more *intime* and varied and 'growing' than visiting at the studios. We went to all the important cities of Italy and to many of them several times. In fact, although the future was still vague, our whole period was one con-

[1] Letter of September 20, 1926.

tinued joy and great enrichment, with hard work enlivened by sightseeing. The stipulated works (figure in the round, relief, and life-sized group) were supplemented by many smaller pieces and very many drawings.

It was the custom of the men to go every evening, at Ave Maria, to the Circolo Artistico (to which we belonged) to draw from life. There men of all nations gathered. We became acquainted with some then famous and with others who later became so — Mancini, Noci, Simenes, Anning Bell, and even Maugham the writer floated down there just after his furor over 'Liza of Lambeth.' Last but not least there was the intimate friendship with the Vedder family. To sit at Elihu's feet and hear him chat was a delight. He seemed to have absorbed the very spirit of Omar Khayyam and ruminated the world around with it.

Mr. McKim I saw only once in Rome. In 1896, soon after I got settled, he stepped into my studio and made himself known. I still remember him vividly. He spent an hour talking chiefly of the ruins of Grecian temples in Sicily — the fallen columns and the way they lay. His manner was so simple and serious that he seemed to worship.

Roughly these are the impressions left on my mind after more than a quarter of a century. For ten years after this period I could feel its importance to me in my struggles with monumental work at home. To review my impressions occasionally, as I do, seems like renewing a dream of love. I hope many more capable than I will get the benefit of Mr. McKim's self-sacrificing work.[1]

Two diverse but vitally important tasks fell to McKim's lot during the critical second year of the School — first, to maintain high standards in the face of friends whose zeal was not always according to knowledge; and, secondly, to raise money for maintenance.

Burnham having sent McKim the prospectus of the Chicago Architectural Club Roman scholarship, the latter suggested, first, that a member of the Roman School managing committee be one of the judges, to protect the School from the appointment of a man not up to the standard. Secondly, 'that all designs be classic in character. If you do not insist upon this you will be likely to get all kinds of Yahoo and Hottentot creations which

[1] Hermon Atkins MacNeil was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1866. After graduating at the Massachusetts State Normal School, he was a pupil of Chapu and Falguière in Paris, and had taught at Cornell and in Chicago before winning the Rinehart scholarship, 1896–1900. His works are in cities from New York to Oregon; and his honors are very many.

prevail in the East and still occasionally crop out in the West in spite of the send-off you gave the world in 1893!'

Some questions having been raised by the Rotch Scholar as to whether he should be required to take the course as laid out by the School, McKim wrote to C. Howard Walker, September 27, 1895:

> The course begins the 1st of October, and deals principally with early Roman work for the first six months. It is very desirable that during the first ten months the Rotch Scholar be not called upon to undertake work that will interfere with the course.
>
> It is gratifying to know that Saint-Gaudens and French insist that the course of the sculptor at Rome shall be four years. When we architects reach the standard set by the sculptors at the start we will come home knowing more than has been the case hitherto. I am trying to go to the School myself this winter for six months. Don't you want to come?

Burnham called for a memorandum of the expenses of the School. George S. Martin, the bookkeeper and financial backbone of McKim, Mead & White, sent a statement showing that the cost for the first year was $4450, and that the budget for 1895–96 was $8000, the increase being due to an increase in rent of $2000, and the Roman Prize, $1500.

Dr. William T. Bull on October 21 performed the operation made necessary by McKim's bicycle accident, a work of two hours; on the 29th the patient was taking solid food and dictating letters in a room filled with flowers; and on November 12 was back in the office, planning a dinner to Dr. Bull and 'those whose days he had either shortened or lengthened.'

The meeting of the representatives of the various departments of the School, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on October 11, was attended by Messrs. Saint-Gaudens and Hall, representing the sculptors and the Rinehart Fund; La Farge, Crowninshield, and Blashfield for the painters. Professors Minton Warren, chairman of the American School in Rome, and Seymour, chairman of the School in Athens, represented the Schools of Classical Studies; with Professor Ware, Mr. McKim and Mr. Kendall for the architects. Professor Ware presided, and there was entire unanimity in favor of the project to form an Academy, although the Classical School men had no

power to act. Mr. La Farge interested himself in establishing the School of Painting, and the possibility of diverting the Lazarus Fund to the uses of the School was discussed. All were in favor of a three years' course.[1]

On December 7, McKim sailed for Italy. He met Lord at Naples on the 18th, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry White at Brindisi. With the Whites he made the trip up the Nile, returned by the way of Greece and Italy (where he met Burnham), and reached New York in time for the dedication of the Columbia site on May 1, 1896.

During the five months of McKim's absence, School matters rested; but immediately after his return he arranged a series of meetings. To Saint-Gaudens McKim wrote, on May 18, 1896:

In anticipation of the Academy meeting on Wednesday in your studio, and the importance of embodying in our platform at the very beginning a scholarship in Music, can you lunch with me that day at the Brunswick Hotel and meet Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, with whom I have been talking on this subject, and who, I am sure, can be of much assistance to us in many ways? She will reach New York from Newport on Tuesday and at my request has agreed to stay over night, as I was anxious to have you meet her. She was born in Rome and lived there up to the time of her marriage, and is a person of much influence, besides being a remarkable musician herself. I hope you have been pulling other wires. I have written asking an appointment with MacDowell before Wednesday, so as to have his views.

And to Boring McKim wrote:

I think that at the coming Academy meeting you will feel that the time has come when we can safely move in that project and cannot afford not to. . . . It is very reassuring to know that both the Rinehart and Lazarus committees[2] are prepared to act. I speak the more confidently, having been present at the last meeting of the Lazarus Committee, and I think you will agree that so long as we are able to pay our bills it will be the quickest and surest way of securing public support. With so many strong men interested upon such a strong platform, we must pursue an aggressive policy and agree to the point

[1] Kendall to Lord, November 21, 1895.

[2] The Rinehart Fund of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, Maryland, and the Jacob H. Lazarus Fund of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, each now provides for three fellowships in Sculpture and Painting respectively, with a stipend of $1500 a year for three years. The Damrosch, Juillard, and Horatio Parker Funds provide for fellowships in Music.

of view of the Chicagoan, who said: 'Everything comes to him who waits, but it comes a good deal quicker to him who hustles while he waits.'

Mr. Lord desired to return to the practice of his profession, and the appointment of his successor now became urgent. Again Professor Ware's temporizing policy manifested itself. He proposed first Robert Peabody and then C. Howard Walker, either of whom would have been welcomed by McKim for a three years' term or longer, but neither could leave his own work for more than a single year. In a letter to Mr. Walker, August 31, 1896, McKim put the case plainly:

I have been greatly at a loss to know what to say, the Academy having determined on a definite policy in May last, providing for a term of not less than three years. At the present time the sculptors Proctor and MacNeil, holders of the Rinehart fellowship, are at work at the Villa Ludovisi on the long term of three years, and in the present autumn there will go a painter, from the Society of Mural Painters, holding the Lazarus scholarship for the same period. The aim of the School of Architecture has been from the beginning to bring about an Academy platform in which to merge itself. This has been successfully accomplished and the united feeling of the men, shared by the architects as well as the painters and sculptors of the Academy Committee, has brought about the decision in favor of a uniform long term.

Accordingly, late in May, while negotiating with Mr. Partridge for a three years' term, and in view of certain complications which arose in his case, I received from Mr. Ware, under date of May 30, a letter suggesting your name for the first year and Partridge's for the two subsequent years of the course, to which I replied in accordance with the view that the Academy is pledged as above.... I can only reiterate what I have already said — that could you be induced to go to Rome for the long term to look after the architectural interests of the Academy, I would vote for you with both hands. Of course the Committee alone can settle the question.

To Mr. Ware McKim wrote, September 3:

As I have never advocated anything else [than the long term] in my letters to you, I have been unable to comprehend your note rejoicing in my consent to Walker's taking the place. If by that you mean that I should rejoice on a three years' basis, Yes; but, except upon that basis and in accordance with the policy of the Academy, emphatically No; and in order to remove all misapprehension on the point, so far as I am concerned, I at once sent you the following telegram: 'An-

swering yours September first, impossible under our policy to consider directorship short term.'

To Kendall, ill at his home in Cambridge, McKim wrote:

Ware has tried to make me miserable by attempting to install Howard Walker as a six months' incumbent in Lord's place. I have resisted it stoutly and I hope effectively, involving the usual correspondence and the hopeless frames of mind familiar in our history. With kind regards to your father and mother.

While the Sculptors and Painters from the beginning arranged for a three years' term, the conditions of the competition for the Prize of Rome in Architecture were that the winner should become a member of the School for one year and receive for his expenses $1500, unless during the year the Academy should be declared, in which case he would become a member of the Academy for three years under the terms imposed by the Academy, receiving $1000 a year, or $3000 in all.

Mr. Lord returned in August, 1896, with best accounts of the performances of the past year. He favored an architect as director, a plan agreeable to both sculptors and painters. Before leaving Rome he arranged to have Will S. Aldrich (the Rotch Scholar of two years previous, 'one of our very best and strongest men') take his place temporarily, to have charge of the work of the one new student in Architecture, W. S. Covell, who was going to Rome for eighteen months on the McKim Scholarship at Columbia. The sculptors, MacNeil and Proctor, would assist if necessary; and Pope, who was on his travels, would be helpful.

To Mr. Ware McKim wrote:

Pope's letter to you on the subject of what he has done, together with his propositions for the summer and autumn work, is most interesting. As a flying visit to the towns mentioned (while no one can hope to digest so much in so short a time, and while I think he should have undertaken one-half his itinerary with twice as much time at each stop) it will do him no harm to pave the way for future study in the manner he proposes.

During its third year the Roman project simply marked time. Covell, with Proctor and MacNeil, were in residence, with Aldrich to manage the business affairs and give counsel. To Boring McKim wrote, October 9, 1896:

Progress in regard to the Academy has been necessarily slow. Such an enterprise cannot be expected to land on its feet in a season, but, as General Grant says: 'The campaign will be fought to a successful issue if it takes all summer.'

As an interlude in the serious Academy affairs comes this letter to Saint-Gaudens of October 2, 1896:

Dear Augy: Thine received; and though I telegraphed Mrs. [Henry] White you were in Chicago and that we must put off our stop with them for another week, I will write her that she has got to give us ten days in order to grow your beard and avert the danger in the presence of ladies referred to! Ten days from now will be the 12th, and I will write them to expect us some time between the 12th and 15th — exact day and train to be agreed upon meanwhile. On the 15th the corner-stone of the State House in Providence is to be laid with 'imposing ceremonies' and I have got to be there and help spit on the trowel. If we could go to Providence the night before the 14th we could sail over from there to Newport by boat across the bay. How does that strike you?

Meanwhile, I have secured two bully aisle seats, *11* & *13*, second row from the front, extreme left, first violin side, for Opera Monday and Wednesday nights through the season; price $260.00 (for both). You were away, but an excellent opportunity offering I took them. If you are still in for it, O.K.; if not, O.K. just the same, as I shall be glad to have them in any event.

I am going out of town for Sunday, but shall look for you the beginning of the week. Hoping all went well with you at Chicago,

Ever thine.

P.S. What the H—— do you mean [1] by growing your beard just after you have cut it off I should like to know!

To Daniel D. Newhall on October 2, 1896, McKim wrote, apropos of a monument on the Philadelphia Cricket Grounds:

I saw in Greece this Spring inscriptions on similar panels in which small spaces were covered with a whole literature, the lettering being very small and almost as delicate in character as an etching. Making allowance for the difference in climate, I still think, if you have a chapter of sufficient interest, there will be room enough to get it all in. In the same way the little carving there is to do in the wreaths should be done with the same delicacy. In the midst of wood and brick buildings of small scale, it will put the whole business out to plunk down a monument of too heroic proportions, and its treatment must

[1] McKim's swearing was as infrequent as George Washington's is reputed to have been. A d——n always sounded strange on his lips and betokened deep emotion.

be with the chisel and not with the axe, or it shall look as though all our friends were buried under it. I do not care to have written over my tombstone the epitaph that was threatened the designer of Somerset House, '*Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he has piled a-many a heavy load on thee.*' If I lose the drinks I prefer a smaller stone bearing the inscription, '*This is on me.*' Enough!

In the same vein, McKim wrote to Mr. Meyer:

When are you coming to New York? Anna Held at the Herald Square Theater is waiting for you. Even Stanford White was shocked last night by her performance.

In December, 1896, an exhibition of the Roman work called this from McKim to Saint-Gaudens: 'It is most successful and free from amateurishness. As an *envoi de Rome* much of the work compares favorably with that of the Villa Medici.' [1] And to Lord: 'I have to-day sent 5000 lire for rent and expenses of the School from January 1 to April 1, 1897. . . . I trust this is the last advance that I shall be called on personally to make, and that the public interest in the Academy will be of such a character as to grease its wheels hereafter.'

To S. A. B. Abbott then living in Rome McKim wrote, December 18, 1896, asking him to begin negotiations for the purchase of the Villa dell' Aurora, because 'the time has now come when a home in the sense of the Villa Medici is essential to the further development of the Academy scheme. . . . If we could get it for $50,000 or even $75,000, I think the money can be raised.' To Mr. Ware, on March 16, 1897, McKim wrote: 'I think it will be advisable to state that it is not intended to offer a scholarship this year, but that it is hoped the Academy will next year be upon a foundation which will enable it to continue the competitions.' And to Burnham: 'Can you send me a check for $1000 to keep our credit good? I have personally sent $1000 to the School since January. We must keep the School going somehow until after the Academy meeting in June, when arrangements will be made to take this responsibility from our shoulders.' Mr. Burnham sent the check.

Feeling the necessity of having in Rome a man 'to represent all hands and carry out the policy of the Committee,' McKim

[1] The exhibition was shown in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston.

invited Saint-Gaudens, Blashfield, and French to dine with him on April 28, when they discussed the advisability of asking Mr. S. A. B. Abbott to become the Director. As a result of this gathering a meeting of those interested in the project was called for June 8, 1897, at the Century Club. At that meeting the Academy was organized by the adoption of a brief constitution, the assumption by the Academy of the rights and obligations of the American School of Architecture in Rome, a definition of policy for the coming year, and the election of the first Board of Trustees, consisting of John La Farge, E. H. Blashfield, Frederick Crowninshield, painters; J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, D. C. French, sculptors; F. W. Chandler, D. H. Burnham, C. F. McKim, architects. Articles of incorporation under the laws of the State of New York, prepared by Judge Dillon, were agreed upon.

The nine professional members of the Board of Trustees met on June 24, and elected five lay members representing the community at large: Charles Hutchinson, of Chicago; Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, of Boston; Theodore N. Ely, of Philadelphia; Henry Walters, of Baltimore; William C. Whitney, of New York. The election of officers and of a Director was deferred.

To Burnham McKim wrote, on June 29:

> Saint-Gaudens, French and I are solid for Samuel A. B. Abbott [for Director], the former president of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, who convinced that city that Painting and Sculpture should be added to Architecture as a necessity and not as a luxury. Abbott is at home on a visit, but expects to return to Rome, where his wife (he is just married) has lived for the past twenty years, and in more respects than any other competitor seems to fill the bill. I mention this so that when the time comes, and knowing your regard for Abbott, your vote may be cast for him. I fancy, however, there will be no opposition, although other names have been mentioned.

On September 7, a meeting was held at 9 West Thirty-Fifth Street, at which Mr. Abbott was elected Director of the Academy for a term of three years, beginning October 1, 1897. In due course the nominating committee put up this ticket: President, C. F. McKim; vice-president, Theodore N. Ely;

treasurer, F. Augustus Schermerhorn; secretary, W. M. Kendall; all of whom were duly elected.

To French, at Glendale, McKim wrote, September 24:

Abbott sails on Thursday. He asks to be furnished, in addition to his credentials, final instructions in regard to the nature of the Academy work and his relations to the outside world. Blashfield, Saint-Gaudens and I met last night and worked till nearly midnight on it. We cannot ask Abbott to change his whole plans in life for three years without supplying him with all the wisdom in our power; so that you will see that it is 'a matter of the essence,' as Mr. Low says, and that we should all of us be present; and while we regret very much to disturb you in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, we cannot get along without you. A draft is now being made of what was done last night, and Saint-Gaudens is hard at work going over the Réglement this morning. I know how hard it is to ask you to give up any more time to this dratted subject, but it is a critical period in our history, and we must get these papers to stand.

P.S. I hear that the Demosthenes [in the Columbia Library] is making a sensation.

P.P.S. You know Saint-Gaudens is sailing on the 26th. I have positively agreed to go with him to Boston on Monday, and as I find it hard to travel it has occurred to me that this visit might include consideration of the Parkman Memorial with you. I do not want you to hate me, but I would like to have you consider this in case you do not think it wholly unreasonable.

The meeting was held at McKim's house on September 29, and Mr. Abbott was able to sail with proper credentials and instructions. On November 15, McKim wrote to H. Siddons Mowbray, after consultation with Saint-Gaudens and others, asking Mowbray to accept the position of Secretary of the Academy, for the purpose of associating him 'in these important beginnings.' He agreed to do so, taking Kendall's place.

To Saint-Gaudens in Paris, McKim wrote, on December 6, that he had returned from a fortnight of riding and loafing and incidentally shooting quail in South Carolina, and that he had been ordered back for another month. After that he might go 'to the Hot Springs or to Carlsbad or to the devil!' He promised if possible to pull through the location of the Sherman at the head of the Mall in Central Park. Mowbray, Blashfield and French were 'coming in for grub and a talk next week,' when

he hoped to be able to report funds sufficient to cover Abbott's salary ($3000 per annum) and the expenses of running the Academy until October 1, 1898. He had met La Farge (who was going to Rome) and Hooper [1] at the Century. Hooper said: 'Tell Saint-Gaudens the Shaw is a constant joy to Boston.' As for competitions, he never wanted to go into another. McKim, Mead & White had lost the Public Library to Hastings. He congratulated Hastings on his victory, but lamented his own folly in having gone into such a contest.[2] He continues:

By this time I hope you are more settled than you were when you wrote me last, and that Paris has commenced to resume for you its old attraction, and that the sun shines a little oftener than it did on your arrival. I know the gray atmosphere of the Paris winter and the raw and chilly air which often blows, and which was blowing when you wrote to me; but though time changes and faces disappear, there is only one Paris; and my experience has been, on returning there several times since the [Franco-Prussian] war, that one cannot be there long without appreciating the tremendous relief from our own purely commercial surroundings, as well as freedom from the unsympathetic noises and crudities of a new civilization. I think I was one of the very first to take advantage of an early trip on the new elevated railway when it was started in 1878, and I am sure as time passes it and similar inventions jar more and more upon me. I mention these things not because I care less for home, but envy you the advantageous conditions which cannot but have an effect on your work. My only fear is that your homesickness will pass away too soon and that once established we shall find it hard work to get you back. Hoping that some heavy Channel storm, or, if necessary, a blizzard, will compel you to reach Rome via Marseilles and Leghorn on a first-class ticket, without the horrors of your former journey, and that the Academy in Rome will reap the benefit of a visit from you, Yours ever, faithfully.

The same day he wrote to Blashfield:

I dined last night with Mrs. Victor Sorchan, one of our women most interested in the success of the Academy, and who, with Mrs. [Edith] Wharton and Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, are prepared to give their houses and services this winter to the cause of the Academy. I had a long talk with Mrs. Sorchan, explaining to her your suggestion of an auxiliary women's committee, to be organized in the principal cities, through whose efforts the cause of the Academy could be

[1] Edward William Hooper, Treasurer of Harvard, 1876–1898.

[2] McKim disqualified his plans by not conforming them to the programme of competition.

brought home, and the interest of the people aroused. She expressed the greatest interest in the plan and desired to meet you, and asked me to bring you to her house for lunch, immediately. She is as simple as she is charming and is just the sort of person we need. If you should be disengaged on Friday we might go at that time and start the ball rolling. At the close of the evening she made a munificent annual contribution to assist in defraying the expenses of the Academy during the next three years. As they say in the game of poker, 'Money talked.'

The début of the Roman Academy in social New York took place under the auspices of the Ladies' Committee at the home of Mr. Egerton Winthrop, 23 East Thirty-Third Street, on Saturday evening, February 5, 1898, at 10 o'clock. Mr. La Farge introduced the subject and Mr. Blashfield followed with a talk illustrated by lantern slides representing Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, and others showing the Villa Ludovisi, and the progress made by the School. McKim, having been ordered to South Carolina by his doctor, could not be present.

On March 8, 1898, McKim wrote to Mr. Schermerhorn:

With the growing record of the addition of the Rinehart Fund in Sculpture, the Lazarus Fund in Painting, the promise of another in Architecture during the present summer (two students supported by it thus far); in view of the appointment of a man of Mr. Abbott's high standing and cultivation to the post of Director; the acceptance, as local members of the Board of Trustees, of Messrs. William Harriman, Waldo Story and William B. Hazeltine; the support of the Administration at Washington,[1] during the past month, of the proposition to place the Academy under the protection of the National Government by the appointment of the Ambassador in Rome as an ex-officio member of the Board of Trustees; and, finally, in view of the exhibition (the second) of the work of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects during the past three years — it would seem as though we had passed through and out of our tentative and experimental stage, and that, having reached now a complete organization, being incorporated and empowered to hold property, and having met our obligations *within* the ranks of the professions, without seeking public patronage, this enterprise has now reached a point where it may properly ask the support of the country.

While some progress has been made in the direction of an Endowment Fund, in the form of expressions of readiness to subscribe, and covering perhaps $25,000 in sums of $5000 each, our efforts have had to

[1] President McKinley and John Sherman, Secretary of State.

be, naturally, chiefly confined to the conduct of the work itself, and, with the slender means at our command, to meeting our running expenses. We have felt that, if at the end of three years' test the enterprise should remain free of debt, with actual results to prove its claims, the problem of the endowment would be rendered much easier, and those associated with the enterprise would occupy a much more independent position. Thanks to the enthusiasm and unanimity in the Committee their efforts have been crowned with unexpected success, the Rinehart and Lazarus funds having been offered to the use of the Academy voluntarily by the Trustees of those respective funds.

Under all these circumstances, the feeling is general among the Trustees that if possible the Academy should now acquire the buildings and grounds of the Villa Aurora, rather than renew the lease even for a long term, the latter course being likely to have the effect of retarding the growth of the Academy not only as to the construction of studios, but in other ways. . . .

Up to the present time it has cost $25,462.57 (exclusive of the Lazarus and Rinehart and other scholarships which are directed by us but administered by their own Trustees). The maintenance of the Academy for this year, since the appointment of Mr. Abbott, and including his salary, represents about $12,000, which we have arranged to meet, so that at the expiration of the lease on June 30, we shall be able to say that we have never been obliged to borrow a dollar. . . . Mr. Abbott says that the Villa can be bought for a sum not to exceed $100,000. One half or more can be raised on first mortgage, the balance to be advanced by friends of the Academy who may be willing to take a second mortgage on the guarantee of the payment of interest by the Board of Trustees until such time as the second mortgage can be paid off.

In behalf of the Academy I venture to ask your advice in this matter, with less hesitation because of your early expressions of interest in its future.[1]

McKim also wrote in substantially the same terms to Burnham and Professor Frank W. Chandler, adding that two of the ten bonds for $5000 each had already been placed in New York and he thought he could place two or three more immediately.

On March 23, Abbott cabled: 'Title imperfect. Strongly advise lease. Purchase possible later.' So Messrs. Ward, Blashfield, Mowbray, La Farge, and French dined with McKim, to anticipate the action of the morrow's meeting. The New York subscribers to the bonds agreed to consider their subscriptions

[1] Mr. Schermerhorn, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Ely approved the purchase plan.

as outright donations, thus putting the finances that much ahead. McKim had already advanced $6830 for the current year, and was ready to make further advances, with the understanding that the money would be repaid — as it never was. To Abbott McKim wrote:

I am now supposed to be at Virginia Hot Springs, undergoing a treatment of baths something like Aix, on an Augean plan of internal as well as external application. The winter has been one of complete isolation for me in South Carolina, where I have fluctuated between dyspeptic horrors of apprehension and depression, out of which (at last) I hope I am now coming. At times it has been something perfectly awful and I have really feared for myself. But they tell me it is physical and an actual poison of the nerves, and that I shall live to forget it. . . . As I cabled you, during the past three weeks, with the stock market going to the dogs [over the Spanish War], it was very hard to raise the wind; but I think we are to be congratulated on having secured the promise of one third of the amount. Now a committee has been formed to take up the matter systematically and before long, provided you are able to report the title clear, we shall be able to authorize you to turn the lease into a purchase. . . . It will please you to know that the Committee has been delighted with your management and with the letters you have written. . . . The Evening recently given by Mr. Egerton Winthrop was a great success, 500 invitations having been sent out. The evening was opened by La Farge; Blashfield bore off the honors with an essay on the Villa Medici and the parallel to our own Academy. Then followed an orchestra and supper. (Dictated *en route* South.)

On October 8, 1898, McKim and Kendall signed the certificate of dissolution of the American School of Architecture in Rome, and sent the paper to Boring, to whom McKim wrote, congratulating him on the near termination of his labors for the School, 'whose mission in bringing about the Academy, thanks to the little band of whom you were so active a member, has now been fulfilled.'

In summing up the results of the four years of work in a memorandum prepared for Burnham's use in raising money in Chicago, McKim showed receipts of $29,489.22, and a credit balance of $726.29. For architects the Rotch Traveling Scholarship, Boston, had sent Harold Van Buren Magonigle ('95), W. S. Aldrich ('96), Louis E. Boynton ('97); The University of Pennsylvania Traveling Scholarship sent George Bispham Page

('95) and Percy Ash ('96); the McKim Scholarship, Columbia University, sent Seth Justice Temple ('95), John Russell Pope ('96), W. S. Covell ('97), Henry Allen Jacobs ('98). As sculptors the Rinehart Scholarship, Baltimore, sent Hermon A. MacNeil ('96) and A. Phimister Proctor ('97). For painters the Jacob H. Lazarus Scholarship, New York, sent George W. Breck ('97). Thus far no scholarship in Architecture for the full term of three years had been established. The Rinehart committee, on September 2, 1898, abolished its Paris scholarship and established a second Roman scholarship, each worth $1200 per annum. The aim was to increase the number of students until the Academy should have three students in each, Architecture, Mural Painting, and Sculpture. Half of the estimated expense of running the Academy for three years had been pledged; efforts were being made to raise an endowment fund of $750,000, and Mr. Henry Walters had consented to give one twelfth of that sum.

With inward satisfaction over the past and calm assurance for the future, President McKim, on December 15, 1898, faced the Trustees of the American Academy in Rome to read his first annual address. At a now uncounted cost of $25,000 taken from his not large earnings, and with sums the never-failing Burnham had raised or contributed, McKim had established a school of architecture with highest standards, and had helped it to grow into an Academy, with students selected from the best men in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Thanks to his friends W. C. Whitney, P. Augustus Schermerhorn, Henry Walters, and Mrs. Sorchan, half the $35,000 necessary to maintain the Academy for three years was in the bank, and Burnham, Ely, and others could be relied on to furnish the remainder. A competent director was at the head of affairs in Rome; and the Academy was occupying the attractive historical Villa dell' Aurora. Freed from the worry of an empty treasury, attention could now be given to the task of raising an endowment sufficient to enable the Academy to offer its own scholarships, independent of the university and privately established fellowships, although offering hospitality and aid to the holders of such fellowships.

McKim laid great stress on the exhibitions of work done

by the students. To Blashfield, who wrote the paragraphs for the catalogue of 1899, 'in a manner both intelligible and inspiring to the lay mind,' McKim suggests

> that the names of Vignola and San Gallo be coupled with that of Bramante in the reference to churches; and that Michaelangelo belongs to this category rather than among the creators of palaces; the half a dozen first and most typical examples being, say, the Cancelleria and Giraud by Bramante, the Massimi and Farnesina by Peruzzi, and the Farnese by San Gallo and finally St. Peter's, for which Michaelangelo deserves only curses for his brutal interference, the cornice attributed to him having really been carried out by Vignola (see Le Tarouilly). This is only a suggestion intended to give Michaelangelo the credit for his conversion of the Baths of Diocletian into the Church of Santa Maria deghl' Angeli, and especially for the dome of St. Peter's. With these exceptions is it not true that he has left but little which is entitled to be considered amongst the masterpieces of the Renaissance in Rome?

While McKim's health was improved by hunting trips to South Carolina, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Jay, Stanford White, the W. C. Whitneys and others, he was not able to count on his bodily condition. For eighteen years he was domiciled in a portion of 9 West Thirty-Fifth Street, as a tenant of Dr. Richard Derby. Feeling the need of more commodious quarters, he rented from the Astor Estate 9 East Thirty-Fifth Street, which he had reconditioned to his taste. His daughter Margaret was now nearly twenty-four years old, and he had not seen her for twenty years. Meantime she had attended the Arthur Gilman School in Cambridge, and in 1896 had entered Radcliffe College, under the name of Margaret Day. The next year her health broke down and her grandmother, Mrs. Bigelow, took her to Europe for a year. On January 2, 1899, McKim met his daughter at Jamaica Plain. Her decision to live with her father immediately cut off relations with her mother. To Wendell Garrison, McKim wrote, on April 3:

> I hope to bring Margaret home in the course of the next fortnight. While better she is far from well, and I fear that for some time she will have to remain under the doctor's care and hold on to her nurse. Her general health is good and you can't imagine a more robust-looking person. What she needs is occupation and diversion; in fact, more cheerful surroundings. I shall probably place her under Dr.

Hitchcock's care at Narragansett Pier, taking a small cottage where I shall go Sundays and occasional days during the summer.

Thus began a new and absorbing interest that continued for eighteen years.

McKim's anticipations of being able to shift to other shoulders the burden of raising money to provide for the current expenses of the Academy were doomed to disappointment. One of the subscribers on whom he had relied to provide $5000 for this purpose delayed payment, having been caught in the financial troubles incident to the Spanish War; and when at last he did pay he specified that his $5000 was to go towards the endowment and sent only $500 for expenses.[1] So urgent were the necessities that McKim was compelled, much against his will, to accept money contributions from French, Blashfield and Mowbray, and from Ely, while he himself protected the drafts made by Abbott — all during a particularly bad year in the office.

Meantime the endowment fund preparations were progressing in so far as printed matter was concerned. McKim himself struggled hard to prepare 'some paragraphs concerning the advantages to architects of this country of the foundation of an American Academy in Rome,' into which he condensed his profound convictions:

> The advantages Rome has to offer to students of architecture and the allied arts need not be urged. What with the architectural and sculptural monuments and mural paintings, its galleries filled with the *chef d'œuvres* of every epoch, no other city offers such a field for study or an atmosphere so replete with the best precedents. Brunelleschi, Alberti and Bramante are among those who head the list of the enthusiastic students of the antique, which has continued down to our own day, and which contains representatives of every country. Raphael himself, architect as well as painter, devoted himself with unceasing ardor to the examination and measurement of the monuments of classic and early Christian Rome, and not only undertook to restore particular buildings, but even conceived the vast project of the restoration of the city in its ensemble. M. Munz, professor of the History of Arts in the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, says in relation to this work, which excited so much interest in its time:
>
> 'It was reserved for our old Academy of Architecture to take up

[1] The expenses of the Academy for 1899 were $11,508.28, the year ending with a credit balance of $16.17! Messrs. Schermerhorn and Walters contributed each $5000.

of its own motion the project where Raphael had left it. In charging the members of the French Academy in Rome to measure and restore the principal monuments of Latin antiquity, it endowed France with a property which has now become invaluable. The École des Beaux Arts now possesses plans, sections and elevations of about seventy Greek and Roman buildings accurately compiled by our most able architects from Percier down to Garnier.'

Thus it is to be seen that the establishment in 1648 of the French Academy of Art in Rome proved successful and has long ceased to be an experiment. The example of the French has been followed by other nations, among which may be mentioned Germany, Spain and Italy. Moreover, the permanent endowment of the American Academy has been attained not only by distinguished members of the community interested in the Arts, but by the foremost schools of architecture in this country. The representatives of Harvard, Columbia, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the University of Pennsylvania are, and have been since the beginning in 1895, members of the Academy committees, and have all lent the interest of their positions to furthering the enterprise.

This great and growing country which yearly sends abroad scores of students to study the Arts should no longer force them to be dependent on the generosity of foreign institutions for the continuance of their studies, but should, by the *endowment* of the American Academy in Rome, offer the same support and encouragement that is offered by other nations to their sons.

Finally, it may be urged that the value of constant and long-continued study, and proximity with the best examples of architecture, cannot be over-estimated, and is of incalculable advantage to the student before entering upon his professional career.

As a New Year's gift came a letter from French inclosing a notification that McKim had been elected to non-resident membership in the Academy of Saint Luke, Rome, an honor which he prized perhaps more than any other bestowed upon him. To French he writes, January 2, 1900:

I congratulate you on the approval of the site for your Washington [in Paris] and acceptance of the pedestal. We shall proceed with the working drawings of the latter.

Your kind letter welcoming me to the Ilex Groves of San Luca has given me a sense of inflation entirely out of proportion to my income, but this was to have been expected, and you will have to bear with me for a while!

At this juncture in the financial affairs of the Academy, Mrs. Sorchan and Mrs. Edith Wharton started to organize $100

memberships among their social followers. Mr. Abbott reported that the wealthy Baron Franchetta, being about to marry, had approached Prince Piombino's agent with a view of purchasing the Villa dell' Aurora as a setting for his bride. This started McKim afresh to devise methods of buying the villa, or at least of securing an American landlord who would hold the property as an investment until the Academy was in shape to take it over. McKim wrote to Mowbray, May 3, 1900:

There was a meeting yesterday of the finance committee (Ely, Burnham and Walters present), which lasted for several hours, resulting in the approval of the papers prepared by Mr. Ely, and drawn up under legal advice. Ely returned at midnight. Walters sails on the 22nd. The Committee is to meet once more before he sails, J. Pierpont Morgan having first been interviewed with the hope that he will consent to head the list. Abbott writes as cheerfully as if he were Baden-Powell at Mafeking. He says rations are very low and that we must come to his rescue May 1st. I did not intrude the question of bread and butter upon yesterday's meeting, but it is one that cannot be deferred another minute. . . . Meanwhile the 1st of May is past, and in the absence of funds I have been obliged to cable Abbott to draw on me.

The cable read: 'Draw one thousand. Better times coming. See letter.' In his letter McKim, after stating the failure of one of the subscribers to pay, said:

We hope you will understand and not lose confidence in us, for we have not forgotten you, nor does a single day go by without worry on your account. It has greatly troubled me, for I have many expenses and calls on my purse, and this year's business has been anything but good. But it is a long lane that has no turning! The men all stand together, and while the artists can advance no money, the work of preparation of the Endowment Papers and a campaign document by the Finance Committee culminated yesterday in a meeting which all agreed was most promising and hopeful. . . . It is hoped that we shall be able to attain the necessary $750,000. The names approved as Trustees of the Fund are Messrs. Lyman J. Gage, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Henry Walters. Mr. Walters stated his willingness to serve, and it is hoped that Mr. Morgan will do likewise. They have made me the unhappy channel of communication with Mr. Morgan, and I have agreed to act so far as to endeavor to enlist his interest, but it is agreed that, if successful in this, Walters, Burnham and Ely will meet him as Finance Committee, for the purpose of influencing him to head the subscription list of donors. Mr. Walters has author-

ized me, in this preliminary conversation, to express the hope that he will consent to act as Trustee of the Fund, and to make the statement that he (Mr. Walters) has offered to become one of 15 to subscribe the whole amount. Mr. Walters believes it will be easier to find 15 men who will subscribe $50,000 than a larger number of men a smaller amount, or a smaller number of men a larger amount. The proposition to raise the whole amount among 15 men was therefore yesterday decided upon, and will be publicly attempted, beginning next week.

All agreed to your statement that the Aurora is by far the best place, and should the threatened purchase of the property over our heads transpire, Mr. Walters thought there would be time enough, on a cable from you, to take it up. He asked whether the restriction as to the construction of studios could be removed in the event of purchase. Both Ely and Burnham drew attention to this point. To my mind it certainly would be a great disadvantage if the purchase did not cover the studio problem. . . . I have no fancy for the task of interesting Mr. Morgan, and if he declines to be interested my sympathy will be with him.

McKim spent parts of August and September, 1900, in Scotland, as the guest of his neighbor, John C. Cadwalader. During his visit (of three weeks) he bagged over 375 birds, or one in four shots — 'with grateful thanks to his host and apologies for the birds that ought to have been stopped.' On his return, October 8, he was met by the news of the death of his nephew, Lloyd McKim Garrison.[1] Also he learned of the appointment of his brother-in-law, George von L. Meyer, as Ambassador to Italy, in which selection McKim saw a gain to the Academy, particularly from the fact that Mrs. Frederick Gotthold had just secured a letter from Secretary of State John Hay, saying that he saw no objection to the election of the American Ambassador to Italy as a Trustee of the Academy. 'The enterprise,' wrote Mr. Hay, 'is one in which I have been very much interested from the beginning, and I should be glad to do anything in my power to aid it.'

[1] 'On reaching here Monday afternoon the news of the sudden death of my nephew, Lloyd Garrison, was the first information I had received of his illness, as he died while I was on the water. It is a terrible blow to our family, who looked up to and depended upon him. I arrived just one hour too late to be present at the funeral.' [To Devereux Emmet, October 12, 1900.]

CHAPTER XIV

TWO TURNING POINTS IN ROMAN ACADEMY AFFAIRS

J. Pierpont Morgan's support, both morally and financially, was regarded as essential to success in raising the endowment fund necessary to place the American Academy in Rome on a sure foundation; and the task of setting the matter before him was put upon Charles McKim. McKim, having no personal acquaintance with Mr. Morgan, made the approach through Charles Lanier, whom he did know and who was a friend and neighbor of the financier. On February 7, 1901, McKim wrote to Mr. Lanier, stating briefly the aims and history of the Academy, and the desirability of building up an American institution in Rome, on lines similar to the national French, German, Italian, Spanish and Belgian academies: 'It is felt that Mr. Morgan's interest would be of the utmost consequence to the foundation of an American Academy, not for any subscription which he might, or might not, choose to make, so much as on account of his wide influence. . . . Not having the pleasure of knowing Mr. Morgan personally, I have ventured to write and ask if you would be willing to communicate with him in order to learn if he would care to be approached upon this subject? A very few minutes would suffice to put the matter before him.'

It is characteristic both of McKim's timidity and also of his thoroughness of preparation that this letter was placed in the hands of Francis R. Appleton to be delivered to Mr. Lanier. To Mr. Appleton, McKim wrote: 'I am not in the habit of running after people, and only the cause in which we are embarked has reconciled me to it. I hope the letter is sufficiently direct and not too long, and that, if you approve, you will place it in Mr. Lanier's hands, with my apologies for disturbing him.'

Mr. Morgan consented to be approached. On March 9, 1901, McKim wrote:

My dear Mr. Morgan: Referring to our conversation at your house a few days since, in relation to the American Academy in

Rome, and the kind consent to the use of your name, so far as approval of its aims and work are concerned, I write to say that I have, since I saw you, consulted with the Executive Committee of the Academy, as to the best manner in which the Academy might avail itself of this expression of interest on your part — without placing you under further obligation.

In view of the effort to be made East and West for the purpose of establishing the Academy upon a permanent and National foundation, the Committee feel that your consent to the use of your name as a member of the Board of Trustees would prove of incalculable aid and advantage in securing for the Academy public recognition throughout the country.

I am requested to add that the Committee have been drawn to this conclusion as much by your prominent interest in matters of Art as because of your interest in other directions.

I would hesitate to approach you again so soon had you not invited me to write you further on the subject.

Believe me, Yours very truly,

C. F. McKim

J. P. Morgan, Esq.

After waiting vainly during two long weeks for an answer, McKim wrote to 'My dear Appleton':

I know how busy a man Mr. Morgan is, and how little claim I have upon him, but through your kind offices he has permitted the matter to go so far, and I think he owes an answer — Yes or No — to the Academy Trustees before his departure for the other side.

Mr. Morgan sailed without giving the least sign, and the old grind of getting bread and butter was resumed. McKim was indomitable. He was the Academy incarnate. Through his whole being he felt the absolute necessity of providing for American youth the opportunity to educate themselves thoroughly in Art. Such was the doctrine he preached; and, what was more to the point, he practiced it in the monumental buildings he created, each instinct with the life of to-day and yet each tracing descent from a noble and beautiful ancestry.

Meantime McKim had been drawn into the work of planning the City of Washington. At the insistence of Burnham, the Washington Commission made a quick but leisurely trip to Europe; and for the second time Burnham and McKim were together in Rome. It was late in June, and of the students only Breck and Pulsifer were in town. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott were in

Venice, where the members of the Washington Commission spent enjoyable days and evenings with them.

Late in August, while the Washington work was absorbing McKim's time and thought, Waldo Story came from Rome for a round of American visits. To Abbott, then at Wellesley Hills, McKim wrote:

The time has come when the Academy Committee must meet and definitely thresh out means to live on for the next three years. . . . I do not believe we shall be able to raise $750,000 at present, but I do fully believe that we can raise enough of it to secure the rest, and I sincerely hope that Story will be able and willing to interest Pierpont Morgan in the subscription. Story wires that he will be in Newport till the first days of September. If you can spend a day in Newport, wire me and I will communicate with Story. Mr. Walters is now there and we can see him at the same time.

The meeting took place and a campaign was organized. On October 7, 1901, McKim wrote to Burnham:

Waldo Story has been very active in behalf of the Academy in Rome, and has been seeing Messrs. Elkins and Widener in Philadelphia, and Mr. Robinson, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's partner, and Mr. Morgan himself, in New York. The latter has asked to see, on his return from California, a list of those who have been associated with the work and who have taken an interest in the future endowment. He has agreed to head the list, but has not yet made any subscription. However, his going thus far is agreed by those nearest him with whom I have spoken to mean that he may be counted on for support. Everything depends on striking him, on his return, in the right way. The names I am proposing to furnish him are: Walters, Schermerhorn, Mrs. Victor Sorchan, as founders who, having already given, promise assistance for the future. . . . If you can get Marshall Field or Frick, or both, to let their names go down, please wire me and I will send the list to Story.

It was not until November 23, 1901, that McKim could write to Mr. Henry Walters:

I send you herewith the American Academy list headed by Mr. Morgan, whose signature was obtained through Mr. Story's efforts of 48 hours ago.

If you remain of the same heart and mind, will you kindly add your name, as suggested by yourself, immediately under Mr. Morgan's? With these two names, and before calling together the Finance Committee, we propose to immediately canvass New York, with a view to the addition of such of the names out of the list prepared a year ago as we may be able to see.

The paper headed by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Walters reads:

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

France, Germany and other countries have owed their artistic development for generations to National Academies fostering the Fine Arts, established by them in Rome.

In view of the success attending the beginnings of an AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME, founded on the same general lines, privately supported since 1894, incorporated in 1897, and lately endorsed by the State Department of the National Government:

We the undersigned believe that the time has arrived when this country is ready for its permanent establishment and endowment and that such an institution would prove of incalculable value in building up national standards of taste.

J. Pierpont Morgan
Henry Walters

The next thing was to have Mr. Story notify Mr. Morgan that the Executive Committee had decided unanimously to place his name in nomination as a member of the Board of Trustees at the forthcoming annual meeting. McKim wrote Story that he favored a notification — not a request —

First, because such nomination and election is not unusual; and, second, because it does not require an answer from Mr. Morgan, unless he should object, in which case we shall hear from him quick enough!

A case in point was my election this year [1901] at the Convention of Architects in Buffalo to the office of President of the Institute without consulting me.

Mr. Morgan made no objection to his election as Trustee; and by this time contributions for running expenses had to be supplemented less frequently by members of the Board.

To Theodore N. Ely McKim wrote, on March 27, 1902:

I am sure you will be glad to hear that Mr. Morgan called me up on the telephone last night, requesting me to meet him at his house this morning, which I did, in relation to a house for his daughter, also a private library for himself, to be built as a separate structure, all upon the block on which his house stands. You can imagine my pleasure, not so much for this expression of confidence as for the assurance it gives me of the support of the Academy. We had but a few words on the subject, but they were an intimation that he intends to take it up.

Then to Mead, who had just been in Rome, McKim wrote, April 2, 1902, for the first time in regard to the Academy:

I am glad you approve of the idea of an American Academy in Rome, and that you took the trouble to canvass the ground with Abbott and Story. In the bill now before Congress, introduced by Senator McMillan, re-incorporating the Academy as a National institution, with headquarters in Washington, I trust you will be contented with the appearance of your name in company with the names of John Hay, J. Pierpont Morgan, Elihu Root, Marshall Field, Charles Francis Adams, and the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, University of Michigan, University of Chicago, *et autres!* Among them Thomas Hastings!!!!!!!! This split in the Beaux Arts ranks is a conspiracy perpetrated by La Farge, Saint-Gaudens and myself, and is considered to be a masterpiece. Of course Stanford is with us. The whole thing has taken a tremendous jump, and when you talk about something being done to put it on its feet, you are, you will observe, not only ungrateful, but talking through your hat! For the first time, let me tell you, we have enough money in bank to carry us not only through this year's but also next year's running expenses. Mr. McMillan has recently promised to take part in raising the foundation, and Mr. Morgan, in Mr. Lanier's presence the other morning, at his home, said that his subscription would be '*all right.*' Mr. Lanier came into the room where we were talking to say that he would be an Incorporator. I hope you have found something which the Committee can consider and which will be practicable on which studios can be built.

While the moral support of Mr. Morgan did not result in an immediate gift of money from him, it inspired such confidence in the supporters of the Academy that they had less difficulty in raising sums sufficient for current needs. But there were difficulties in Rome. The students, what few there were, felt the need of an artist as Director; and the trustees agreed that the time had come to carry out the original intention to have an artist at the head. Again, the Villa dell' Aurora had become inconvenient for school uses; and it could not be purchased for a reasonable price, so that it could be made suitable. Therefore it was decided to sublet the villa from June 1 ensuing.

It so happened that in April, 1903, McKim had secured from the New York University Club an allowance of $25,000 to decorate the club library; and H. Siddons Mowbray was at work in Rome on the decorations. McKim wrote him:

Every reason made us turn to you: your reputation as an artist, your presence in Rome for an extended period in the fulfilment of a great commission, your experience as a teacher, your Trusteeship

in the Academy — all suggested you as the very best man we could hope to have. I was instructed by the Trustees to convey to you their urgent appeal that you should, at least for a shorter if not for a longer period, act as Director, so far as your other work will permit, thus enabling us to bridge over a period which otherwise may prove disastrous. Saint-Gaudens is now writing you a very serious letter to this effect, begging you to come to the assistance of the Trustees at this juncture. As a matter of fact, until more students appear the time and labor involved can hardly be more than nominal, while it is of the utmost importance that we have some authorized representative in Rome who will stand for the enterprise. Moreover, the Trustees are now considering a plan to raise a sufficient fund to send, at the end of the present summer, nine men to Rome (three in architecture, three in painting and three in sculpture), and believe that if this can be accomplished, with an artist at the head, the task of raising the endowment will become immediately easier.

Mr. Mowbray at first declined, but was prevailed upon to take the directorship temporarily. Parting from Mr. Abbott was a personal grief to McKim. Since the inception of the Boston Library in 1887 the two had worked together in closest harmony and sympathy; and yet both realized that the situation required a change in policy. Mr. Abbott never has lost his interest in the work of the Academy, and to this day retains happy relations with the institution. On his annual return to America he turned affairs over to Mr. Mowbray.

McKim had given Mr. Mowbray a letter to Ambassador Meyer, an honorary Trustee of the Academy, who already had been informed of the artist's plans in regard to his own work and the Academy. Mowbray said to the Ambassador that 'we took the Academy very seriously at home, and that the Trustees especially desired him [Mowbray] to help it along while he was in Rome. He knew that good work had been done and he thought an exhibition of this work, such as the other Academies held annually, would call attention to it.' 'Well,' answered the Ambassador, 'you can count on my help.'[1] Happily, Mrs. Mowbray kept a diary of her Roman experiences, and extracts from it are given here:

1903. *October* 6. *Villa dell' Aurora.* We left the detestable apartment of the Countess di Brazza on October 4, and here we are living.

[1] *H. Siddons Mowbray, Mural Painter,* 1928, p. 77.

It is a most charming place, the garden is lovely and no place could be more livable than the house, so pleasantly and agreeably arranged. With our own six chairs and some rented furniture we have made ourselves very comfortable, but of course so elegant a place needs plenty of furnishings, particularly in the way of hangings, rugs, etc. The villa was the casino of the Palazzo Ludovisi; it is called the Aurora on account of a painting in the entrance hall by Guercino (very bad). There are also decorations in the large salon, commemorating the making of the Gregorian calendar. We have selected one of the best rooms as a reading-room for the students and shall try to make them feel that the Academy is their home.

H[arry] has just started on his last large lunette. [For the New York University Club Library.]

October 11. H. to-day received a very satisfactory letter from Mr. McKim, saying that he had received and deposited a cheque for the second payment on the University Club work. He seemed greatly pleased with H.'s plans for the American Academy, the exhibition, etc.; and even hoped he might come over to it. It was a most welcome letter in every respect. I enjoy living here very much, the air is so fresh, the garden so charming, and the house we have made ourselves very comfortable in.

November 15. We have been busy with arrangements for the Exhibition. How much patience one needs in doing anything here. Everything has to be talked over so many times with so many people, and every one in the household must talk it over too, even if it does not concern them; nothing is direct.

November 21. I had some of the students' friends to tea; about 20 people were here and every one seemed to enjoy it. It was the first social affair the students had ever had.

December 10. Monday, H. and I went out to leave cards. On reaching home we found that Mr. Meyer had called and left word for H. to telephone him. The Ambassador asked if the exhibition was sure to be good. H. assured him that it was all right. Mr. M. said that he was to have an audience with the King the next day and he should ask him if he would come. We heard nothing on Tuesday until late in the afternoon, when Cortesi, chief of the Associated Press, called. We were not expecting news from him. He said: 'I hear the King is to open your exhibition. I called to learn something more about it.' H. said: 'Ah! I did not know.' 'Oh, yes, he will be most pleased to come, sometime during the first week in January — and possibly the Queen.' We were tremendously excited, and found it difficult to eat dinner — it was not our pleasure that we altogether considered, but were naughty enough to think of the discomfort it would give to some people! Sig. Cortesi cabled that night to New York, so that the item would be in the papers on the 9th. A letter from the Embassy yesterday confirmed the news.

1904. *January* 14. The opening of the Academy took place on the 11th. The day was beautiful. All was ready for the King by 9 o'clock. The guests were asked for 9.45, and they began arriving at that time rapidly and promptly. There were some 30 or 35 people invited — all the ministers of the Italian Cabinet, presidents of the House of Deputies and of the Senate, the heads of the different art societies, directors of the French and Spanish schools, trustees of the Academy, and others. As soon as Mrs. Meyer and her daughter arrived I went down and was introduced to Tittoni, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to Prince Colonna, the Sindaco of Rome. Mrs. Meyer was distrait and nervous, and so was the Ambassador. Mrs. Meyer, as usual, was well-gowned, in tailor-made black velvet. The three students came in sack coats, much to the displeasure of Mr. Meyer. I was quite vexed.

Promptly at 10 o'clock Mr. Meyer said: 'Le Roi.' Instantly all the men were off with their overcoats (for it was very cold in the Sala dell' Aurora, where the reception took place) and flung them into the cloakroom. Royalty came in an open landau, accompanied by Bensati, the first aide-de-camp to the King. The Queen came in first and seemed surprisingly tall and a beautiful woman, with a particularly lovely expression. She was closely followed by the King. He is small, and short in the legs; his head and face are fine; he is decidedly blond. He wore a long cape over his uniform. His whole bearing was dignified and kingly, in spite of his size, which they say he feels keenly. The Queen at once shook hands with Mrs. Meyer and her daughter. Mr. M. presented me and then Harry. I courtesied and kissed her hand, and H. bowed and kissed her hand. They do it very quickly, as if they wanted it over. Directly after, we were presented to the King. I simply courtesied. The presentation over, Mr. Meyer gave the Queen his arm, and the King, Mrs. M.'s daughter, H. and I followed. The Queen was dressed in dark blue, a coat three-quarters length of velvet, sable tippet — in no way remarkable or modish. Mr. Meyer had several times remarked that the narrow spiral staircase would be difficult for the King's weak legs, — and I could see that it was. H. accompanied the King and Queen with Mr. Meyer through the different rooms. The King speaks English and very rapidly; the Queen speaks French. H. found them both perfectly natural and charming, she being the more appreciative of the work. When they reached the room where H.'s work was, she seemed greatly interested; she noticed particularly the relief work, saying that it was appliquéd and asking how it was done. 'This is for a *circolo*,' said the King, who seemed to know about it. 'How many pieces are there, and how long have you been here at work?' 'A year and a half,' answered H. 'You must have worked night and day.' 'Only days, your Majesty.' 'Will the Academy remain here at the Villa Aurora?' asked the King. 'Yes,' was the prompt answer. H. says it must! The affair was all finished in a half hour. Their Majesties went down

stairs; we followed and stood in line and courtesied and bowed and kissed the Queen's hand. We had certainly dreaded it, but found it not so awful after all.

The Director of the French Academy, Guillaume, looked very old and feeble, and very sad, for he had just heard of the death of Gerôme, who had died the day before. He was pleased when told that H. was a pupil of Gerôme.

For the dinner the same night the table was laid in the large sala of the villa, where the mural decorations commemorate events in the life of Gregory XIII. There were twenty-five plates. Mr. Meyer sat opposite H. On H.'s right was the Conte di San Martino, President of the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia; on his left, Appoloni. On Mr. Meyer's right (at first) was Monteverde, a senator; on his left Pavia, a deputy. As they were about to sit down, Pavia informed them that Des Planches, the Italian Ambassador to the United States, had just arrived at the Hotel Quirinal. Thereupon Pavia despatched a note which brought the Ambassador — in morning clothes. A place was made for him on Mr. Meyer's right. When he realized the importance of the function, he insisted on returning to his hotel and putting on evening garb. The menu was excellent — everything except the Bordeaux! Ambassador Meyer gave the toast to the King, and Des Planches, speaking in French, toasted President Roosevelt. Monteverde and the Conte di San Martino spoke charmingly, followed by Lanciani, all three speaking in excellent English, an accomplishment usual with educated Italians, whose first nurse or governess is an English woman.

'Mowbray, it was magnificent!' exclaimed the critical Waldo Story; and that night he and Mr. Meyer cabled Mr. McKim that the affair was a tremendous success. Elihu Vedder said the King himself could have done no better. For three days the exhibition was the thing to go to in Rome. The Italians were delightfully kind and most courteous. I wish I could say as much for the Americans living in Rome.

Ambassador Meyer having suggested the Villa Mirafiori as a suitable home for the Academy, McKim visited the villa in August, 1904, and gave to Mowbray his opinion that,

while not ideal in the sense of the Medici or Albani, it is three times as good for our purposes as the Aurora and just that proportion larger — well shaded, with good buildings, and fully justifies Meyer's representations concerning it. Moreover, a proper and quite sufficiently dignified home for the National Academy until such time as our work performed shall justify the acquiring of one of the great estates. This we can wait for, but it seems to me more and more that we cannot wait a moment longer to secure some kind of a permanent

home *before* the bill comes up for passage in the House of Representatives in December. Without a home, the passage of our bill leaves us still in a tentative position; but *with a permanent home* the passage of the bill will certainly arouse a degree of public interest that cannot fail to make the raising of the endowment much easier.

To this end, therefore, if we can agree, and Meyer being about to sail, it seems to me of the first consequence that we have a meeting with Mr. Walters before Meyer sails. At that time he can reiterate and enlarge upon what he has already stated, and I can make my reports with the plots and plans of the buildings and grounds I have brought back with me. I have written Saint-Gaudens and Meyer, and if we cannot get a fuller meeting we shall be sufficient to bring the situation home to Walters, so that some action can be taken on Meyer's return to Rome.

I am sending this to the University Club, to be forwarded to you. Let me know where I can find you. I am most anxious to see you and talk it all over, and to see your *chef d'œuvre* in the library of the Club. *Con tante salute.*

In a letter to Burnham, who had consented to go to the Philippines at the request of the Secretary of War, William H. Taft, to remodel the City of Manila and to lay out the summer capital at Baguio, McKim wrote, September 12, 1904:

My dear Daniel: Though not from yourself, I am delighted to hear from Charles Moore of your commission to the Philippines, and before you turn your face to the far West, or, as Moore puts it, 'the further East,' I want to write and add my hearty congratulations to the country and to yourself on this happy decision.

I have a great admiration for Mr. Taft, and have expressed myself to him under another cover.

With best wishes for your success, and hoping to see you before your departure, I am, Yours ever

Charles McKim

P.S. You will be glad to hear that the Academy has had a recent boom (not to be mentioned outside of the Committee until negotiations are completed) in the advent of a real patron, Henry Walters, who has within a few days offered to advance money for the purchase of a permanent home. Several properties have been under consideration, but the one most likely to be secured is that of the 'Villa Mirafiore' — just outside the Porte Pia, with buildings in good condition, space ample for the purpose, grounds well laid out, with fine old shade trees, and surrounded by a high wall. The negotiations are in the hands of our Ambassador, and I saw the Villa while in Rome, where I spent four days in July. I feel sure that it will meet with the ap-

VILLA MIRAFIORE

Purchased by Mr. Henry Walters for the American Academy in Rome

THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME ON THE JANICULUM

proval of all concerned. It was strongly recommended by Director Mowbray. The public announcement of the passage of the bill and the purchase of a permanent home are results that we may hope before Jan. 1st to congratulate ourselves upon, within ten years of the inception of the enterprise at the time of the Fair.

I have been meaning to write you for several days, but have been in Montreal and Boston, and you must excuse the delay.

McK.

The purchase of the Villa Mirafiore came about on this wise: In the spring of 1902, Mr. Walters had many conversations with Mr. McKim and Mr. Frank D. Millet and much correspondence in regard to the American Academy in Rome, which resulted in Mr. Walters's agreeing to make the Academy a loan of $100,000 to purchase the Villa dell' Aurora. Its location was found to be impracticable and a new location at the Villa Mirafiore was decided upon. Mr. Walters agreed to increase his loan to $125,000, and to cover contingencies placed $130,000 with his bankers to the credit of Mr. John L. Cadwalader, who happened to be leaving for Rome, the loan to be without interest. Mr. Cadwalader and afterwards Mr. Henry White, then the American Ambassador, arranged the transfer, completing it June 30, 1906. Of the amount loaned to the Academy by Mr. Walters, $100,000 was transferred in his name to the endowment fund, and $25,000 was contributed to a fund of $100,000 raised by subscription and transferred as a contribution from Charles McKim to the endowment fund. Mr. Walters's lien on the Mirafiore property was cancelled when Mr. Morgan purchased the large property on the Janiculum which he gave to the Academy, and the latter was given a lien on the Mirafiore, which matured when that property was sold. Later the Morgans, senior and junior, transferred to the endowment fund not only the amount realized from the sale of the Mirafiore but a very much larger amount loaned the Academy for the construction of new buildings, which loans the Morgans afterwards cancelled.[1]

[1] Henry Walters, MS. letter to C. Moore, Jan. 19, 1929.

CHAPTER XV

THE SENATE PARK COMMISSION PLAN FOR WASHINGTON

Daniel Burnham, who never hurried and never rested, came into the Century Club on the evening of March 21, 1901, in search of Charles McKim. There Burnham found John La Farge, and together they went over to McKim's house. Burnham told McKim about the Washington project and the opportunity offered to do a service to the country the like of which had not occurred since the time when the national capital had been laid out under the immediate direction of President Washington. The Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, Burnham said, was charged with preparing a plan for the development of the park system, including the location of future public buildings. The committee was authorized to employ experts; he had been selected as chairman and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., was to handle the landscape end; McKim had been suggested as the third member, a suggestion more than pleasing to Burnham. Would he join?

It was after one o'clock in the morning when the talk ended with McKim virtually agreeing to come in, as he did formally in this letter, addressed to Burnham and Olmsted jointly, written on March 25 from Philadelphia:

> Your request that I be associated with the Commission appointed by the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, to recommend a park system, comes to me in such a manner that, while it involves serious disturbance of office [work] and sacrifice of personal engagements, I feel that, in view of its National character, I have no right to decline, and after consultation with my partners, desire to say that I am prepared to act with you.
>
> C. F. McKim
>
> Mr. McKim assumes that the expenses of the Commission will be covered; also that arrangements can be made by which the plans can be studied without necessitating visits to Boston.

Of the three men, Mr. Olmsted was the only one who had made any study whatever of the Washington problem. In a paper read before the American Institute of Architects in

December, 1900, he outlined a general treatment of the Mall calculated to restore that park connection between the Capitol and the White House originally planned by L'Enfant — a treatment fundamentally the same as the one adopted.[1] He contended that 'the solution of the general problem involved in the revision of the Mall demands months of careful study and consideration by able and appreciative men.' And he urged a return to the L'Enfant plan of 1792, saying:

> Here is a great plan not hastily sketched nor by a man of narrow views and little foresight. It is a plan with the authority of a century behind it, to which we can all demand undeviating adherence in the future; a plan prepared by the hand of L'Enfant, but under the constant, direct, personal guidance of one whose technical knowledge of surveying placed the problem completely within his grasp, and who brought to its solution the same clear insight, deep wisdom, and forethought that gave preëminence in the broader fields of war and statesmanship to the name of George Washington.

The movement for the improvement of Washington in the American Institute of Architects was coincident with the celebration by Congress of the one hundredth anniversary of the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to the District of Columbia in 1800. Legislation for the creation of a commission to prepare a plan having failed by reason of a multitude of councillors, the Senate Committee obtained authority to proceed in the same fashion that it had followed in numerous similar instances, with the result outlined by Burnham to McKim.

The problem presented to the Senate Park Commission (as it came to be called) was twofold: first to recover as much as possible of the sadly mutilated L'Enfant Plan; and, secondly, to provide a harmonious development of that plan beyond the confines of the old city as defined by President Washington, which had been so outgrown that the population had spread itself over the entire District of Columbia. The original conception of Washington as a well ordered, unified, dignified capital had been lost sight of. Even in locating so important a feature

[1] Papers relating to the improvement of the City of Washington. Compiled by Glenn Brown, Secretary of the American Institute of Architects; with an introduction by Charles Moore, Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia; 56th Congress, 2d session. Senate Document No. 94. 1901.

as the Washington Monument, the builders had either forgotten or had ignored the site fixed by L'Enfant on the crossing of the Capitol axis with that of the White House, thus destroying the unity of that most important composition. Moreover, Congress had located a steam railway station and its tracks in the Mall itself, thus dismembering that vital connection. These were two of many disintegrating influences.

To Olmsted, McKim expressed the fear that his 'relation to the commission would be one of restricted usefulness.' Once embarked, however, he immediately began a detailed, systematic study of that portion of the problem with which he was particularly competent to deal — the relation of public buildings and monuments to landscape. Within nine months, under his direct personal supervision and in his New York office, the plans agreed upon by the Commission after discussion were worked out. These particular plans included the treatment of the central composition of the City of Washington, including the location, design and setting of a memorial to Abraham Lincoln and a Memorial Bridge to Arlington; the design of the Washington Monument gardens; the formal treatment of the Mall, including the creation of a new axis and cross-axis, to replace the destroyed L'Enfant axes; the restoration of the L'Enfant plaza on the west of the Capitol grounds, together with the change of location of the proposed memorial to General Grant from the Ellipse south of the White House to the head of the Mall. All these elements were related one to the others in such fashion as to form a unified system based on sound logic and to express the power and dignity of the Nation.

The utter absorption of McKim in this work of creation during its progress was such as to draw from the storehouse of his mind every appropriate bit of information furnished by observation and experience during an active life of combined study and practice. Highly resolved never to sacrifice anything of the essence, he produced an ideal study, the main elements of which already have been accomplished, while others are on the way to realization. A comparison of his original designs with the executed work must raise the question as to whether the few departures in detail are not in the nature of a sacrifice rather than an improvement.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, MEMORIAL BRIDGE, WATER GATE, AND DRIVEWAY TO ROCK CREEK PARK AS DESIGNED BY CHARLES McKIM IN 1901 AND NOW BEING CARRIED OUT

From Burnham and Olmsted he got vitally important co-operation, in criticisms and suggestions. He visualized the problem both as a whole and in its several parts, and then he worked it out as he worked out all his creative problems, both in its controlling theory and in its details. That he followed so tenaciously both the L'Enfant plan and the work done later by Bulfinch was due to his recognition of the mastery of those earlier men and his respect for noble precedents. He strove not for originality but for perfection.

The first meeting of the commission was held on April 6. Four days later McKim wrote to Wendell Garrison:

> The Washington business opens with great promise, and the probable support of the President [McKinley] and of Secretaries Root and Gage. Opposition will doubtless develop as work proceeds, but I am satisfied that we shall have strong friends. The commission on one of the days met in the office of the Secretary of War, and afterwards adjourned to the White House with Mr. Root, who introduced us to the President. The President received us cordially and spoke without hesitation in favor of preserving the works of Washington's time. I do not think you will hear any more of proposed alterations to the White House.

Then to Prescott Butler, McKim wrote:

> I have just returned from Washington after three most interesting days with Burnham and Olmsted over the District of Columbia problem. If half of what is talked of can be carried through it will make the Capital City one of the most beautiful centers in the world. The work of education still requires many years, but the essential thing, whatever time it may take, is to bring about a general plan, which, as Senator McMillan (who has charge of it) says, shall be made official by Act of Congress, and along whose lines the appropriations voted by Congress can be expended from time to time hereafter until it is completed.

The Chicago Fair work taught both Burnham and McKim the value of Saint-Gaudens's advice in matters of scale and the location of monuments and statues. It was inevitable that as the Washington work developed Saint-Gaudens would be called in. McKim wrote to Burnham on June 1:

> Saint-Gaudens has been stopping with me since his return from Washington, and I have therefore seen more of him than for a long time past. We have 'reminisced' as much as you might expect from

two old fellows of questionable health, past 50, and have gone over the last 25 years since I first met him, an obscure, would-be Sculptor with his first commission! Enough of histories, as you may imagine — bright and tragic, diverting and enthralling — to pass the time. Such a lot of gossip as you never heard.

But besides this companionship, his visits to the office and keen interest in the Washington work have been invaluable; and this leads me, knowing well your sentiments towards him, to make the proposition that we join him with us in the work of the Commission, in order that he may assist us, not only for the value of his counsel in many directions, but because the question of 'SITES,' demanded in our report, is one which refers as much to sculpture as to architecture, and should be determined by the highest authority in the land.

I would suggest that he be made a full member of the Commission, and believe, as I am sure you will, that the addition would materially strengthen, and add weight, in the final judgment of Congress, as well as that of the public, to the forthcoming report of the Commission. Saint-Gaudens has already so deeply manifested his interest in the outcome of this enterprise that I feel certain, if invited to collaborate with us, he would without hesitation accept. I speak thus confidently, having sounded him upon the subject. If you agree, why not write to Senator McMillan at once, suggesting that Augustus Saint-Gaudens be invited to become a full member of the Commission?

So, without formality, Saint-Gaudens was made a fourth member of the Commission. On June 11, McKim wrote to him:

I hope you will be able to join us on Monday, as the skeleton of the general scheme for the Mall will be discussed, and if possible accepted as the basis for future development. It is of the utmost importance that the question of the establishment of permanent sites for the Lincoln and the Grant especially should be reached at this meeting, and to do this effectively your presence and authority are most needful. In Burnham's letter he urges that you should be present if possible, and as this will be our last opportunity before sailing I hope you will make an effort to come.

. . . I say nothing about Europe, because it is unnecessary to add how much it would delight me, as well as Burnham, to have you join us. Moreover, the Cook's Tourist character of the trip might not be the best thing for you at this stage of your recovery. You will know best.

The trip to Europe had been insisted upon by Burnham at the very first meeting of the Commission, and at that time he had obtained the assent of Senator McMillan. At that time a European visit at public expense was almost unprecedented.

Preliminary to the European studies, Burnham, McKim, and Olmsted had been taken on the lighthouse tender Holly to the historic mansions on Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac and James rivers.[1] 'I don't know how it will be possible for us to properly do this enormously important work which has been entrusted to our hands,' wrote Burnham to McKim, 'unless we make an effort to refresh our minds for the sake of it, and how else can we refresh our minds except by seeing, with the Washington work in view, all those large things done by others in the same line? A foreign trip would be less necessary to you than to me, but even in your case it cannot fail to afford you inspiration; and surely the Government, and especially our great Uncle George, has the right to expect of us the very best we can give.'

The party sailed on the Deutschland on June 13. There were Burnham, McKim, Olmsted, and Charles Moore.[2]

The itinerary of the journey, drawn up by Olmsted, was based on the work of André Le Nôtre, whose mastery of landscape in connection with buildings was displayed not only in historic gardens in France, but also in Rome and England. Olmsted brought a long tin cylinder full of maps of the District of Columbia; and a tripod camera with a special lens; and no sooner had the pilot gone over the side than Burnham piped all hands to conference and work began that day. The party had staterooms on the boat-deck; and the quartette lunched and usually dined in the little upper-deck grill-room, where the food was as light as it was good, and talk was uninterrupted. Meantime the Deutschland was beating the eastern record for speed; the sea was smooth and Burnham and McKim were not called

[1] The details of this trip are related in the *Life of Burnham*, I, 144 *et seq.*

[2] Charles Moore had been the political secretary of Senator McMillan for eleven years, and was accustomed to act for him in matters relating to the District of Columbia. He had drawn the legislation under which the Commission was acting, had made up a tentative schedule of the projects to be included in the report, and was expected to have a hand in the realization of those projects in legislation. Moreover, he was responsible to Senator McMillan, who advanced the money for the expenses of the Commission, taking chances on being reimbursed by the Senate. He accompanied the party at the insistence of Burnham, who desired to make use of Moore's familiarity with the District of Columbia and its affairs.

The voluminous correspondence relating to the Senate Park Commission, including the personal letters of Burnham, McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and Olmsted to C. Moore, are in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress.

upon to make good their repeated boasts that they were poor sailors. Every day the maps were spread and the Washington projects were discussed. It was eight years since Burnham and McKim had worked on the Chicago Fair; in 1896 they had spent some days together in Rome, on Burnham's first visit to Europe; and they were now united in their efforts to keep burning the flickering torch of the American Academy in Rome.

Burnham's mind worked on a grand scale. He saw things in the large. McKim always acquiesced; he never contradicted; but when his logical mind began to work, quite hesitatingly he would offer suggestions which seemed only an expansion of the original idea, or perhaps a little better way of arriving at the intended result. Olmsted, being younger and possessing a brain fertile in expedients, offered many variations on the themes.[1] At the outset, Moore ventured to suggest that the ideas were too overpowering to receive consideration in Congress; but he was silenced if not then convinced by Burnham's downright assertion that it was the business and duty of the Commission to make the very finest plans their minds could conceive. The future, he maintained, would prove even those plans all too small; and that the time (if ever) to compromise was after the large plans had been made. McKim did not agree formally with Burnham, because that was the way he himself worked.

The run from Plymouth over to Cherbourg was like pushing through a mill-pond. As the belated train rushed through the Norman villages and across fields, big and little, marked out by trees trimmed till they looked like flag-poles, McKim settled back in a cozy corner of the railway carriage, and in his slow, hesitating way discoursed of the early Gothic church-builders; of the inspiration of mingled religion and civic pride that caused them to undertake their great works; and of the simple, direct way in which they went about their tasks, before the fifteenth century builders set about putting on ornaments for the mere sake of ornament. These men had their day and the world has the history — the splendid history; but we shall

[1] The long-continued, highly intelligent, disinterested services of Frederick Law Olmsted, senior and junior, to the national capital are beyond estimate. The name stands for combined training, good taste, and initiative.

never go back to the Gothic, because it neither satisfies the manifold needs of to-day nor does it represent present moods of thought. It must give place to a universal style.

He told the story of a party of Beaux Arts students going from Paris to Chartres one Sunday, carrying with them Lowell's new poem, 'The Cathedral.' Into the west tower, which is particularly described, they climbed, and read the poet's descriptions with all the fervor of youth. On returning to America, Mr. McKim saw Mr. Lowell at breakfast in a hotel. Full of ardor, he introduced himself and related the incident; and with pride drew from his pocket some sketches he had made. 'Ah, yes,' said Mr. Lowell, most graciously, 'we poets *write* about cathedrals — you architects *build* them.' McKim went away from the interview immensely pleased; afterwards he came to wonder if there was not a twinkle in Mr. Lowell's eye as he answered a complacent youth.

It was still dark on the morning of June 20, when the travelers rattled over the Paris cobblestones on the way to Hotel Continental. McKim had telegraphed for rooms high up, on the garden-side of the hotel. As the light began to break in the east, he hurried his party out on the little iron balconies. Below was the dark wood of the Garden of the Tuileries, and at the right the long line of the New Palace. One by one objects emerged from the gloom and took place in the city — the Eiffel Tower, the Ferris Wheel; next the Palace of Justice. The golden dome of Les Invalides caught the rays of the rising sun, then the twin spires of Saint-Sulpice. The architectural enormities of the Orléans Station fastened themselves in the landscape. Then the calm towers of Notre Dame at the left of the picture gave to the whole scene permanence, stability, and aspiration. 'Notre Dame,' said McKim, 'gives character to Paris; it expresses the soul of France.'

McKim, happy at being back in Paris, reveled in the singular unity of the city — in the long vistas, the use of trees, the location of public buildings, the squares, arches, columns, all so interwoven as to form one pattern — an overpoweringly elaborate, intricate, and ornamented pattern.

That night the party started for Rome. As the train skirted the shores of Lake Geneva, the spell of the Alps, mirrored in

the still waters, the majesty of the snow-clad Dent du Midi, and the somber grandeur of the Rhone Valley seemed to mark the transition from the workaday world of to-day to the enchanted realms of the remote yet ever-living Past. In that universal world, in which time and space are but modes of the mind, McKim lived and moved and had his being. He knew how to extract from the surroundings the utmost degree of both pleasure and comfort, and to bestow those blessings on his companions. He saw to it that they had the best rooms in the hotels, the seats with the best outlook in train or at table. His command of spoken French made him the natural leader; and he had an uncanny prescience in the discovery of ways and means to obliterate himself while he provided for the entertainment of the others. In time one became accustomed to these characteristic qualities; but those first days were a revelation of unselfishness and thoughtfulness.

In Rome June suns are scorching. Burnham said to that best of couriers, Raffaello Vanelli, 'To-morrow we must have two carriages with large, light-colored umbrellas.' Vanelli protested that there were no such combinations in Rome. 'That,' said Burnham, 'is not the question. We shall expect to have just those carriages at the door of the Quirinal Hotel to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.' There they were; and in them the party navigated Rome in comfort. Indeed, although the sun blistered, the atmosphere was much drier than humid Washington, and under the shade of the ilex trees the Italian air had a sparkling, exhilarating quality; so that from early breakfast till late dinner not an hour of the eight days in Rome was wasted on rest. And even after the leisurely repast, served in the common room allotted to the party, and after the last cigars, McKim was always ready for just one more smoke and another hour of talk.

The first visit in Rome naturally was to the American Academy, then housed in the Villa Aurora. Mr. Abbott, the Director, was in Venice, and of the students only Mr. Breck and Mr. Pulsifer were at the school. From the tower one looks down on the Villa Medici, where the French students have their splendid home. Across the many-domed city the great dome of Saint Peter's rises, serenely conscious of its own preëminence.

At the left the Alban Hills rise in their eternal majesty, while at the right old Soracte lifts its lazy head in true Horatian fashion.

They lingered long in the great plaza of Saint Peter's, where, notwithstanding the immense scale, the proportions are so cunningly devised that the balance is kept with nicety. Bramante's encircling colonnades [1] and the great fountains (where wind-blown spray, falling outside the basin, induces delicate moss to cover the paving stones) excited Mr. McKim's admiration afresh. In Rome, little refinements appealed so strongly to his nature that they seemed a part of his very life. Mr. Burnham had a different point of view. Thought of the strength, power, and mastery of imperial Rome made him walk erect. All day he kept putting the Latin words to S. P. Q. R.; and through his head was running his favorite quotation: 'You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

The great American eagle on the special passports pried open the gates of the Villa Medici, where the French Prix de Rome men spend delightful years — architects, painters, sculptors, and engravers. Two black-eyed Roman models, curious about the strangers from overseas, would appear around some hedge-corner, dart a hasty glance and then glide away. At the Baptistery of Saint John Lateran the bronze doors (taken from the Baths of Caracalla) make music as they turn on their hinges. These were the models for the six doors Daniel French was then making for the Boston Public Library, each with its single Greek figure, so wrought that the effect would be that of a rubbed coin — the figures themselves looking, as McKim put it, 'good enough to eat!' The Boston Library, he said, is a series of steals from Rome. When he got the commission he knew nothing of Renaissance architecture, and what he then knew he learned in Rome!

One particularly hot afternoon, as the quartette reclined in the shade of the towering brick walls and arches that remain of the once luxurious Baths of Caracalla, the talk fell on an approaching meeting with President Cassatt that had been arranged in London, and the probabilities that he would yield to

[1] While he was designing the Pennsylvania Station in New York, Mr. McKim said that he kept in mind these colonnades and the façade of the Bank of England!

persuasion and move the Pennsylvania Station back to a location south of the Mall. Notwithstanding that Burnham had been told bluntly by railroad officials that he was employed to design the station, not to locate it, he was ready to renew the attack in the light of the larger plans for Washington. The then uncharted sea of city-planning looked vast and uncertain. Burnham could not imagine that within four years he would be building a station finer in itself and finer in its location than any other ever built. Nor could McKim dream that he would be called upon to design, as a gateway to the American metropolis, the largest building ever constructed at one time, with one of its rooms as big as the nave of Saint Peter's. Nor could Olmsted guess that one day a mountain sloping to the sea would be given him to make into a town. Looking back to that afternoon, it seems as if the very spirit of Rome — its ordered bigness, its grandeur, its essence of the eternal — stole into their souls, lifting and transforming the men and giving them insight and power to compass achievements that should belong to the ages.

Some things seemed to them self-evident: that the problems in Washington must be worked out along Roman rather than Parisian lines; that simplicity, directness and the subordination of ornament to structural uses should prevail; and that modern French work should not be allowed. Also that the effects produced by tree-crowned terraces should be sought where the configuration of the land permitted. Mr. Olmsted's camera and steel-tape were applied to risers and treads and balusters, to heights and widths. More than this, it was determined that the fountain and not the man-on-horseback is the proper ornament for Washington, and that the heat of our capital requires that the city should be filled with running water even as is Rome.

At Hadrian's Villa they had 'the only guide who speaks English.' At the Villa d'Este no Saint Peter stood at the gate of that heaven; they were free to enter and enjoy. It was nine o'clock when they stood on the parapet at the garden level and watched the descending sun flood the broad Campagna with ethereal light. Against the golden sky the dome of Saint Peter's stood alone — a bubble floating heavenwards. It had

been the most perfect day of an ideal journey. As the quartette were finishing dinner at the '*albergo e ristorante della regina e sirena di Cesare de Gasparis*,' Burnham proposed pouring into the river Anio a libation to Vesta, whose temple stands on the terrace across the deep gorge. They were advancing to the parapet, glasses in hand. 'It seems to me,' suggested Mr. Olmsted with true New England thrift, 'that this is a waste of very good wine.' 'What is the matter with having another bottle?' asked the gentleman from Chicago. So the compromise was effected.

On the steps of the little temple at the Villa Borghese the determination was reached that the Memorial Bridge should be a low structure on a line from the site of the Lincoln Memorial to the Arlington Mansion — a monumental rather than a traffic bridge, but a significant element in an extensive park scheme.

On presenting their *permisso* at the Villa Albani, they were turned away with the information that the day was a *festa* and the villa was closed to visitors. There was no appeal, and so they set off, accompanied by Breck and Pulsifer, for the Villa Madama, across the Tiber. Crossing the long stone bridge, where Charlemagne was reputed to have fought a battle, they climbed the slopes leading to the deserted villa which Raphael built for Pope Clement VII, then Cardinal Giulio de' Medici. Although the gardens were overgrown and the winds swept unobstructed through the deserted villa, perhaps the world does not possess another such example of Renaissance workmanship. Giovanni da Udine wrought on the spandrils of the high arches the story of Venus, while Giulio Romano executed a frieze of cherubs ravishing in beauty. One sits on the broad terrace overlooking Rome and tries to repeople the sumptuous villa with the ladies and cavaliers who in years past strolled by the great pool filled with water gushing from the trunk of an elephant, whose sculptured head, overgrown with delicate ferns, was reflected on the still waters. Through all the years and amid all the decay the old charm persists, and one is happy in believing the legend that, after a stormy life with her errant husband, the beautiful Duchess Margaret of Austria at last found happiness here with the handsome young gallant who succeeded the murdered Duke Alessandro.

Ostensibly the reason the Commission visited Venice was because a map of the city had been among those plans sent to L'Enfant by Jefferson. McKim found a more conclusive reason in the fact that Venice has the best water-ices in Europe! There the Commission found Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, and with them enjoyed the hospitality of the Curtis Palace on the Grand Canal, although the owners were absent. McKim regarded this house as the most perfect he had ever known. It was redolent of Sargent's work — sketches, studies, portraits, and finished pictures done during various times while he was a guest of the family. A Curtis gondola, with gondoliers in brown silk sashes, was placed at the disposal of the Commission. To one of the gondoliers Burnham said: 'Your face looks familiar; have I seen you before?' 'Yes, Mr. Burnham,' was the quiet reply, 'I used to row you at the Chicago Fair.' One night, McKim came back from the Lido in the Abbott gondola, and the two boats became separated. 'How shall we find McKim?' Olmsted asked. 'That is easy,' returned Burnham. 'We will go to the Piazza di San Marco and find him on the axis.' And the plan worked.

Those were lazy days in Venice, poking in and out of obscure canals, gliding along moss-grown walls overhung with flowering vines, at night enjoying the music on the water under the full moon; always talking over this or that detail of the Washington plans.

American flags flew from many a gondola or fast motor-boat on the Fourth of July morning the party left Venice; and a big flag hung in front of the hotel at Vienna the next morning, placed there at the instance of Mr. Herdliska, a secretary of the American Embassy, who immediately took the party in hand. Indefatigable in his attentions, his only regret was that at three in the morning the travelers would break away from the attractions of the English Garden, not being sports enough to stay on until the approaching daylight.

The park at Schoenbrun, with its high green hedges niched for white statues (among them a Roman warrior with the arrogant face of Senator Roscoe Conkling), and its Gloria commanding a superb view of the city; the humor of the goose-step at guard-mount; the gayety of the Prater and Ringstrasse; the architectural eccentricities of Art Nouveau; the new quays

along the swift Danube; the weary acres of the interminable art galleries — each of these things made its contribution.

Then came a glorious Sunday afternoon railway ride along the banks of the Danube, through golden wheat-fields where the American reaper was at work and the goose-girls tended their flocks, with the friendly Carpathian Mountains marking the horizon. The train stopped at a little station where the passengers piled out to find snowy tables set with cheese and meats, breads and cakes, beers and wines, from which one helped one's self and paid the reckoning before climbing back into the train.

It was still light when Budapest was reached. Traveling behind the season, there was always plenty of room, and low prices and warm welcomes at the hotels; and at Budapest the windows looked out upon the Danube rushing between its miles of stone quays devoted to both pleasure and traffic. On the Buda side the charm of historic antiquity hung upon the vine-clad hills crowned by the royal residence; while on the Pesth bank was the most modern city in the world — a city with no slums; a city with a subway built before Boston's, and an underground trolley system that Washington and New York copied; a city that has in its river an island park developed somewhat as the elder Olmsted designed Belle Isle Park in Detroit; and of course an English Garden, as the informally developed portions of the great parks are known in Europe — informal in both design and use.

From Budapest the Oriental Express bore the party straight back to Paris, with a stop at Munich only long enough to get a glass of beer on the railway platform, and a threat of arrest for descending on the wrong side of the train!

Reaching Paris on July 12, the next day was spent at Fontainebleau. As the party sat in front of the restaurant opposite the château, a group of swarthy, white-turbaned North Africans in flowing white burnouses, escorted by French officials, came out of the main doors and down the horse-shoe steps on which the Great Napoleon had parted from his soldiers when on his way to Elba. The historic past seemed to rise as a dream. McKim was particularly fond of Fontainebleau, because it represents an achievement in brick, with simple trimmings of

stone — a triumph of design over materials. 'The building I would most like to design in Washington,' he said, 'would be the archives building. I would like to see what can be done with great expanses of brick wall.' And again he said he would like 'to bring Harvard back to bricks and mortar.' To him Harvard always stood for the simplicity, the dignity and the spaciousness of life. Quite in keeping with this familiar train of thought was a quiet remark apropos of nothing. He pointed to a structure near the restaurant, saying: 'There's a fine building — there's not a blamed bit of architecture about it!'

The next day was spent at Versailles — a long, hot day, with Burnham's vitality enjoying itself in leading the procession of four completely around the basin to the bitter, unfinished end. It was a fatigued party that sat down to a well-selected dinner under the trees. 'I warn you,' cautioned McKim, 'that at this restaurant the green Chartreuse is deadly.' On the return to Paris, he stood at the window and, looking off across the Seine, exclaimed: 'There's the moon — what a funny place for it — by Jove, there are two moons!' 'That's the green Chartreuse!' was the simultaneous response of his three companions. He was looking at the illuminated clock-faces of the Orléans railway station, new to his Paris.

There was a blissful day at Vaux-le-Vicomte. M. Édouard André the younger, who had succeeded his father in charge of the gardens, acted as conductor. After a good breakfast under the trees at a restaurant across from the station at Melun, they drove along the tree-shaded roadway for three or four miles, and then turned into the long approach to the château, straight as an arrow. When the carriages stopped at the château, Madame Sommier, dazzling in white linen, stood out in the blazing sun, smiling a welcome, to which McKim made answer in the French of Paris, both in language and in sentiment. The stately marble hall, with its antique busts, was cool and tranquillizing. Beyond was the salon, rising two stories to an elliptical roof. Here open piano, work-tables, books and magazines — all bespoke sociability and comfort, yet with no break in the transition to the regal rooms which Le Brun had decorated for Fouquet with so much of charm that the jealous monarch appropriated them to himself. The royal bed on its

dais remains as it was when Louis XIV reposed in it on that night of August 17, 1661, after the fête in his honor with which Fouquet opened the most splendid château and gardens in all France. There was a play for the occasion, written by Molière and played by him and his company, out of doors. If one may trust La Fontaine's detailed description, no such fireworks were ever seen before — nor have been since. From the terraces to the far horizon stretched the *tapis-vert*, crossed by a basin presided over by the carved image of Father Nile, and terminated by the golden figure of Hercules silhouetted against the sky. For the delectation of the American visitors myriad fountains were sending into the pulsating July air jets and sprays of cooling waters; and on either side the endless vista was outlined with dense lines of tall trees, in whose rich greenness shone white statues of pagan divinities, smiling as they have smiled for more than two centuries on this changing world. A wicker cart, drawn by a semi-somnolent horse, carried them along the broad driveways, and they pictured what the Washington Mall would be when L'Enfant's design had been restored and American taste had worked its adornment — a far cry but by no means an impossibility.

McKim gave a dinner at Foyot's, near the Luxembourg Gardens and the Library of Sainte-Geneviève. Calling the master of the house, he seated himself in the leisurely fashion of the country and the two launched into a voluble discussion of the menu. The chief of the waiters, and the waiter who was to serve, and the boy who was to clear the table ranged themselves to hear the prolonged discussion. At last all was settled down to the strawberries with Kirsch when Burnham caused consternation by his usual request. Up went the hands and shoulders of the proprietor and clicky-clack went his tongue, until McKim explained that it was ice water and plenty of it, but *not* ice-cream, that was demanded. McKim was at his best, relating tales of his and Robert Peabody's student days, when Foyot's could be afforded only when the remittance arrived and then the treat must be followed by meager fare thereafter. Only a French boy and girl, deep in a love affair, with heads close together, outstayed the Americans.

After the weeks when ears had been bombarded by French,

Italian, German and Hungarian, it was a vast relief to get to England and one's own language. Burnham, who had gone off to Frankfort to look at what President Cassatt regarded as the finest railway station in the world, came on to London prepared for a keenly anticipated, but dreaded, encounter with the Pennsylvania's president. The critical moment of the trip had arrived. All the dreams dreamed during the past weeks were either to come true or else be rudely shattered against the mountain of practical considerations. The Commission had determined to ask Mr. Cassatt to go back to Paris with them, and, standing on the terrace overlooking the Place de la Concorde, to take note of the glories of a city designed as a work of art — the Palace of the Tuileries as the Capitol, the Tuileries Gardens as the Mall, the Obelisk in the crossing of two Paris axes as the Washington Monument centers the Capitol and White House axes; and then a Lincoln Memorial as a national monument in location at the termination of the composition, and also as a center of distribution comparable to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile.

On a memorable evening Burnham went off to his interview with Mr. Cassatt, while his companions, reënforced by Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the American Embassy, waited in intense suspense. After a period so short in actual time that it seemed to presage defeat, Burnham reappeared. As he reported the conversation, Mr. Cassatt said: 'Since you gentlemen left the United States, a community of interests between the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroads has been brought about. We are willing to build a Union Station north of the Capitol, provided Senator McMillan will secure from Congress an appropriation of a million and a half toward tunneling Capitol Hill to make the connections with the south.'

The report Burnham brought was so overwhelming, it opened up such unlimited possibilities, that the feeling was one of soberness — of joy certainly, but of great responsibility. The good news was cabled to Senator McMillan, for whom it meant another arduous campaign to win Congress to an approval of the new plans — and an appropriation. However, he proved to be no less elated than were the Commission; and he lived long enough to carry through the Union Station legislation.

McKim loved London; it was the home of his emotional life. Saint Paul's, with its dome, dominated the City of London, the intellectual as well as the commercial capital of the British Empire. In its spirit, Saint Paul's to him was the finest of Protestant cathedrals — 'the finest domed building since Saint Peter's, and even superior to the latter in external *ensemble*.' [1] He walked the gardens of Oxford and studied the crumbling stones showing through the ivy coverings of the buildings as if drawing inspiration for his work at Harvard. The width of the grass carpet between the rows of trees at Hatfield House he favored for the design of the Mall. Bushy Park, with its six rows of trees on either side of the central grass-plot, and Hampton Court with its long basin, told their treasured stories, some of suggestion, others of warning. Windsor Great Park, with its central driveway, emphasized Olmsted's objection to running a road through the center of the Mall.

If McKim's clothes, his hat, and his inevitable umbrella were bought in London, that was because thereby he secured the greatest degree at once of comfort — and of inconspicuousness. They made him feel at home among friends. For Mrs. Henry White he had planned the interior of her house, then the neutral ground of English politics and statesmen. Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, asked his help on the John Harvard memorial placed in that worthy's church, the Southwark Cathedral at the end of London Bridge. So the remaining days flew and once more the four saw themselves ensconced in their old quarters on the boat-deck of the Deutschland, with minds filled to repletion with images and suggestions. The breezy grillroom and a corner table, where talk could be uninterrupted, shortened another record-breaking race across the Atlantic.

McKim wanted Henry Bacon to have charge of the drawings for the Mall system, including the Lincoln Memorial and its long basin, and the Memorial Bridge; but Bacon had formed a partnership with James Brite, and they were competitors for designing the Agricultural Department building. So the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, James Knox Taylor, decided that Bacon could not take pay from the Government

[1] *Life of Burnham*, II, 55.

and still be in a competition.[1] Therefore, William T. Partridge was placed in charge of the Washington work in McKim's office and executed it in satisfactory manner.

Charles McKim spent almost the entire night of January 14, 1902, arranging the exhibits of the Senate Park Commission in those rooms of the Corcoran Art Gallery which had been secured for the purpose at a dinner given by Mrs. John B. Henderson to the trustees of the gallery and the members of the Commission. For three days he had spent most of his time on a stepladder, hanging and rehanging large photographs of those features in foreign cities that exemplified the lessons taught by the plans. The most significant of these photographs Olmsted had taken during the foreign trip of the Commission.

The place of honor in the exhibition was held by two large models made by the geographical sculptor, George Carroll Curtis, on the scale of one foot to a thousand feet, and comprising a length of two and a half miles, from the Library of Congress to the Lincoln Memorial. Every public building was exactly shown in miniature, every private building was outlined; the grades of streets and even the kinds of trees lining them were exact. The first model showed conditions in 1901 when the work of the Commission began; the second showed the arrangement of the Mall, with its *tapis-vert*, its elms, its new public buildings; the Washington Monument Gardens, with their terraces; the long reflecting basin; the Lincoln Memorial on its elevation and in general outline not greatly different from its present appearance; and the Memorial Bridge linking the monument of the President who saved the Union with the place hallowed by the graves of his soldiers.

Realizing that plans in themselves do not fire the imagination, McKim had impressed into hurried service the artists of the leading illustrated magazines: Jules Guérin, Otto H. Bacher, Henry McCarter, George de Gersdorff, A. R. Ross, and C. Graham, to render the Monument Gardens and a panorama from Anacostia Heights; and A. R. Ross to do the restorations about the Capitol and the Monument terraces.

[1] Mr. Bacon was recommended by the Commission of Fine Arts to the Lincoln Memorial Commission, in 1911, for appointment as the architect to design the memorial, Mr. Burnham insisting that Mr. Bacon was the man whose training and ability and associations best fitted him to carry on the McKim ideals.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL AS DESIGNED FOR THE REPORT OF THE SENATE PARK COMMISSION, 1901

FINAL DESIGN FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

To Robert Blum, Carleton T. Chapman, Guérin, and Bacher the Lincoln Memorial and its vistas and planting scheme were assigned. F. L. Hoppin made a bird's-eye view of the general plan. Sears and Percival Gallagher, under Mr. Olmsted's direction, made the renderings of the parkway plans, of the Potomac Palisades and of the quays. The whole array made a most impressive showing; and the drawings, which were immediately reproduced in magazines and newspapers, aroused the public to an appreciation of the possibilities of making Washington both fine and splendid. To-day, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, these models and drawings, published again and again, are in constant use, to guide and correct the planners and to stimulate the people to accomplishment of the high purposes embodied in them. Secretary Mellon used them on April 25, 1929, when he presented to the public the Mellon Plan for the triangle area south of Pennsylvania Avenue.

At a meeting of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, held on the morning of January 15, 1902, the Committee report on the Commission plans was agreed to unanimously, and, when the Senate convened at noon, was submitted by Senator McMillan.[1] That afternoon the members of the Committee attended the special presentation of the plans to Congress and the President's Cabinet, at the Corcoran Gallery. President Roosevelt fell foul of the small model of the Monument Gardens, saying that it was 'fussy.' Thereupon Senator McMillan led him to the large renderings by Jules Guérin and Charles Graham; and when the President caught the full import of the treatment about the Monument and the White House, he became enthusiastic. Secretary Root, whom McKim had kept conversant with the work of the Commission, as usual, said little, but examined everything minutely. Quite incidentally he spoke to Charles Moore of the plans for the War College then in preparation, and the story was told to him that a few weeks before, when Colonel William M. Black had brought the new plans to McKim while the latter was lunching with Senator McMillan at the Senate, McKim had said quite

[1] Fifty-Seventh Congress, Senate Report No. 166. The Improvement of the Park System of the District of Columbia: I, Report of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia. II, Report of the Park Commission. Edited by Charles Moore. 1902.

frankly: 'Now, Colonel Black, the trouble with you is that you have the heel of your stocking where the toe ought to be. In order to get the main building and the officers' quarters nearest town, you have put them facing the car-barns; and then you have located the barracks on that commanding point of land looking off towards Mount Vernon, down the broad Potomac pathway — more spacious than the Thames at London, the Seine at Paris, the Tiber at Rome, or the Danube at Vienna. The two locations should be reversed. Then, too, the houses for the officers should be along the river. Have regard to the climate and build them with broad piazzas looking off on the water. There should be front piazzas, with white columns. Then you will have a regiment on parade!' The War Secretary smiled. 'McKim shall build the War College,' he said; and, in spite of demur, McKim did build the War College, exactly in accordance with the ideas that he hastily outlined to Colonel Black while Senator McMillan was waiting for him to share some Senate three-story apple-pie.

Secretary Hay went straight to the plans for the memorial to Abraham Lincoln. When he realized the meaning of the conception — that Lincoln, standing with Washington in the history of this country, should also stand with him in memorial symbolism in the nation's capital — the Secretary said that the reasoning was sound in both logic and sentiment. Then and there he accepted the location and the design of the Lincoln Memorial on the axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument, saying that he regarded it as inevitable. The design of the memorial, simple, dignified, of great beauty in its proportions and classical in its form, strongly appealed to him; for he felt that underneath the rough and often uncouth exterior of Lincoln there was a serene beauty of character which found expression in language comparable to the Psalms in majestic grandeur and depth of human feeling; while in the Gettysburg Address President Lincoln had spoken words of sublimity parallel to the classic oration of Pericles over the dead of Thermopylæ.

Mr. Burnham, who arrived in the evening, was gratified at the showing made by the plans. The group at the Cosmos Club talked till the small hours grew larger. Altogether the

exhibition was a notable success; and for a time it looked as though the larger projects would be realized in the near future. Senator Cullom of Illinois, anxious to strike hot iron, arranged to meet Secretaries Hay and Root in the company of Senators Wetmore and McMillan, who suggested the desirability of having McKim attend the conference. He came over from New York and brought Saint-Gaudens. Before the meeting, McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and Moore explored the wastes of Potomac Park until they got the Monument on a line with the dome of the Capitol, and there, on the bank of the Potomac, they drove a stake to mark the site of the Lincoln Memorial; and there, after many vicissitudes, it was finally placed.

Senator McMillan came from the conference elated over the prospects. Secretary Root had said it was the dearest wish of his heart to drive as many pegs as possible while he was yet in office; that he had studied the plans and was enthusiastic over them. Secretary Hay's approval was equally unqualified, and, whimsical as ever, he said: 'To show you how I feel: even my house can go to carry out the scheme of having Executive Department buildings around Lafayette Square.' He added, with a smile, 'Probably my house will not be needed during my lifetime!' McKim, instructed by the conference,[1] went home to make rough plans and get estimates for building the Lincoln Memorial; and Senator Cullom revamped his bill so as to fix the location according to the Plan of 1901. Later McKim was called upon to make preliminary designs for a bridge on the new location proposed by the Commission, where now, after a quarter century, the Arlington Memorial Bridge is being constructed by McKim, Mead & White.

[1] The meeting was held at the Department of State, on March 22, 1902.

CHAPTER XVI

CHARLES McKIM RESTORES THE WHITE HOUSE

PLANS for enlarging the White House were presented by Colonel Theodore Bingham, U.S.A., the officer in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds, at the celebration in 1900 of the one hundredth anniversary of the removal of the seat of government to the District of Columbia. These plans contemplated enlarging the Executive Mansion [1] (as it was then called) by building east and west wings of such design as to change completely the appearance of the house.

The American Institute of Architects was holding its annual convention in Washington at the time of the celebration, and to the members the plans as presented seemed to presage an act of vandalism. A building of the first order architecturally, and of the highest historical importance, was to be commonized and uglified in order to obtain needed room for the President's offices, and for his family life. At the instance of the Institute Committee on Government Architecture, Charles Moore verbally presented their remonstrance to Senator Allison, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, who chuckled as he said: 'Tell the architects not to be uneasy. Mrs. McKinley has served notice on me that she will have no hammering in the White House so long as she is there!'

On September 14, 1901, President McKinley died from wounds inflicted by an assassin, and Theodore Roosevelt ruled in his stead. It was assumed that President Roosevelt would favor the Park Commission's suggestion that the White House be retained as a residence and that offices would be built elsewhere; but a newspaper item to the contrary effect having appeared, Moore went to him for a statement. He said: 'You tell the newspaper men that Mrs. Roosevelt and I are firmly of the

[1] The original name was the President's House. The earliest picture is an engraving published by Nicholas King, showing the house as it was in 1801. On maps and illustrations the title 'President's House' was used until 1887, but colloquially it was 'The White House.' President Roosevelt first used 'The White House' as an official designation.

opinion that the President should live nowhere else than in the historic White House.' 'Do you mean, Mr. President, that you desire to be quoted directly?' Moore asked, well knowing the prevailing rule against quoting a President's words. 'Yes,' he replied deliberately, 'you are to quote me.'

During the preparation of the plans for the improvement of Washington, the question of the White House stalked like a ghost through the deliberations. Burnham, quoting President McKinley as desiring a brisk walk before settling down to his day's work, was in favor of a change to a more adequate location. McKim's feeling for the historic building amounted to reverence. 'Let me take it down stone by stone,' he said, 'and rebuild it; and not an architect in the country can make a finer or more appropriate residence for the President of the United States.'

Such were the unsettled conditions when, on April 15, 1902, McKim came over from New York at the behest of Mrs. Roosevelt, who wished to consult him as to how the $16,000 allotted to White House improvements in the Sundry Civil Bill, then on its passage in Congress, should be spent. After a cursory examination of the premises, Mr. McKim advised her that $16,000 would not cover the cost of cleaning the building, and that no repairs should be considered. The next day, on his way to the train, McKim called at the Senate District Committee room to tell Moore of the conclusion he had reached. Naturally he was depressed over the outcome, so disappointing to both sides. Senator McMillan, coming in from the Senate Chamber, joined in the conversation. 'How much would be needed to make a beginning — would $100,000 do it?' asked Moore. 'Yes; that would make a beginning,' answered McKim. 'And how much would be required for an office building, separate from the White House?' 'I can only guess from the cubage — say from $10,000 to $15,000 for a temporary structure to last until Congress shall provide for adequate offices and determine on a location outside the present White House grounds,' was McKim's answer.

With that the visitor departed for the train to New York, and Senator McMillan returned to the Senate. An hour later he came back to his committee room, and, with apparent uncon-

cern, said to Moore, 'You might telegraph McKim that the Senate Committee on Appropriations has agreed to increase the House item from $16,000 to $150,000 for repairs to the White House and to provide $15,000 for an office building.' The Senator had gone straight to the Appropriations Committee, where the Sundry Civil Bill was being considered. For the edification of the Senators he painted a black picture of deplorable conditions amounting to squalor, at the White House. The committee, duly impressed, tentatively accepted the McKim estimates of cost until detailed figures could be obtained.

Next day, McKim wrote to Moore:

In these days of miracles one should be prepared for anything, and so I tried to read your announcement of the Senate committee's approval of the temporary building, and of the expenditure of $150,000 for the restoration of the White House, unmoved; but failed utterly, while I thought of the improbability of the whole thing, and am writing now in the frame of mind of a man more likely to go off on a spree than home to dinner.

The whole thing is so exciting and full of possibilities that another day will have to intervene before I can tackle it with a sober mind. Nevertheless, I saw Norcross this morning and have appointed Tuesday to meet him in Washington and go over the White House from cellar to garret with a view of determining what should be done to renew its interior walls and partitions, and at the same time determine upon a site, dimensions and general treatment of the new temporary office building.

I agree with Mr. Burnham [1] that the new permanent Executive Offices of the President should be built at once, and believe that the President cannot be too soon placed in possession of his final quarters. On the other hand, I do not share his opinion that the temporary quarters we are proposing are other than temporary, and am not proposing to provide anything better either in design or construction.

[1] Mr. Burnham had written Moore on April 14: 'I should be very much opposed to any structure in the present White House grounds, because, although called "temporary," it would be left there for a lifetime; and, as they would afford immediate relief, neither Mr. Roosevelt nor his wife would make any further effort in the direction of permanent quarters for the President. If, however, the permanent quarters for him could be built in the center of Lafayette Square, as I suggested to you the other day in New York, beginning the foundation this year and putting the structure through with rapidity, then I should be in favor of giving him temporary relief in the White House grounds, because I should feel that this use *would* be temporary.' A copy of this letter had been sent to McKim. Mr. Burnham's forecast was correct — McKim himself had to draw plans for doubling the capacity of the 'temporary' building, and now, after twenty-seven years of use, it is again being enlarged — but this time the limit will be reached.

If we cannot get his permanent quarters now, we can at least take the first step towards it, as already arranged, of removing the offices from the White House as a matter of immediate necessity, and a move in the final direction.

Mr. McKim added that he had been summoned by wire to meet President Roosevelt at 4 West Fifty-Seventh Street, on the 19th (Saturday), at 9.30 in the morning. At that meeting President Roosevelt placed the White House work in McKim's hands.

On examination the sanitary conditions at the White House turned out to be unspeakable. It was found that the offices were positively unsafe because of the weight carried by the floor beams. The floors of the East, Green, and Blue Rooms had settled because of overloading and the hanging of heating coils to the basement ceilings. At times of receptions the East Room floors had to be shored up underneath. Waiters walking in the State Dining-Room caused the dishes to rattle on the sideboards. The fine arches of the basement had been cut in every direction for heating and plumbing pipes. Five layers of paper covered some walls; pine partitions were built over the carpets; the quarters of the servants in the attic were reached only by an obsolete, uncertain elevator; the roof-drainage was carried through the house; the roof itself required renewal; the electric wiring was so defective that in places the beams were charred; the heating and ventilating apparatus was worn out. In short, the entire interior of the house called for rebuilding. When questioned as to how he found the house, Mr. Norcross [1] said that all of the floor beams were tired and some were *very* tired. The signs of the fire of 1814 were still visible.[2]

[1] Mr. O. W. Norcross, head of the firm of Norcross Brothers Company, builders, Worcester, Massachusetts.

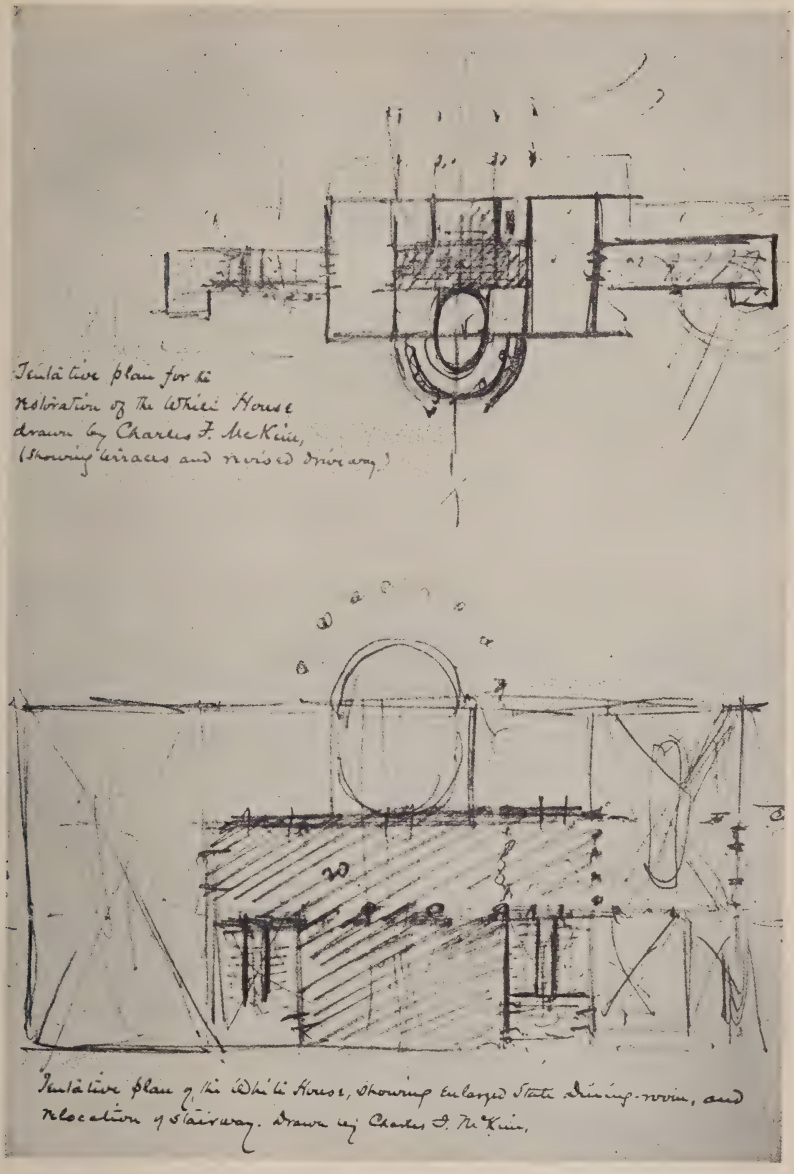
[2] In 1916, Colonel W. W. Harts, in company with the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, and a young military attaché, who had just been presented to President Wilson, were going through the East Room. The attaché said he had seen a house in Dublin which was almost the counterpart of the White House. The Colonel replied that the architect, Hoban, was a Dublin man, and for the President's House had designed a building of a character quite common among gentlemen's houses of that period. 'But,' said the attaché, 'those houses are of stone.' 'And so is this house built of stone,' answered the Colonel, 'of stone painted white.' 'Why do you paint stone?' 'Oh,' said the Colonel, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, 'we had a fire here once and the stone was so discolored that it had to be painted.' 'Fire!' exclaimed the attaché; 'how did that happen?' 'Your people set it on fire in 1814!' There was a laugh, and the attaché then learned for the first time that there *was* a War of 1812. Few Englishmen know about it, for at that period Napoleon was engrossing England's attention.

McKim and Saint-Gaudens spent most of Sunday, May 4, at Moore's home in Washington, talking over White House plans. Like most architects, McKim talked better with pencil than with tongue. He had settled on the treatment of the interior — on the enlargement of the State Dining-Room by including the western end of the main corridor, together with the removal of the stairway to a subordinate position — because it communicated only with the *private* apartments and therefore had no official function. Also he had determined on the removal of the conservatory from the top of the west terrace, and the reconstruction of the east terrace on its original foundations. The two plans he drew that afternoon are reproduced here. They were to be carried out as appropriations might become available, year by year, until a complete restoration should be effected.[1]

On receiving the preliminary plans, Mrs. Roosevelt sent for Moore to question the changes proposed by McKim. She received her caller in the library; a wood fire was burning in the grate, for the day was chilly. Romping Archie and a frisky collie shared an easy-chair with the visitor. Every few moments the President came briskly into the room to ask questions or to tell of his next movements. Mrs. Roosevelt, beginning to realize the radical nature of the changes proposed, was concerned primarily with the practical end — for example, with new bedrooms. There was then but a single guest-room, and therefore it was necessary beforehand to know whether husband and wife were accustomed to share the same room. There were only two bathrooms — the second one accommodated both guests and also the Roosevelt children, who trooped by the open library door on their way to and from their nightly ablutions. She suggested a complete set of dining-room chairs to take the place of the heterogeneous collection in use! These were a few of the details.

Later in the morning, as Mrs. Roosevelt and her visitor were standing at the west end of the upper corridor, looking through the window down upon the conservatories, the President joined them. 'Smash the glass houses!' he exclaimed. 'But Mr. McKim understands that you want to save the glass houses.'

[1] *Restoration of the White House*, Senate Document 197; 57th Congress, 2d Session, 1903.


Tentative plan for the
Restoration of the White House
drawn by Charles F. McKim,
(showing terraces and revised driveway)
Tentative plan of the White House, showing enlarged State dining-room, and
relocation of stairway. Drawn by Charles F. McKim.

TENTATIVE PLANS FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE WHITE HOUSE

'When you come to know me better,' he said laughingly, 'you will understand that I sometimes speak before consulting the head of the house.' And with that he turned and rushed away to his next appointment.

'Tell Mr. McKim to make the new elevator-door wide enough to admit a stretcher,' cautioned Mrs. Roosevelt on parting. The ramshackle old car began to descend, but stopped between the floors. Happily Mr. Hoover, chief of the ushers, was familiar with the elevator's aberrations, and was able to coax it down.

President Roosevelt, on May 10, wrote:

> My dear Mr. McKim: One thing I want definitely understood before we go into this work, and that is the question of expedition. Without fail we must have the last piece of work completed by December first, and we must have the office building and all of the present living apartments finished completely by October first. It may be wise to give to the local Washington people as much work as can properly be given, consistent with doing it as well and as quickly and cheaply as possible.
>
> Sincerely yours
>
> Theodore Roosevelt [1]

All these plans were being prepared while yet the Sundry Civil Bill was pending in the Senate, and there was no definite assurance that the House even knew of them. McKim became nervous over the lack of time available for the work, which must be finished before Congress convened again in December. He was equally anxious to remove the greenhouses that usurped the entire west terrace and even filled the White House yard at the rear. Importuned by McKim, Moore asked Senator Allison to put through a bill appropriating immediately $10,000 for the removal of the glass houses. The Senator objected that Mr. Cannon was complaining over the propensity of the Senate to originate appropriations; so that even if the Senate should pass such a bill, it would fail in the House. If Mr. McKim was in a hurry, Mr. Cannon must be seen. The Senator was definite and decided. Thereupon, Moore went over to the House to see Mr. Cannon, whose antipathy to the Senate Park Commission and all connected with it was pronounced. There was small hope of doing anything with him. Finding him alone in the rooms of the

[1] Roosevelt MSS. in the Library of Congress.

House Committee on Appropriations, Moore stated the proposition and told him what Senator Allison had said. He listened with growing impatience; then he exclaimed: 'Those d——d *arch*-itects have been fooling Senator McMillan again!' 'They never have fooled him,' Moore replied, looking straight into his angry eyes.

At this juncture Representative Lucius Littauer passed hurriedly through the room. He was a member of the Appropriations Committee, a political and personal friend of Mr. Cannon, and Moore's college classmate. 'Hello,' he called out, 'what are you doing over on this side of the Capitol?' Seeing something was on, he did not stop. But the ice was broken. Mr. Cannon softened: 'I don't care, and the people of this country don't care, how much it may cost to put the White House into proper shape; but I'm not going to have those appropriations come dribbling in year after year. I've got to know the whole cost and it must go into this one bill. In short, I've got to know the color of this baby's hair before the baby is born!' 'So you shall know,' was the reply. 'By to-morrow morning the statement shall be ready.' 'Very well,' was Mr. Cannon's laconic answer, and the interview ended.

McKim, called on the telephone, was told that he and Mr. Norcross must mail that night a complete statement of the cost of the proposed restoration, being sure to make the amounts large enough to cover contingencies. McKim's estimates came next morning. A note on them said that furnishings, hangings, and electric-light fixtures had not been included. This would never do. So McKim was again called by telephone, and an item was added for furnishings and lighting fixtures. The total for the White House proper came to $369,050 — more than twice the amount agreed to by the Senate Committee. The result was appalling. Yet there were the facts. The estimates were for the first quality of materials and workmanship; but absolute simplicity was observed throughout. There was nothing for mere ornament, but every item served a distinct and necessary purpose. Nothing was added for the haste of doing the work — that contingency was left to persuasion, patriotism, and the diversion of materials from current undertakings of the architects.

The total was so big that it seemed to demand the President's authority. Moore obtained an immediate appointment. 'Do you mind my being shaved while you talk?' President Roosevelt asked. The barber brought a folding chair into the library. The President settled himself and when the lather had been applied called out: 'Now, fire away!'

Moore told him of the talk with Mr. Cannon, not omitting the part about the color of the baby's hair, at which the President laughed as heartily as the shaving operation would permit. When the total was stated, he almost jumped out of the chair. 'That is three times what you first told me!' he exclaimed. 'True; but this is the complete estimate; it is what Mr. Cannon wanted.' 'Very well,' he said, with resignation. 'Tell Uncle Joe I approve.' 'You are the one to tell Mr. Cannon.' The President called his secretary, Mr. Loeb, and instructed him to ask Mr. Cannon to come to the White House. A few days later, Mr. Loeb telephoned that Mr. Cannon consented to the estimates of the architects. Eventually he even added $100,000 for furniture.

On a May Sunday night Moore was summoned to appear at the White House at nine o'clock, bringing the plans for all proposed changes. Mrs. Roosevelt and her sister, Miss Carow, received him in the library, and immediately called for the plan for enlarging the State Dining-Room. They were told that, by taking in the west end of the corridor, Mr. McKim had secured room to accommodate one hundred guests at table. Miss Carow related that a diplomat had said sarcastically to her that it was a pity to have to convert one's drawing-room into a dining-room! This was apropos of a recent use of the East Room for an important state dinner, and the frequent use of the corridor for such purposes. She showed him that she resented his remarks; but they rankled just the same. At this juncture the President and Attorney-General Knox entered the room. The President, with an air of one who had business to be dispatched, began on the basement plan with an active red pencil. On being reminded by Mrs. Roosevelt that the housekeeping end of the establishment was her province, he turned to the main floor and said firmly that he did not propose to have the State Dining-Room enlarged at the expense of tearing up Mrs.

Roosevelt's room above. She answered that to obtain space at table for double the number of guests was well worth the price of temporary inconvenience. The President, in apparent hesitation, turned to the Attorney-General. 'Here, Knox,' he said, 'you are my adviser about Trusts; come and advise me about the State Dining-Room.' Mr. Knox expressed the opinion that the room ought to be enlarged, but declined to commit himself on these particular plans. 'But, Mr. Attorney-General,' Moore ventured, 'your official opinion was asked.' 'Yes, Knox,' said the President, with a laugh of surrender, 'I wanted your *official* opinion!' Then, turning to Moore, he said: 'I must congratulate Mr. McKim on having two such allies as Mrs. Roosevelt and the Attorney-General.' And he started for the door, calling over his shoulder, 'Come along, Knox, come and get some polly-water.'

Mrs. Roosevelt had found in the attic two mahogany tables which she thought might be repaired and saved — that was the extent of the furniture worth keeping, and, as it turned out, even those tables were beyond repair! Until after Andrew Jackson's day each President brought his personal belongings and at the end of his term carted away at least all the things he had brought. Later there was a hiatus between the departure of one President and the coming of his successor, and during that fraction of a day curtains, silver, china, linen, everything movable, was looted. Eventually the loot found its way into auction rooms whence it was distributed throughout the city of Washington. Old families now hold those White House relics as heirlooms.

Again, Mrs. Roosevelt said that she did not want all the closets Mr. McKim had provided. She was anxious to save expense in building. She was reminded of Secretary John Hay's story, in 'The Bread-Winners,' of the Cleveland woman, who, after her husband's death, moved her winter clothes into his closet, and years afterwards said she had never met a man to whom she would give up that closet. She smiled; but said she preferred wardrobes to breaking into the contours of the rooms — and the closets were not put in.

'I hear you object to my death trap,' said the President, meaning McKim's suggestion of dropping the main floor be-

tween the East Room and the Hall, so as to give additional head room for the stairs from the basement. 'Yes,' Moore replied, 'that would be dangerous during large receptions, when there is a constant circulation of people.' 'But,' the President continued, 'you wouldn't object if you knew whom I proposed to send down there. We will begin with Senator Tillman.' 'No,' Moore said, 'he is a pretty fine fellow at bottom.' 'So he is, so he is,' assented the President. 'Suppose we try Senator C—— and follow him with General M——. No,' he continued, reflecting, 'I'll get rid of the General quicker another way.' Then he laughed with glee, having rid himself of the memories of the day's annoyances.

While the Sundry Civil Bill was up in the Senate, Senator Allison sent for the promised statement to explain the White House item. Moore told him he had prepared the statement and had sent it to the President for his approval and transmission to the Appropriations Committee. Mr. Cleaves, the clerk of the committee, who was sitting next the Senator, said that no statement had been received. 'Didn't you keep a copy?' asked Senator Allison anxiously. Fortunately Moore had his original notes, written on paper of various sizes, as prepared for the typist. When the White House paragraph was reached, the Senator, waving the scraps of paper, said, with a great show of confidence: 'I have here a full statement in regard to this amendment; but the hour is late. I will not detain the Senate by reading it, but will ask that it be printed in the "Record," where Senators can examine it to-morrow, before the consideration of this bill is finished.' It was so printed; apparently no one read it. Some Senator suggested that the words 'President's House,' as used be changed to 'Executive Mansion.' The Senate agreed to the change. No further attention was paid to the item by the Senate. The House accepted the Senate Amendment.

On June 20, the President signed the Sundry Civil Act. As passed it carried $65,196 for an office building 'constructed with sufficient foundation, and walls suitable for a durable permanent building, and of sufficient strength for an additional story when needed.' For repairing and refurnishing the Executive Mansion $475,445 was appropriated, 'to be expended by contract or otherwise in the discretion of and under the direction of the

President.' McKim wrote Moore, on June 18, that Norcross would have his representative, Mr. French, in Washington ready for a good start so soon as the act was signed. The letter continues:

When this time comes I am thinking that our noble President will find himself in such bedlam as he never dreamed of, even at Santiago; and if I know anything about French and his methods, the President will be first to sound a retreat.

The East Room and the State Dining-Room will require the longest time not only to design but to execute. We are only holding back on the East Room until I can hear from you as to the course to adopt in regard to the importation of fixtures, mantels and other objects. I fear the duties added to the original cost will preclude the possibility of purchase abroad, which is so desirable for the added beauty and dignity which could easily be secured in this way. I do hope something can be done by this means to place that room on a par with similar rooms in other countries. It should be simple, but of course, whatever the appointments of the room, they should be the best obtainable.

It makes me sick to think that this room has to be done in so short a time, and that right or wrong it must go into construction. One would think it was a bill of goods to be delivered by Adams Express! Can you order a hen to hatch on time? And yet we are expected to produce a perfect baby in three months! I say it makes me sick, and I should think it would make you sick. Some one near the President ought to tell him that it is ten times more important to have the room right, whether he holds his first reception on a certain date or not. In reaching the present situation, to have assumed this ground with him at any time would have imperiled the whole work, and I dared not say what I felt. I recognize that the present is no time to speak to him, but if we make good progress in the next thirty days the situation may be altered, and Mrs. Roosevelt might herself be the one to act in behalf of the result.

To Thomas Newbold McKim wrote on July 1:

The White House plot is thickening! The house is torn to pieces. The President stood it for a week and then retired to a safe distance, at 22 Jackson Place. Dirt, and bedlam let loose does not compare with it! The work of destruction is now pretty well completed, and indications of reconstruction begin to be seen; but the time is terribly short and the demand for drawings to keep ahead of the men will make it an anxious time for a month to come. Whether we shall be able to keep our pledges to the President (to be ready in October) remains to be seen. It will be nip and tuck if we do, but we have to-day declined to consider a forfeit of $200 which Colonel Bingham

would impose upon us 'for each and every day' required for the work beyond the day set. With only 90 days ahead of us to get through at least six months of work, it is hard to keep from getting rattled.

The contemplated changes in the White House were distasteful to Colonel Bingham, the officer in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds, who had presented the Mrs. Harrison plans objected to by the architects. The Colonel's hobby was greenhouses; and he would have made the President of the United States the largest grower of flowers in Washington. Moreover, he was persistent and resourceful. It became necessary to deal with this issue. On July 1, Mr. McKim wired Moore: 'Mrs. Roosevelt expects you and me at Oyster Bay to-morrow.' In due course the two men were enjoying the breezes on the piazza at Sagamore Hill, in the midst of a company of children and dogs. The President was off on his travels, but there was a large party at luncheon. Then came a discussion of the problem of the removal of the greenhouses, resulting in what came to be known facetiously as 'The Treaty of Oyster Bay,' in the form shown in the accompanying facsimile.[1]

On July 11, McKim wrote Moore:

I send you the correspondence with Colonel Bingham, with draft of our reply (prepared by you). The next day after our visit to Mrs. Roosevelt I wrote Colonel Bingham, expressing her command to move the greenhouses from the west terrace and set up a White House plant in the propagating gardens, to be known as the White House Greenhouses. His reply is inclosed. After consultation, Mead and I concluded it would be only a waste of time to discuss the question with him, and I therefore wired him that I would refer his letter to the President for final decision. It was in connection with this letter that I telegraphed you yesterday and telephoned you to-day. I have arranged for Mead and myself to meet Mr. Cortelyou Monday in order to explain the situation and have it definitely settled by the President. It is impossible to carry on this work longer under such circumstances, as it is intolerable. Our funds must not be tampered with, if we are to be held responsible for executing the work within the amount of the appropriation. Colonel Bingham's function must be restricted to that of inspector and disbursing officer.

McKim wired, on July 15: 'Successful visit to Oyster Bay. Greatest relief.' It appears that Colonel Bingham, in his zeal

[1] Correspondence relating to the restoration of the White House; Manuscript Division, Library of Congress.

to protect the Treasury and his ignorance of the code of ethics of architects, had proposed that McKim, Mead & White sign an agreement to forfeit $200 a day for failure to finish the work on dates to be set by the President.

To this McKim had replied with spirit:

I desire to say that, having set aside all my engagements for this summer and autumn in order to undertake this work, and the work of the White House having been given precedence over all other commissions in this office in order that its progress might be facilitated, it would appear that no further guarantee should be necessary. To consent to such a proceeding as you propose would be both unprofessional and unprecedented. Acting for my firm, the President is my client. I represent him and his interests alone, and I must positively decline to be placed in the position of a contractor. Furthermore, I do not for a moment believe that it is any part of the President's intention to authorize an action so irregular in itself as well as humiliating to me.

On July 17, McKim wrote Moore:

Since I wired you Monday I have literally not had a moment to sit down and write you, but now that peace has been declared and our work regularized by the signing of a contract with the Government which places the disposition of the full appropriation in our hands to be paid by Colonel Bingham on our certificate, and since his duties and powers have been limited to those of disbursing officer and inspector, it will be a pleasure to write and post you up to date. . . . On Monday last, as I telegraphed you, I went to Oyster Bay and there met the President and presented the matter fully to him in the presence of Mrs. Roosevelt and the Secretary of War [Mr. Root], on the same piazza and in the same chairs where you and I sat. While we were still assembled, the President sent for Secretary Cortelyou and dictated a letter to Colonel Bingham. As a result a contract has been drawn up, and this morning signed by Norcross Bros., McKim, Mead & White, and Colonel Bingham, in accordance with the conditions intended by Congress and insisted upon by us. . . . So that I think our worries, at least so far as he is concerned, have come to an end, and that this episode may be regarded as closed. . . . Thirty days, if all goes well, will see us far enough advanced towards the realization of the plan to make it plain to the most casual visitor. About 300 men are now employed on the work, and nearly (if not quite) the same number on contracts outside. I do not know what I should do without Mead. He has taken up the work with tremendous energy and effectiveness.

From the tone of his letter to Colonel Bingham, the President

OYSTER BAY,
LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

SAGAMORE HILL.

It is understood that the iron or
steel portion of the greenhouses
now occupying space on the west
terrace shall be removed and set
up in the White House grounds on
the location which shall least
interfere with the view from the
house.

Whatever additional space may
be deemed necessary by the Presi-
dent shall be provided in green-
houses to be constructed in connec-
tion with the Propagating Gardens,
but to be known as the White House
Conservatories.

evidently appreciated the difference in the point of view of a Government official and an architect. Colonel Bingham was fully convinced that the amount appropriated would stock up the White House at every point, and he proposed to use portions of the money as he thought the situation demanded. In this he was acting quite naturally. The President wrote to him:

I have seen Mr. McKim. I will have him draw up a contract which will enable me to strike out the instructions in regard to the penalty clause, he himself providing for such a penalty from the various contractors. Mr. Moore has furnished me a copy of the Sundry Civil Bill, which contains several items in your ordinary account from which I believe the sums you desire can be taken without taking them from the by no means over-sufficient sum which Messrs. McKim, Mead and White have at their disposal. . . . You deducted from the $475,445 for extraordinary repairs and refurnishing of the Executive Mansion, etc., $20,000; $5000 of this was for table linen. Mrs. Roosevelt says she does not need any, so this item can be stricken out. The $2000 for game heads has already been undertaken by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, so nothing need be done about this. The $8000 for the new table-service can, I think, be obtained from the $25,000 appropriated for the care and refurnishing of the Executive Mansion, under your own appropriation. If this cannot be done, then we simply cannot afford to get the new table-service, as it seems unwise to sacrifice what must be done now, if at all, to the purchase of a table-service which can be obtained at any time.

On Sunday morning, August 11, Senator McMillan died suddenly at his summer home, Eagle Head, Manchester, Massachusetts. McKim attended the funeral in Detroit.

Mrs. Roosevelt wrote from Oyster Bay, August 21:

Dear Mr. McKim: This is about pictures. The President and I have consulted, and we hope it is possible for you to put all the ladies of the White House, including myself, in the down-stairs corridor that the dressing rooms open on; also the busts. It could then be called the picture gallery, and you know a name goes a long way. I am afraid the Presidents will still have to hang in the Red and Green rooms, and I suppose Washington and Mrs. Washington and Lincoln must remain as before, in the East Room.[1] I do not remember whether you intended to have them paneled in the wall. I do not think you said so to me, but sometimes being paneled-in lends a certain importance to a portrait.

[1] The relegation of the ladies to the downstairs corridor created a turmoil, which McKim bore placidly. All portraits were taken from the East Room, and as many as possible were grouped in the Red Room.

I wish you would write me what you think about all this. Will you have some one come on Thursday next with samples of wall-paper for the up-stairs rooms; and also I hope you are attending to the designs of the bed-room furniture. If Davenport does the papering, I might tell him at the same time about what I think is necessary in the bed-rooms (unless you have already done so) and he is preparing designs for me.

I have heard from Washington that the house is going on apace.

Sincerely yours

EDITH K. ROOSEVELT

To Dr. Charles Hitchcock McKim wrote on September 24:

I still have a permanent seat and bed between this and Washington, and am always either packing or unpacking my valise, and can fully sympathize with the suicide who attributed his last act to being 'tired of all this damned buttoning and unbuttoning.' However, the good work moves on, and the President will have possession of the rooms promised on October 1st, unless the strikers move on us again.

On the War College work, the Barracks and Officers' Quarters have met with the approval of the Engineer in Charge [Colonel Sewell]. The Pennsylvania work is moving again, and, last but not least, J. P. has approved a general scheme for his Library, now being worked up.

Margaret was well at last accounts. I have no prospect of vacation at present, beyond an occasional game of golf.

McKim on November 5 wrote to Moore:

I cannot let another week go by without a line of some kind of greeting to let you know how I miss you as we gradually approach the last stage of the White House campaign. Not that the finish line is anywhere visible, but the sky is growing bluer and the shore in sight. The President moved in on Thursday, and returns with Mrs. Roosevelt to-night. To-morrow I shall follow, prepared for a warm reception front or rear as the case may be.

There has been no newspaper work of any account done yet, and though we are beset for drawings and information, have been tolerably successful in holding back the reporters. What has thus far been written has been fairly friendly, but vague and fragmentary — except certain articles in the 'Herald,' 'World,' and more recently in the 'Star' — all from Washington, and apparently inspired by the office of Public Buildings; so Brown and others aver. . . . I have too much to talk over with you to attempt to write it here and shall hope to find you perhaps ready for a chat and a long segar in Washington to-morrow night. I am writing with a weary head and you must make due allowance.

The first dinner in the restored White House occurred on November 7, 1902. On the whole it was a success, but there were some humorous incidents. Temporary cables, installed to obtain current from the State, War, and Navy Building, were so inadequate that when the elevator was going up the lights in the State Dining-Room went down — or winked. The Roosevelt boys discovered this and persisted in riding up and down in the elevator. McKim, who had asked to be excused from the dinner in order to keep watch, drove them out, but they ran upstairs, got the car up and started in again. Then, as the President was leading the way from the dining-room, a whistle sounded from out the darkness of the unfinished East Room. He paused. The call was repeated. He at once gave chase to his elder daughter, who had signaled to him. Having settled accounts with her, he returned quite unperturbed to his guests in the Red Room.

It was not to be expected that the radical changes in the White House would escape criticism; but the chorus of objection amounting to vituperation was not anticipated. People forgot those dismal hours spent in snow and sleet on the unprotected north portico during reception nights when the house was overcrowded; they forgot the promiscuous assemblage of wraps deposited on the floor of the hall, for want of dressing-rooms; they forgot the exit through a window and over an improvised wooden bridge. They did not realize the difference between the quiet elegance of the new furnishings and the tawdry pine-gilded decorations of former days. People complained that the Empire blue of the Blue Room took the color out of dowdy gowns. It was alleged that the oak paneling of the State Dining-Room was full of knots! The removal of the 'historic' greenhouses was decried.

That McKim was not altogether impervious to these attacks appears from a letter he wrote to Montgomery Schuyler, on February 16, 1903:

My dear Schuyler: After reading the article on the White House in yesterday's issue of the New York 'Times,' of which I have just complained to you over the telephone, I write this line to say that it would certainly seem to be up to the 'Times' either to stand by what it said in your excellent article of some time ago, or else to turn you

down in favor of the penny-a-line reporter whose vaporings on the subject have value only because they are published in a leading journal.

Of course we have not and shall not take notice of the petty controversy now waging in the newspapers. It will subside as it arose and without disturbing the facts; but all the same such things do injury in misleading the public, and apart from the feelings of this office your friendship for the President (I hope you will agree with me) calls for a strong paragraph or two from the 'Times' to make its course consistent.

I enclose the 'Sun' editorial of which I spoke to you.

Two days later McKim again wrote to Mr. Schuyler:

My dear Schuyler: Whether the President or the 'Times' newspaper or the writer is under the greatest obligation to you is difficult to decide, but it is certain that what you have written in the editorial columns of the 'Times' will go far to put an end to the attempt in certain quarters, partly malicious, partly political, and wholly incompetent, to pass upon the reconstructed White House.

The Administration has cause to appreciate your interest, and I am sure it will please the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, with whom I expect to pass next Sunday, to know what you have done.

With many thanks, believe me

Sincerely yours

Charles F. McKim

It was fully six months before the tide turned and people began to realize that in the restored White House they had a President's House expressive of the simplicity and dignity of the Republic, and at the same time in its appointments and elegance fit for any king on earth.

One prolific source of criticism is not difficult to appreciate, so marked was the change that had been wrought. While the offices were in the White House, that building belonged, not to the President and his family, but to the public, who freely went in and out of the front door, climbed the stairs and demanded audience. Senators and Congressmen had access day and night, not as a courtesy but as a right. With the relegation of the offices to the office building, the President ceased to 'live over the shop.' He gained privacy, or at least he gained the opportunity for privacy.

Naturally some of the Men on the Hill resented having to ring the bell instead of entering unannounced. Such a change smacked of monarchy and exclusiveness. And yet no President

STATE DINING-ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE

ever entertained more largely or saw in friendly intercourse a larger number of the representative men and women of the country than did Theodore Roosevelt.[1]

The President himself was not without misgivings over some of the innovations. In his perturbation he asked what was to become of the wonderfully wrought Tiffany colored-glass screen that separated hall from corridor. 'I would suggest dynamite,' answered Mr. McKim. Consternation gave way to laughter. 'Yes,' assented the President, 'dynamite *would* be appropriate.' It is said that the screen followed the White House sideboard to a saloon — a remarkable coincidence in the operation of the law of gravitation.

The President once complained to Secretary Root that Mr. McKim was forcing him to walk past the servants' quarters in the West Terrace on his way to the offices. 'Of course,' assented the facetious Secretary, 'McKim was not counting on always having so decrepit a President.' The appearance of lions' heads on the white marble mantel in the State Dining-Room jarred on the American Hunter-President, and his feeling was only temporarily allayed by Secretary Root's remark, 'Oh, those are Roman lions, not British; and, anyway, all you have to do is to tell McKim to turn the corners of their mouths down.' In the

[1] Among the disgruntled Members of Congress was John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, who took umbrage at the disposal of the old furniture, and particularly over the fact that a certain sideboard presented by the Lucy Webb Hayes Chapter, a temperance society, had found its way from auction-room to saloon. How Mr. Gaines made the startling discovery of the new whereabouts, no one ever knew. At any rate, he prepared a speech on the momentous transaction, and it was known that he was anxiously awaiting an opportunity to hurl his bombshell. One day, after an exciting parliamentary struggle, James L. Slayden, of Texas, had secured an hour of the valuable time of the House. Mr. Slayden had no particular use for that hour; indeed, he preferred his luncheon. He bethought himself of Mr. Gaines and his sideboard speech. Mr. Gaines jumped at the opportunity and readily promised to keep talking until Mr. Slayden should return from luncheon. When the gentleman from Texas came back, Mr. Gaines brought his speech to conclusion by a perfervid peroration in which the White House architects, President Roosevelt, and the Republican Party, all were consigned to a bottomless pit.

Then Mr. Cannon was recognized by the Speaker. 'In the good old days of that gracious woman and incomparable housewife, Dolly Madison' (he meant Abigail Adams), began Mr. Cannon, 'the East Room of the White House was still unfurnished. So this worthy matron made it a habit, on rainy washdays, to hang the family wash in the East Room. The wash was extensive. The room was large. So she had to use a long and valuable clothes-line.' Mr. Cannon paused, struck a dramatic attitude, and, shaking his finger at the irate Mr. Gaines, exclaimed: 'Where, where, sir, I ask you, where is that clothes-line now?' The peals of laughter that greeted this sally were too much for the gentleman from Tennessee. He succumbed.

end Phemister Proctor was commissioned to replace the lions' heads with the heads of buffaloes.[1]

When the work was far enough along to bring the end in sight, Richard Watson Gilder, at the instance of McKim, asked Moore to prepare for 'The Century Magazine' an article on the restoration of the White House. The illustrations were done by Jules Guérin and Alfred Brennan. These artists came to Washington and made a series of renderings which maintain the architectural character of the work and at the same time are in themselves works of art.[2] Mr. Gilder and Mr. Drake, the art director of 'The Century,' felt that they were performing a service to the Nation in presenting the restoration of the White House without regard to expense in so far as illustrations were concerned. The 'copy' for the article, sent to the White House for revision, came back with several changes made in the handwriting of the President, and with one significant change made by Mrs. Roosevelt. McKim had decided in his own mind that the draperies in the East Room should be of crimson, and so it was written. In the returned copy the word 'crimson' was stricken out, and above it was written clearly, distinctly, deliberately, the word 'yellow.' There could be no appeal from that decision.[3]

The best of testimony as to the success of the restoration of the White House comes from President Taft:

I am living in a house to-day that has been made beautiful by Mr. McKim. It is a house to which you can invite any foreigner from any country, however artistic, and feel that it is a worthy executive mansion for a great nation like this, combining dignity and simplicity, and reflecting in all its lines (it does to me) the dignity and simplicity of the art of Mr. McKim.[4]

[1] President Roosevelt also insisted that the chimney in the dining-room be made to draw. 'If there is one thing to which I object,' he wrote to McKim, April 25, 1903, 'it is a pretense and sham, and this is just precisely what the dining-room fireplace at present is.'

[2] See *The Century Magazine*, April, 1903.

[3] On February 20, 1903, McKim handed to Moore ten typewritten pages of notes on the work that had been accomplished, and on this skeleton the report of the architects was constructed. Some historical notes were added, and President Roosevelt transmitted the whole to Congress. Mr. Gilder permitted the use of 'The Century' drawings; the Library of Congress furnished historical views of the President's House, beginning with 1805; and there were progress-photographs, as well as plans of the architects; making a little volume which became quickly 'out of print.' It is known as Senate Doc. No. 197, 57th Congress, 2d session, 1903.

[4] Address at the McKim memorial meeting in Washington.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KING'S MEDAL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

Edwin A. Abbey gave Charles McKim a happy surprise when he wrote facetiously from the Athenæum Club, London, on January 22, 1903:

Dear Old Man: I write this (hoping the cable will not have reached you first) to give away a game that is on here — and to offer you my salaams. Aston Webb came to me last night and wanted my authority for contradicting a rumour that C. F. McK. didn't really do any architecturing himself, but was the social member of the trio, who worked up the jobs over the wine, as it were. My indignation was well assumed, and fortunately I was able to cite many instances. I have a kind of memory of stunning things you'd done, etc., etc.; and of stunning things you meant to do (like me).[1]

The idea is that you are to receive the gold medal of the Institute of Architects (Webb's president, you know), and, damn you, may it do you a lot of good; and, shirker of a cricketer as you are, more power to your damned old elbow!!

Well, say — How about the third week in July — Tuesday 21, the Wilts Gentlemen; Wednesday, Oxford Long Vac.; Thursday 23, F. W. Cripps XI; Friday 24, S. V. Gibbs XI??? Come along — be a Kitten? Love to Mead and White. Gertrude is well — and so am I.

I don't admit any one to the studio unless he has a crown on, now[2] — but you can paint something on the place where your hair was — and believe me always affectionately yours,

Ned

On February 20, McKim wrote to W. T. Locke, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects:

My dear Sir: I am in receipt of your valued letter of 5th February, informing me of the action of the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects in submitting my name for consideration as a recipient of the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture.

In response to your inquiry as to my acceptance in the event of a favorable election, I beg to inform you that I have to-day cabled you the following message:

[1] Perhaps it is superfluous to remark that Aston Webb and Reginald Blomfield and the leading British architects were acquainted with McKim and his work, and that this is a bit of Abbey's fooling.

[2] Mr. Abbey was painting a picture of the coronation of Edward VII.

'As a great honour conferred upon the profession in this country, as well as upon my firm, I accept the nomination of the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects.'

Permit me to say that I am, personally, deeply sensible of the distinguished honour which the Council has chosen to confer upon me, and I trust that you will convey to the members the equal pleasure and surprise which their recommendation has caused me. As a student and member of the Junior body, I shall esteem it a high privilege to renew the associations which have not become less precious after the lapse of thirty years.[1]

Believe me
Faithfully yours
CHARLES F. McKIM

Then came another characteristic effusion from Abbey:

DEAR McKIM: I cut the enclosed from to-day's 'Times' — and send it with Gertrude's and my own very warm congratulations.[2] I had not heard anything since I wrote you from the Athenæum, and had tremors for fear I hadn't stacked it up sufficiently to Webb!!

You Beaux Arts chaps don't think any too great shakes of English architects, but there are some exceedingly learned and distinguished men among them — and men of discrimination withal — as the present incident testifies. . . . Love to the boys.

The first of many congratulations came from Frank Millet, who wrote from his studio, 6 East Twenty-Third Street, February 23, 1903:

DEAR CHARLES: I see by the papers that you are to have the gold medal in London and, as I never by any chance see you at church or anywhere else, I take this medium of communication to congratulate you with all my heart on the well-deserved honour, and to wish you many more. I doubt not this wish will be gratified.

Professor Chandler wrote, on March 7:

DEAR FOLLEN: I have only just heard of the great honor paid you by the R.I.B.A. I have always been proud to be able to say I knew you from the beginning, and now I am prouder than ever to be able to add, that no tribute was better deserved.

William D. Howells, with his friendship and fine discrimination, wrote, on March 8, from 48 West Fifty-Ninth Street:

[1] While McKim was traveling in England in 1869, he was made an honorary member of the Architectural Association, at the instance of Mr. R. Phene Spiers and Mr. Henry Lawrence, who thus enabled him 'to make profitable use of his time, so far as cricket matches would permit.'

[2] The election took place March 2, and was confirmed by King Edward on the 11th.

My dear Mr. McKim: I wish to tell you of the very great pleasure which the honor done you by the British architects has given one of your friends. Of course it was what they owed to themselves as much as to you, but it is well to know officially the regard in which you are held beyond seas, where men may indeed look on work older and more renowned than yours, but where they can see none animated by purer taste or more devoted love of beauty.

I should like to read into the superscription of your medal a full recognition of the fact that Athens and Florence have had another renaissance through your genius in architecture, unmistakably American.

Mr. Abbey wrote from Chelsea Lodge, 42, Tite Street, S. W., April 25, 1903:

Dear McKim: I have fixed June 19 for our little dinner here — Friday. You will probably reach these realms on Thursday at latest, and it has occurred to me that it will be well to have you here before your gilt has become tarnished — before you have become jaded with people and food and honours. I secured Poynter this morning for this date and shall earnestly hope that it will suit *you*. You are the guest of the R.I.B.A. on Monday and Tuesday, the 22nd and 23rd, Webb says. He also told me that many notables were assembling to do you honour. Choate (who possibly knows less about architecture than the Aryans) is to make a speech to you.

Now, if the 19th *will* do, will you cable?

It may seem rather exaggerated to be so beforehanded, so to speak, but you've no idea how tied up with engagements desirable people get to be, at this time. In fact, there are not enough desirable people to go 'round, and I want to show you off, you know! I am proud of you, as we all are who know anything about it.

I write cheerfully, old chap, but we have had a bitter grief to-day in the death of a dear friend, Walter Osborn of Dublin, a gentleman through and through, a fine painter and a keen cricketer, who has pulled many a match out of the fire for us at Fairford, God rest him! He was one of the best.

We are just back from a few weeks abroad, and I have not been able to see people until yesterday. Perhaps it will be best to cable what date will suit you if the 19th will not.

Gertrude sends warm regards.

Yours always

E. A. A.

To Abbey's bursts of affectionate admiration, McKim replied, on June 6:

My dear Ned: Despite my sundry cables, though but half expressing my appreciation of the friendship which prompted you to herald

(you were the first) the coming event, and afterwards to propose to celebrate it, I sincerely trust that this may reach you before I do, to let you know how much prospective pleasure and happiness you have given me (albeit consternation occasionally creeps over me as I think of the critical moment so close at hand).

Never having enjoyed the sensation of ascension to the company of the Immortals, my knees now and again quake a little — but in the light of your presence and that of Mr. Choate, and the numerous coats of whitewash so skilfully applied by my friends — I shall try to play the part so at least as not to disgrace the profession.

As I cabled you, I am planning to sail by the Teutonic on the 10th, and to reach the Berkeley Hotel probably on the 18th, where I shall hope to hear from you, and to survive it and the following days with such success as Providence and my stomach may vouchsafe!

With my best thanks for all your kindness and thoughtfulness, and hoping to sit by you at the first cricket match,

I am, faithfully yours

CHARLES F. McKIM

From the Teutonic, then off Fastnet Light, McKim wrote to his daughter, June 17:

MY DEAR MARGARET: Here we are off the Irish coast and the voyage nearly ended, after a week of smooth seas and fine weather (except one bumpy morning when my breakfast didn't taste good!). In consequence, the dining saloon has been crowded, except by the usual contingent of pallid faces who look on with a glassy eye.

At our table, Mrs. Seward Webb and her tall and charming daughter and little son; then *two* pairs of brides and grooms, both very recent and over-anxious to appear unconscious and as if they had been married forever. One of them (in her 'teens, I should say) has been very sick and only turned up yesterday. Both attractive, especially Mrs. Flick, who was Miss Henrietta Ridgeley of Baltimore, very pretty and nice and a cousin of my friend Harry White. Such honeymooners you never saw, only married on the 2nd. I have seen a good deal of Mrs. Webb (Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt's sister) and like her very much. Besides sleeping a lot, I have been struggling over my 'speech' assiduously, and have after three days' hard work knocked off something — such as it is — but am depending on Mr. Choate to make up for it. I am rather nervous as we draw near British soil, but well; and when the time comes shall endeavor not to disgrace you and the office and the occasion.

On Wednesday the 24th I shall be a free man, however, and you can think of me as dancing a series of Highland flings.

Your loving FATHER

MARGARET McKIM MALONEY
Bust by Edmond Quinn

On the eve of the dinner, Abbey wrote from Chelsea Lodge:

Well, I hope you are going to have the time of your life, but it may be a different kind of a time from other times. Our dinner here to-morrow at 8 o'clock will, I hope, be interesting. It isn't easy in heated parliamentary times to get people to promise who are interested in politics: Sir Villiers Stanford (musician); Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.; Sir L. Alma-Tadema; John Morley; the Earl of Carlisle; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; Aston Webb; Viscount Dillon (president of the Society of Antiquarians); Thomas Brock (sculptor).

I don't know whether you know all or any of these Johnnies. Sir Michael is more than likely to be next prime minister. Brock is the best we can do in the sculpture line, and Carlisle is the only peer who cares a great deal about art.

That the dinner was a success may be inferred from McKim's letter to Abbey, which smells of anything but bread-and-butter:

Saturday, June 20. After the Ball
THE BERKELEY HOTEL

MY DEAR NED — or Edward Rex, more rightfully!

I have been in the habit of meeting gentlefolk all my life (with a preference for that kind) — I have occasionally even run across a peer of the realm now and again, both abroad and under his own roof. I have dined in state once or twice with Presidents, diplomatists, and 'things' (as you would say), at the White House — but I am quite certain that I have never in my life sat down in a circle of such distinction as that which you and Mrs. Abbey gathered around your dinner table last night. Nor can I imagine a feast more tempting to the fastidious souls and stomachs of those for whom it was prepared.

It was *deep clover* for me, with the bars let down, and I enjoyed every minute as I haven't anything for a long, long time — and as you knew I would. For this and the judicious coats of whitewash with which you blinded the vision of the committee of the R.I.B.A. when my name swung in the balance between fame — and continued obscurity — I thank you with all my heart, and whatever my derelictions as a correspondent I want you to know how much I appreciate the friendship which prompted you to do me such yeoman service when the time came.

For these good things and — more — the high privilege of the Athenæum — duly acknowledged to his Lordship, whom I got on with and enjoyed meeting greatly — to Sir Edward, whom I hope and believe I am to meet again — I thank you warmly. I have already lunched at the Athenæum with White [Mr. Henry White, First Secretary of the American Embassy] yesterday, where we saw various celebrities feeding and later calmly sleeping in that fine (bed?) chamber called the library. I slept finely myself last night, and have been

hustling about town this morning. When you and Mrs. Abbey recover from the spree, I will drop in and talk both scandal and business with you.

Meanwhile I am, gratefully yours

C. F. McKim

To his daughter McKim writes spontaneous letters, sparkling with delight over the events, with whimsical modesty and keen enjoyment:

Carlsbad, *July* 28, 1903

My dearest Margaret: I received your very welcome letter shortly before leaving London, and according to agreement have delayed sending you my log until 'after the ball was over.' This occurred on the 19th, just thirty days after landing on Albion's shores. On the evening of the 19th I reached Paris (where I had not intended to go), in obedience to a letter from President Butler of Columbia begging me to help the University out in the selection of a Frenchman to take charge of the Architectural classes at Columbia.

After a glimpse at my old haunts in the Latin Quarter and at the Exhibition of the drawings for the *Prix de Rome*, which, by the way, has just been awarded to a member of my old Atelier (Daumet), I took train on the evening of the 24th and (nineteen hours later) arrived here on Saturday afternoon (three days ago), rather weary, very dirty, fully conscious of enlargement of the liver, probably chronic, but as well as could be expected after such a prolonged series of dissipations and late hours.

Here, for the first time since you waved good-bye to your father on June 10th, can he be said to have come even temporarily to anchor. Here, for the first time, is peace and quiet, a little room, neat and clean, on the ground floor, looking out on a pretty garden, walled from the street, with a rose-bed right under my casement window and the sun coming in at all hours of the day. For two days I slept and slept, and seemed to wake more tired than an old car horse! but yesterday I perked up, and to-day am commencing my back log to you, more rested considerably than I have felt for one while!

Here I found Mr. Cadwalader and the Philip Schuylers (who had engaged my room and whose parlor and meals I share) waiting for me; so that the faces of the thousands of fat men and women of all nationalities, colors and persuasions, who flock here and solemnly drink the waters, beginning at 6.30 A.M., fail to depress me; and yesterday morning I joined the band and forming line with glass in hand waited my turn at the 'Felsenqueller' spring (temp. 140 Fahr.). The glass contained nearly *one pint* of a beverage more nearly like a weak tepid decoction of chicken broth with slight saline tendency than anything else.

After fifteen minutes a second glass is taken by the faithful (*I* am not taking the full cure) and then once more the vast crowd descends on all the bakeries in the one long narrow street that constitutes the little town, and having, after a scramble, managed to secure two small rolls, disperses, each person carrying his or her bread in a paper bag, for *the morning walk of one hour* before eating.

Our restaurant is just two miles up the river. Here, after a short rest, we have coffee, tea or milk and two boiled eggs, two small rolls, and nothing more till 1.30; then 'dinner' of cold ham or veal or chicken or mutton, two green vegetables and compôte, or stewed fruit; and for supper at 7 o'clock less of the same, but no salads, sweets, pastry, nor (for me) either tea, coffee, cocoa, or wines, beers or alcohol of any kind. My consolation lies in three segars a day (one after each meal); bed 9.30 to 10 o'clock, when the whole town is wrapped in darkness.

As I am not attempting the regular cure with baths and strong waters, but dieting and resting, I cannot speak as yet with knowledge, but this much I am certain of, that already my tendency to indigestion is passing away, and that the decreased amount of food and variety means better sleep and appetite, and I am glad I came here, if only to find this out from experience. In other words, a limited, specified amount of food makes all the difference between health (which is happiness) and sickness. The trouble with us weak mortals is that we find it so hard to submit.

The Schuylers leave at the end of the present week, followed by Mr. Cadwalader and C. F. McK. on the 6th, for Scotland direct, for a short rest or 'after cure' at Millden (Edzell, Forfarshire, North Britain) before the great day, August 12th, when all the English world goes grouse shooting.

I expect to remain with Mr. Cadwalader till the 30th of August, and then, D.V., am planning to join the Newbolds for a week on their moor at Pitlochry, Perthshire, before sailing home with Jefferson, who goes back to Groton school under my wing on the Oceanic, from Liverpool, September 9.

Jack White will also probably join us on his way to enter Harvard, and I have promised their mothers to put them both up at 9 East 35th Street, on their way through to Boston, and to look after them *en route*.

I dare say that they will both be of more use to me than I can possibly be of service to them, Jefferson being over 6 feet, and Jack, who rowed at Eton, 6 feet 2½! As once before, I shall continue to mail this letter in chapters, until you feel talked to a standstill and I the victim of writer's cramp.

More anon, with much love from your affectionate

FATHER

CARLSBAD, *July* 29, 1903

DEAREST MARGARET: Yesterday's four sheets were in the nature of an outline of events, and landed me here. To-day I will carry you back, and try to fill in with a little more detail something of the happenings of my month in London.

But first, our plans being now pretty well decided, you can think of Mr. C. and his party *en route* for Scotland on the 10th. . . .

I shall be glad to get back to London, if only for two days, to arrange some unfinished business and to say farewell to some of the new old friends to whom I owe so much. Dear old London! I always felt at home there since my first visit in 1869, and never came away with so much regret as now. Long before this reaches you I hope you will have received the copy of the 'Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects' which I sent you to the Imperial Hotel at Narragansett Pier, giving a full account of the Medal exercises, as well as of the Annual dinner, speeches, etc.

I also sent one to the office. As you will have seen they laid it on pretty thick; and as the representative of the U.S.A. felt bound to do it up handsomely, and certainly did treat your father far beyond his deserts, my only fear is that the dozens of other men who might have been selected with equal or greater propriety may take offense at some of Mr. Choate's remarks, and exception to his very personal support of our office as against all others. Of course I cannot be held responsible for what happened, and can only say that both occasions went off in a manner so hearty and enthusiastic and altogether flattering to our national pride, as well as one's personal sense of vanity, that I have hardly yet awakened from it. The cold water of next winter will come soon enough I know, and the remembrance of courts and balls and routs, dinners, lunches, breakfasts and public functions, to say nothing of the teas and garden parties, the opera, Academy receptions, 'Saturday-to-Monday' country house parties, etc., etc., will all have to be packed away in the garret of old trunks and memories; but for the present the song I like best is 'Let me dream again!'

Now let me try also to remember a few of the places I visited and the people I met, some of them, I hope, not for the last time. First, arriving on the 18th, I was dined by Mr. Abbey, the artist (whom you know), delightfully at his house, the guests invited being: Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; Lord Carlisle; Viscount Dillon; Sir L. Alma-Tadema; Aston Webb, R.A., President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; the Duke of Argyll; the Right Hon. George Wyndham; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and John Morley.

Representing both Houses of Parliament, as well as writers, artists, and men of the highest note in their various fields, it proved to be, as was bound to be the case, most agreeable; and I soon forgot everything but the moment. After dinner we adjourned to Mr. Abbey's studio on the floor above, and there viewed the painting of the Corona-

tion — a great canvas, now nearly finished and sure to justify the selection of the artist. A last segar, after all were gone, and then home to bed at 1 A.M. 20th, dined quietly with our Ambassador, who urged confidence and patience. 21st, prayers, stomach ache, cold sweats, a long walk and a restless night.

22nd, *The* day — Niagara Falls just around the bend and not a plank! Called on President Webb, ate the things I didn't want, said the things I didn't mean, and went to my room for a last rehearsal of my address and to dress. At seven, with Mr. Choate and Harry White, dined with the Council of the Institute, adjourning to the Royal Institute of British Architects later, where we found the hall full of expectant people, fully as many women as men, in evening dress.

Entering from the rear and headed by the President, wearing his gold chain of office, the line of those who were to speak and officiate followed, Mr. Choate and I first, then Harry White, the past presidents of the Institute, two gold medal men, Sir Alma-Tadema with Mr. Abbey, etc., etc.

There was much hand clapping, and people rose generally to greet the procession. The President ascended a dais of several steps and assumed a chair of throne-like proportions, with a back far above his head — to me it seemed to be all of eight feet high — with his two secretaries on either side.

Mr. Choate, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Abbey, Harry White and I formed a little group to the right, and then there fell a horrible silence. You could have heard a pin drop; in fact, I heard things that didn't happen at all! But just then Mr. Choate's shoulder touched mine, and a voice whispered reassuringly in my ear that 'all was well' and that 'he and I would soon show them!' — and so he did, as you have read. When my turn came, in response to President Webb's address, I took a tremendous gulp, advanced to the platform, and, finding that my knees were all right, braced up; and, knowing my lines pretty nearly by heart, was less dependent upon the manuscript than I had dared to hope. This was a great relief, as you can imagine; and after supper, at which I was presented to many people, went off with Mr. White for the last act of the opera — happy — and slept that night — how I did sleep!

As a result, the annual dinner of the R.I.B.A. which occurred the next day at the Hotel Metropole, altho a much larger affair, appeared much less formidable than I had feared; and though I had to get on my feet without notes, in response to a toast to '*our* guest,' I managed to make my acknowledgments without disgracing the profession, for which, not being a speaker, I was deeply thankful.

But all that occurred is contained in the report of the dinner sent you at the time. And now with apologies for this very long letter, . . .

Good-bye for now from

Your loving DADDY

CARLSBAD, *July* 31, 1903

DEAREST MARGARET: To pick up the thread and go on with my log, the next occasion likely to be of particular interest to you was the last Court of the season at Buckingham Palace, to which I was '*commanded*' '*in the name of their Majesties*' by the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain. Full dress being *de rigueur*, I was forthwith taken by Mr. White to a tailor and there measured for a court suit of black velvet, consisting of breeches, waistcoat, tail surtout coat with standing collar set off with steel cut buttons, silk stockings, patent-leather pumps with large steel buckles to match coat, white waistcoat, chapeau and small sword. The whole outfit came home at 6.30 on the day of the presentation, and at 8 sharp I must be at a dinner of bigwigs (36) given by the Whites for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at 6 Whitehall Gardens, some distance off. With the aid of the tailor's man I was enabled to leave the hotel in time, but without the slightest acquaintance with my rapier and no practice whatever in *sitting down* in my small clothes. Fortunately I knew enough to carry my hat under the left arm correctly and to grip the sword in walking, but beyond this very slender information I entered the brilliant drawing room with something of the insecurity of the tomcat on his way through a stretch of wet grass!

The dinner, a very beautiful affair, was divided into four tables, and I was thankful and greatly relieved to get seated and my sword safely under the cloth without sticking either Lady Ribblesdale or myself in the calf of the leg!

At our table next to Mrs. White on either side sat the Duke of Connaught, the Earl of Yarborough, Lady Ribblesdale, Leopold Rothschild, Mrs. Leslie, Maj. Wynne Finch and Lady Windsor. I had known Lady Ribblesdale on a previous night, and enjoyed meeting her again very much, with a promise to spend a morning and lunch afterwards with her — a promise, alas, not yet fulfilled, the more to be regretted because of the Sir Joshuas, Gainsboroughs and Lawrences that hang on her walls. After dinner, the ladies having retired, the men gathered around our table and I had a pleasant chat with the Duke, who was much interested in my decoration and questioned me on several topics. I afterwards met him, once at a garden party at Holland House, the home of Lord Ilchester, and again at the King's ball, lately given for President Loubet, and he has always made a point of remembering me with a pleasant word, as he does everybody, which accounts for his great popularity everywhere. The Duchess is a kind, matronly woman, with a dislike for fuss and feathers, rather withdrawn and, they say, happiest in the country amongst her children and intimate friends.

At 10 o'clock I followed Mr. Choate through a side entrance to Buckingham Palace reserved for the Diplomatic Corps, and awaited the arrival of the Royal party in a room next the Throne-room, in

which all the diplomatic people, gorgeous in their uniforms, were assembled. Presently a fanfare of trumpets sounded the approach of the King and Queen, who advanced into the Throne-room, followed and preceded by the Lords and Ladies in Waiting. (In immediate attendance I omitted to mention the three princesses.) A royal cortège indeed, it seemed to my unaccustomed eyes.

The Throne-room is a magnificent apartment, 150 feet long by 80 feet wide and 50 feet high. The dais at one end, upon which are two thrones, flanked by the tiers of Duchesses, Countesses, etc., of the Realm on one side and the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps on the other. The orchestra in a gallery high up at the opposite end. The floor covered with ladies and gentlemen, all in uniforms or court dress, relieved by a background of crimson, purple, gray and gold, three great crystal chandeliers above reflecting bare shoulders and all the diamonds, pearls and crowns of the Realm. Stretching away *en suite* the succession of brilliantly lighted and sumptuously furnished apartments of Buckingham Palace.

The orchestra sounded 'God save the King,' the Court seated itself and the presentations began. Young Joe Choate, Captain Bowditch of the Navy and I were in turn presented by Mr. Choate, and were allowed the unusual privilege of remaining in the Throne-room, while the hundreds who followed, with a few exceptions, were obliged to pass through and out. I was tired to death after two hours of it, and could well understand the fatigue of the King and Queen as well as that of some of those in charge of the ceremony of presentation; but it was far and away the most beautiful and brilliant spectacle (next to the King's ball to Loubet which followed two weeks later) that I had ever seen. The supper following was for a while as much as your life was worth to reach, but I eventually rejoined our Ambassador and his family (who are dear people and were more than good all the time I was in London) and reached home just before daylight.

If only you could have been there with me! I constantly wished for you to see it; and how you would have enjoyed the still more extraordinary occasion when the King entertained the French President so magnificently. I shall never forget that wonderful military pageant at Aldershot, on a perfect day, followed by the rush back to London just in time for the ball. What the French call *éblouissant*!!! is the only way to express it! The streets were hung with flags and arched across, and lined with troops. The whole place blazed, and only London can produce the mighty crowds that welcomed a French ruler for the first time in history. Long live the King — amongst other things, didn't he give a medal to your loving

DADDY?

MILLDEN LODGE, EDZELL, FORFARSHIRE
August 11, 1903

DEAREST MARGARET: After ten days at Carlsbad . . . I came away feeling much better than I like to confess after such short commons, and fully convinced that a four weeks' 'cure' at Carlsbad would have made me 'over.' We left Carlsbad on the 6th, reached London on the 7th, and came straight through with the Schuylers without incident, arriving here yesterday (Monday) morning at 11 A.M. To-day the sun has shone almost for the first time in three whole weeks. Rain, rain, all the time, swollen streams and low barometer; but the signs point to a change, and to-night all England is praying for good weather to-morrow, the opening of the shooting season, known as 'the glorious 12th!'

This is literally the first time since landing that I have come to a standstill; and I am looking forward to these last four weeks with the greatest pleasure and as by far the most restful part of my holiday. There is so much talk going on around me I can't write or even think, so good-night and good-bye for a while from

Your loving FATHER

MILLDEN LODGE, EDZELL, FORFARSHIRE
August 24, 1903

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER: No one here knows that this is my (56th) birthday, so I am celebrating it on the sly by acknowledging your last letter from Newport and sending you a page out of your Daddy's log. In my last letter from London, *en route* here from Carlsbad on the 9th, I forgot to mention that we (Mr. Cadwalader and I) came on the same train from Carlsbad with Miss Gertrude Pancoast and her fiancé, Mr. Adamowski, the Polish violinist. You will remember her as being at the Little Casino the summer we had a cottage there. You will no doubt have seen her before this reaches you, as she was going home to be married early in September and to pass the intervening time with her sister, who has a cottage at Narragansett. She hoped to see you and also Charles Hitchcock, and to post you both as to the ten days we passed in the delights of raw ham, sprudel salts, hot milk and cold veal, rising soon after daylight, and partaking with a lot of other good people of the above and a few other limited viands, three times a day. Nevertheless, despite the short commons and short time — or partly, I should say, due to the dieting after a month of London and Paris — it did me a lot of good, and I intend on the very next opportunity to take a real cure. . . .

I have been here now for nearly two weeks. We spend the time from 9.30 till six and sometimes seven o'clock, on the moor, climbing the high, heather-covered hills that surround the house as far as you can see. Pony men, ponies, beaters, loaders and shooters (or 'guns') form the cavalcade, and may be seen and heard at all hours of the day driving the birds across country to the butts or blinds of turf or stone five

feet high, behind which the members of the party to the number of five, six or seven are stationed. The grouse this year are not as numerous as usual but are fine birds, and the sport as keen as ever. We work very hard, get very tired and hungry, lunching on the moor, sometimes miles from home, at a convenient spring, and returning for a hot bath and dinner at eight — everybody dresses for dinner — a plain, good, substantial meal, a segar, cards or a glance at the newspaper, and by eleven the house is wrapped in slumber to the sound of the Esk, a beautiful little river at the foot of the lawn. At 7.30 we are up and at it again, day in and day out. The time flies, or melts like butter in the fire, and I am, as you can imagine, gaining strength and vigor out of it such as I have not known for years. The freedom from care and all anxiety, and the cold, high air, would make over most any old wreck, and instead of 56, deduct about twenty years and you will have an idea of my occasional feelings of youth.

Later: At dinner, what do you think! A birthday cake of monumental size, with an inscription, etc., etc., containing my name; champagne, etc., etc.! It seems that Mr. Schuyler had put down in his notebook my birthday three years ago when I was here, and had remembered it. Wasn't it very nice?

Of course we had a great jollification, and the cake is to be cut up and sent about the neighborhood to-morrow. They are very, very kind and good to me, and I cannot understand how it has happened that I am so fortunate as to be able to get in these good weeks — four weeks of real rest and enjoyment before the winter's work sets in. It will make all the difference in the world to me, and some I hope to you and the office, in the work which I hope to be able to do.

A week hence (the 31st) I expect to go on from here to the Newbolds, who have a moor, as you know, in Perthshire. From there, after a few days, on to London to finish some unsettled business, and the following week, on Tuesday the 8th, to Liverpool, sailing, as I wrote you, with Jack White, who goes to Harvard.

I have kept all the details of my English visit, press clippings, invitations and a record of where I went and whom I met, to bring home with me, as it would be impossible in the limits of a letter to give you any satisfactory idea of it. Sufficient to say that I have everywhere been treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by strangers as well as friends; and, while not at all ready to come home just yet, feel that it is high time to get back to you and into harness again.

I am ever your affectionate

FATHER

On October 12, 1903, Saint-Gaudens wrote to McKim, from Aspet, Windsor, Vt.:

DEARY CHARLIE: It was good to receive your letter. Dummy

[Mead] had shown me your report you wrote from England, and I knew of your successes and reveled in them. Another good thing was to know of your good health and spirits, so Hoooorraaaa-li-lu for everything and everybody!!! And when you have done that, please say as nice a thing as I may be permitted to Margaret, for thinking of me and of my staying at your house when I go down. The fact that she would be there would attract me much more than you, pretty and alluring as you have been in the past and will continue to be AD ETERNAM. So you may expect me when you have a spare room to bring my valise and myself to 9 East 35th, *et grand Merci.*

Thank you for doing what you have about the photo for the Cleveland address. I have just finished it, and shall mail two copies of it to-morrow to Glenn Brown, one to the Octagon, the other to the Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland.

I cannot go, greatly as I should like to have been agreeable and been 'round.' I cannot make two trips to the west within a fortnight. I must go to Chicago on the 26th; I have said my say in what I wrote much better than I could if I stood up and blubbered and drooled at the mouth and perspired and stammered in front of 10,000,000 million amused architects.

I am proud to say that I haven't done a stroke of work in three months. It's the first time in six years when at some hour or other of the day I have not meditated suicide, and the first time in my life I have loafed when I could work. The result is I am now even more pretty than you to look upon, and if I was a woman I would make the healthiest baby that ever was. As soon as the bad weather drives me indoors, I shall resume sculpture with enthusiasm.

ADDENDA

CHARLES F. McKIM'S SPEECH ON RECEIVING THE KING'S MEDAL

Mr. President, Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am no speaker, and if I were it would be quite beyond me adequately to express to you my appreciation and deep sense of obligation to His Gracious Majesty King Edward and to the members of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

The broad philanthropy which created this medal, not alone for British subjects, but that it might help and encourage the successful development of the art of Architecture in other countries, was characteristic of the most gracious Queen whose memory we, next to you, hold in veneration.

That it should have a second time within a single decade come to our shores, is indeed cause for felicitation, since it attests in lasting form the progress and achievement your eminent body has been pleased to recognize in the work of your younger colleagues in America.

The medal which you do me the high honor to bestow on me, is pure at least in virtue of my accidental presidency of the American Institute; but is, I feel, to be regarded in a far larger sense than as a personal recognition of the ties which unite the builder's art on both sides of the Atlantic.

As a spur and incentive, and as a token of the friendship and respect that for many years have been growing up between our two bodies, I accept with grateful pride this medal tendered, as to my countrymen, by the Royal Institute.

I accept it for the whole profession in the United States, and I accept it for my associates of twenty-five years, to whom I owe everything.

As the bearer of many messages from across the seas, I cannot let such an occasion as this pass by without at least briefly adverting to the ties which have united us in the past, and which must render the development of our future of something more than passing interest to you.

I will add also a word concerning recent events on our side of the water. The early buildings of the New England coast, dating back to the 18th century, and more rarely to the 17th, from the once vice-regal town of Portsmouth to Charleston, South Carolina, have happily descended to us, despite political revolutions. Notwithstanding their simpler forms, both of construction and design, made necessary by slender means and the circumstances of transplantation, they still reflect the mother country in their excellence of construction as well as in sound and correct taste. Precisely the most interesting, and in their sphere the most admirable, architectural monuments of my native land, private dwellings and public buildings alike, are those that most strongly recall their English prototypes.

Our obligations, for instance, to Sir Christopher Wren are very imperfectly understood even at home, yet the cities of the Atlantic seaboard, especially in New England, abound in examples showing the influence of his school. The struggle of these landmarks for existence in the advancing tide of commercial prosperity, before which they are gradually being swept away, is a melancholy daily spectacle, not alone deplorable in the loss of historic monuments, but also for the lessons they invariably teach of sound proportion, simplicity and good manners.

Happily, some of the best examples remain to us. At the seat of Government, for instance, our Capitol, and the home of our President, the White House, are both singularly animated by a pure taste and devoted love of beauty, not to mention the City Hall and the old Department buildings of the City of Washington. Of these, for our information at home as well as yours, let us gratefully acknowledge that the Capitol, though enlarged and changed since, was originally designed by one William Thornton; the White House by a certain

James Hoban; while the City Hall and old Department buildings were the creation of a man of the name of Hadfield — *all Englishmen.*

I can well remember the thrill of surprise and pleasure I experienced on my first visit to England, more than thirty years ago, in the discovery of a strange familiarity in the appearance of things, and in the sense of not being after all so far from home. Though I did not understand it then, the reason, as has been shown, was not far to seek!

I will venture to refer to one more building of the era which we call early, and you ingloriously late, albeit of the period of Adam — the 'Octagon.'

Our Institute, which has urged upon governments — national, state and municipal — the duty of preserving historic monuments, has itself recently secured possession of one of the historic houses of America, known from its shape as the 'Octagon,' and designed by the same William Thornton, architect of the Capitol. Here in the early days was dispensed a liberal hospitality by President Madison, whose home it was. Under its roof, too, the Treaty of Ghent was signed. The house was finished in a manner befitting its importance, and to-day is in an excellent state of preservation. Thus the expressed desire and often recurring efforts of the Institute to secure for itself a permanent home has been accomplished after nearly half a century of existence. May it typify to those who assemble in it, as well as to the people of the City of Washington, the spirit of public service!

The Institute has ample reason for felicitation in both the increase and betterment of our own schools of Architecture, in Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Chicago Universities, as well as in the admirable and still older foundation of the Institute of Technology in Boston. The movement to endow an American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, on the general lines of the French Academy in the Villa Medicis, is not new.

Till now dependent for support upon the insufficient means at the command of the incorporators (members of the Institute), and a few of their friends, the number of scholars has of necessity been small and the conveniences for work not such as would be afforded by an older, well-equipped and well-endowed institution.

Nevertheless, in spite of its vicissitudes, such has been the quality of the work and men turned out, and so strong the conviction of those most deeply interested in the need for an institution offering a post-graduate course intended only for those who shall be already technically well equipped, that a bill for the incorporation of the American Academy in Rome by Act of Congress, and asking the protection of the United States Government, was introduced in 1901 by the late Senator McMillan. The persons named as incorporators, besides the leading architects, painters and sculptors, included the great universities and technical schools represented by their presidents, the Secretaries of State and War, the Librarian of Congress, the Government

Architect, and a considerable number of men chosen from the community at large known for their interest in art and art education.

This bill passed the Senate and was favorably reported to the House; but, owing to the legislative conditions prevailing in the latter body during the closing weeks of the session, it failed to become law. I am happy to say that it will be reintroduced in the coming 58th Congress and is considered to have every prospect of success.

Indeed we seem to be living in a new age, not only in our private enterprises but in our relations with the Government. It was no small thing that a Committee of the United States Senate, under the leadership of the deeply mourned Senator James McMillan, called into consultation officially the Institute, and accepted the advice of its Committee in the formation of a Commission to prepare plans for the improvement of the park system of the District of Columbia, including the location of public buildings.

Following this lead have come frequent requests from Government officials on the various and often perplexing problems of their Departments, so that informally and unofficially there has come to pass a seeking for expert advice as gratifying as it has been unusual.

The forces which have brought about plans for the improvement of the National Capital are acting throughout the land. Not only in the Atlantic seaboard city of New York, and the cities of the Lake Region, like Buffalo, Cleveland, and St. Paul, but even from far-away Seattle on the Pacific Coast, comes the news of attempts to treat the city as a unit, and to develop a municipality as a consistent work of art.

It is worthy of note also that, as the star of progress takes its western way, the effort at improvement is made with increasing vigour in both enthusiasm and money.

As evidence of the times, and amongst the measures voted by the last (57th) Congress for new buildings to be erected within the District of Columbia alone, I will quote the substance of a single paragraph from the report of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, dated March 14, 1903: 'The Fifty-Seventh Congress, besides the restoration of the White House, authorized the construction of the Army War College and the Engineer School of Application; a building for the National Museum; . . . the Union Railroad Station; (an office) building for the use of the members of the House of Representatives; a Municipal Building for the District of Columbia; and a Hall of Records.' The cost of these buildings completed will approximate not less than fifteen millions of dollars, or over three millions sterling.

I cannot close even these brief remarks without an expression of appreciation for one to whom your eminent body so recently did honor. After nearly half a century of successful endeavour, during which Mr. Hunt held aloft the banner and fought the battles of the Institute, in the fulness of his powers, and at a time when his influence was greatest, he was suddenly taken away.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you for the great patience and forbearance with which you have listened to these fragmentary remarks, which but poorly express my appreciation of the high honour your distinguished body has seen fit to confer upon me.

Ambassador Choate's Speech

As reported in the London Times of June 23, 1903

Mr. Choate said that he had known Mr. McKim from his boyhood, and it was no exaggeration to say that, in view of his enthusiasm from the beginning for his profession, his friends always expected that he would be the recipient of some of the highest honours which his professional brethren throughout the world could confer upon him. (Hear, hear.) As the official representative of his countrymen he had no hesitation in saying that if the whole American people were asked who among her distinguished sons was most worthy of this honour, by a practically unanimous vote they would have selected Mr. McKim. (Cheers.) And if they had called for the vote of Congress, as representing the power and judgment of the whole community, they too would have selected him, because with their approval he had been selected and had taken an important part in that Presidential Commission — corresponding to a Royal Commission here — regarding the development of the city of Washington upon the lines and according to the plan that received the approval of the father of his country, George Washington, more than 100 years ago. Moreover, if the choice had been left to President Roosevelt instead of the King, he felt sure that, on account of his lifelong friendship and his hearty sympathy with Mr. McKim's success, the President would have joined in the approval of his selection. (Cheers.) He knew Mr. Hunt, who ten years ago was honoured in the same way, and he thought he might say that in the immense development of their art which had taken place in the United States during the last 30 years both those gentlemen were entitled to a very great share of the credit. After the Civil War was over, and it was at last established that the United States was to be a nation, one and inseparable, for ever, there grew up throughout the length and breadth of the land an ambition to improve and adorn the buildings, both public and private — to make them worthy of the municipalities and of the country. This was the universal sentiment, and the result was that America had been and was now, and was likely to be in the future, a perfect paradise for architects. (Laughter and cheers.) There had grown up not only a school of architecture, but many great schools of architecture connected with the leading universities of the United States, and they were sending forth year after year large numbers of young men highly qualified for the pursuit of this profession. These young men were following in the footsteps of Hunt and McKim, on whom the Royal Institute had conferred this

highly honourable and distinguished medal, and the result would be that in future years they would have added to their fraternity of architects — for he considered that they were one great fraternity throughout the world (hear, hear) — a noble contribution from the United States, of whom, he believed, as of the present recipient of that honour, they would have great reason to be proud. (Cheers.)

Sir L. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Abbey also addressed the meeting.

Mr. McKim, in response to the president's invitation, said that he should be happy to become an honorary corresponding member of the Institute.

CHAPTER XVIII

DINNERS OF DISTINCTION AND A NATIONAL CHARTER

In respect of the representative character of the guests, the eminence of the speakers, the direct purpose of the speeches, and the objects attained, the most distinguished dinner ever given in Washington took place at the old Arlington Hotel on the evening of January 11, 1905, under the auspices of the American Institute of Architects. McKim spent months in arranging and perfecting every smallest detail. His efforts availed brilliantly, but at the cost of a large fraction of the small stock of vitality that remained to him.

The preparations began in October, with fixing a date on which President Roosevelt was free. Next he secured President Cassatt, Vice-President Rea, and Daniel D. Newhall, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the latter 'a very old friend of the President and an intimate friend of Secretary Taft.' Mr. Morgan also promised to come. Mr. Root, President Butler, Cardinal Gibbons, and Ambassador Jusserand were acquired as speakers. Secretary Taft said he would attend, but that the condition of his health forbade him to speak. Then for the Arts McKim dragooned John La Farge and Saint-Gaudens; with Justice Harlan, Speaker Cannon, and Representative McCleary to speak for the Government. All but Mr. Root, Cardinal Gibbons, and the French Ambassador were limited to ten minutes.

Before Christmas the details had been arranged; and before New Year's McKim could write to Saint-Gaudens, 'Henry James is coming; in fact, *everybody*, and *more* than we want! La Farge has accepted in writing but nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, be sure to write him a line reminding him that both Mr. Root and Mr. Hay feel that his presence, as one of the central features of the Dinner, is of the utmost importance.'

But the best-laid plans oft go wrong. On January 3, 1905, McKim wrote to William Loeb, the President's Secretary:

> With the help of all the forces that made for good in the Arts of this country, the committee of which I have the honor to be chairman, has

been 'Looping-the-Loop' in the endeavor to bring together on the evening of January 11th as many representative men as possible, for the purpose of listening to Mr. Root, the French Ambassador, Cardinal Gibbons, the President of Columbia University, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, John La Farge and others.

After a great deal of work, amongst our acceptances we have been especially counting on Justice Harlan and Senator Aldrich. We now learn with something like dismay from them that they have been summoned to attend a dinner at the White House. In the name of Republican justice, will you please pray the President, for the sake of his friends on the enclosed list, to consider our feelings! Justice Harlan, in a letter received this morning, promises to come late; but, we have, apparently, lost Mr. Aldrich altogether — a great loss to the dinner. For the first time in the history of the Arlington Hotel we are improvising a box for a few ladies. Mrs. Robinson has promised to come, her sister (Mrs. Cowles) and several others whose presence will add luster to the occasion. I propose to place this box at the disposal of Mrs. Roosevelt and have to-day written to her.

This appeal proved effective and McKim jubilantly informed Mr. Root that 'the President and all his guests, including Secretary Moody, Senators Allison, Aldrich, and Lodge and Speaker Cannon are all coming over after dinner.'

For the occasion, Frank Millet hung the Arlington dining-room entirely in white, with branches of palms held together with fastenings bearing the names of the Institute chapters. Festoons of green emphasized the architectural lines of the room; above the President's chair was the great seal of the A.I.A., and at the end the cipher of the Institute was flanked by the colors of the States of the Union effectively arranged as trophies — a scheme of decoration the dignity of which one felt on entering.

At the high-table were Ambassador Jusserand with Secretary Hay, and Cardinal Gibbons with Mr. Root and Secretary Taft. Among those not already mentioned were Bishop Satterlee, Frederic Dielman, D. C. French, E. H. Blashfield, Siddons Mowbray, Senators Wetmore, Cockrell, Dryden, Newlands, and Nelson; Representatives Bartholdt, Dalzell, Payne, Williams, and Powers; Literature was represented by Henry James, Peter Dunne, Charles Dana Gibson, and Thomas Nelson Page; Music, by Edward MacDowell; Education, by Presidents Harrison of Pennsylvania and Harper of Chicago; Science, by Simon Newcomb and William Barclay Parsons.

The President came in while the speaking was in progress. The significance of his speech lay in the fact that as Chief Executive he committed himself to the principle that '*whenever hereafter a public building is provided for, it should be erected in accordance with a carefully thought-out plan adopted long before, and that it should be not only beautiful in itself, but fitting in its relations to the whole scheme of public buildings, parks and the drives of the District.*' This now seems commonplace; then it was a pioneer utterance on the part of one in authority.

An hour before the dinner McKim visited the toastmaster, who was under the doctor's care, but who was not on that account inclined to forego the opportunity of presiding at so distinguished a dinner. Fortunately the programme had been so well prepared that his indisposition was hardly noticed. Ambassador Jusserand, who was twice put out of his place on the programme (once by the entrance of the President and again by a mix-up as to the order of speaking), turned to Secretary Hay and remarked, 'Our Chairman is a bit heavy. He lacks animation.' 'Yes,' responded Mr Hay, 'he lacks animation, but not spirit.'

When Mrs. Roosevelt and her guests entered the hall a quartette of male voices sang 'Hail to the Fairest' and the President of the Institute gave the toast, 'To the gracious lady whose presence is inspiration, because her thought is ever on the things that are true,' which the guests drank standing, in recognition of the steadfast sympathy and aid given by her to the Commission in preparing and carrying out the plans for the improvement of Washington, and particularly in appreciation of her influence in bringing about the restoration of the White House.

Mr. Root made the principal address. Adverting to McKim's work on the restoration of the White House, he spoke of the building as

> that ideal expression of the time when the Fathers of the Republic lived; that inheritance of America from the genius of Hoban, selected by Washington to erect as the house of America's chief magistrate the residence of an American gentleman, upon the banks of the Potomac; that perpetual embodiment of the spirit of the life which gave to the nation Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Marshall and

Randolph — all American gentlemen, on the banks of the Potomac.

I thank Heaven that the White House has been preserved, restored and protected against all discordant and overwhelming additions and constructions whatsoever; and against all garish display and inconsistent treatment; preserved as a precious monument of America's past for America's future by the fine and reverent sense of art of that brother of our own, upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of Richard Hunt — Charles McKim. . . .

It was reserved for the great city of the Middle West, by the example of that fair White City by the Lake, which remains with us as a dream of Ionian seas, to lead our people out of the wilderness of the commonplace to new ideas of architectural beauty and nobility. The lesson of the Chicago Exposition has gone into every city and town and hamlet of America. The architects now for the first time are beginning to have the nation with them. . . . I say a better day has dawned. The reign of Mullet[1] is over already. For our great public buildings architects are consulted as Washington and Jefferson consulted Thornton and L'Enfant and Hoban for the Capitol and the White House. We have the inspiring spectacle in this city of the broadminded management of the greatest of our railroad corporations, which is represented at our board to-night by President Cassatt [the guests arose and cheered] voluntarily and cheerfully withdrawing from the public park of Washington the railway station and railway terminals which stood in the way of the realization of the dream of Washington and L'Enfant; voluntarily sacrificing the material advantages of that position in the center of a great city in order that art might have its perfect work and the plans of the fathers be wrought out to full fruition.

Again, besides securing the Villa Mirafiore for the American Academy in Rome, within the week a firm foundation of endowment has been made sure by the munificent gift of one hundred thousand dollars by Mr. Henry Walters of Baltimore and one hundred thousand dollars by Mr. Pierpont Morgan of New York.

Mr. Morgan, seated at the high-table, was greeted with great applause; Mr. Walters, unfortunately, was absent.

Mr. Saint-Gaudens, when his turn came, arose to respond to the toast 'The Sculptors,' prefaced by a sentiment furnished by John La Farge: 'Augustus Saint-Gaudens, whose works enclose a most sensitive ideal within the extreme pursuit of nature, which marks our time. In so far he has continued the glories of the past here in America; and through him we challenge the world of present art.' The speech, one of the longest Mr. Saint-Gaudens ever made, in its entirety was:

[1] The architect of the State, War, and Navy Building.

Charles the Charmer, in other words Charles F. McKim, has assured me that it is essential that I should speak to-night. This is as flattering as it is fallacious; for although I have doubts about many things in life, on one subject I have absolutely none; and that is the utterly hopeless and helpless limitations of my oratory. It is much more calculated to reduce listeners to tears than to contribute to their entertainment or instruction.

You will therefore understand why I refrain from expressing anything more than my great pleasure at learning of the munificent gifts to what we have so much at heart, the American Academy in Rome; and at being included in a company assembled to honor that which makes for the nobility and elevation of life — the love of beauty, character, and dignity in our surroundings, as much in the halls of law and government as in our homes, or wherever we live and move and have our being.

From Saint-Gaudens McKim had secured a sentiment for the toast of 'The Painters,' responded to by John La Farge: 'A man of unswerving elevation of thought and achievement in the great art of painting. A creator: in his windows side by side with the Masters of the Middle Ages. A man of letters; a teacher, not merely learned, but born to inspire.' [1]

In his pilot-house (the very last table in the room) McKim gathered his aids and associates, among them Mead, White, and Kendall, Frank Millet, Thomas Hastings, Glenn Brown, Charles Moore, Bernard R. Green, William E. Curtis, Daniel S. Newhall, John M. Donaldson, Charles L. Freer, and James W. Ellsworth. Quite naturally McKim was on pins and needles lest some bad break should occur; and when after midnight the last speaker on the programme had sat down, the burden rolled off him and he was ready to spend another two hours with Mr. Root and a few others 'talking over the party.' The occasion was indeed a great success, but its cost to him in vital strength was beyond estimating.

Burt L. Fenner, shortly before his all too early death in 1926, related the circumstances of Mr. Walters's and Mr. Morgan's subscriptions to the American Academy in Rome. Mr. Walters (as has been made evident) was from the first one of the most loyal as well as most liberal of the Academy's supporters.

[1] *The Promise of American Architecture;* addresses at the annual dinner of the American Institute of Architects, 1905; compiled, with an introduction by Charles Moore.

During 1904 McKim was called to Boston more or less frequently, in connection with the new building of the New England Trust Company, and I usually accompanied him. Returning one day on an afternoon train, Mr. McKim was telling me at length of his plan for securing a Founders' Fund of one million dollars, which he hoped could be obtained from ten individuals who would give $100,000 each. He had rather definitely in mind the list of men whom he hoped would make such a contribution, heading the list with Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Henry Walters happening to pass through the car, Mr. McKim invited him to sit down and discuss Academy matters. While he knew that Mr. Walters would make a substantial contribution, his name was not on the list of ten. The long conversation ended, Mr. Walters arose, and on parting said: 'Mr. McKim, I hope you will give me the privilege of being the first of the ten Founders.' Mr. McKim was taken off his feet, and showed it in his embarrassed expressions of appreciation and gratitude. He was too excited to think of dinner, and consumed the remainder of the time in plans for carrying on a campaign. Before leaving me at the station, he said: 'Mr. Fenner, you must come with me to-morrow to call on Mr. Morgan, in order to endeavor to secure his subscription.'

Accordingly I met him at his house next morning and we called at Mr. Morgan's library. You know how difficult it was to get started on his argument. He was full of the subject, but was embarrassed to know how to begin and so made many false starts. Finally Mr. Morgan, with a show of impatience, said: 'Yes, yes, Mr. McKim, what did Walters do? Put me down for the same amount.' Mr. McKim, again taken off his feet, said: 'But, Mr. Morgan, you don't understand. Mr. Walters has made a princely gift, no less than $100,000.' 'All right, all right,' said Mr. Morgan, 'put me down for the same amount,' and then immediately turned to various business matters in connection with the Library building.

You may imagine that Mr. McKim's mind was not on Library matters during the rest of the interview.

During the last four or five years of Mr. McKim's life I was almost constantly with him. He rarely went anywhere on business that he did not insist on my accompanying him. My function was to sit quietly by while he transacted the business, and occasionally to say yes in answer to his question, 'Isn't that so, Mr. Fenner?' He seemed to feel more confidence if he had some one of us at his elbow.

Mr. Walters's subscription was definitely made in this letter:

13 West 51st St.
New York, *Jan.* 8, 1905

Dear Mr. McKim, I feel that you have guided your great work for the allied arts to a culmination and that this dinner will be the awakening of a national interest from which great results will come.

Speaking for myself, and in the interest of the American Academy at Rome, I am ready, as I told you, to second your efforts to raise an endowment of one million dollars, by a subscription of $100,000, provided the total amount is raised.

I do not, however, wish my name first upon your list; that place should be filled by Mr. Morgan.

Sincerely yours

H. Walters

In his pursuit of Founders, McKim gave a dinner at the Somerset Club in Boston, on February 24, 1905, with the Webster silver to grace the table. Major Higginson, in McKim's name, invited as guests Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Storrow, Miss Mary Ames, Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Mr. Robert Peabody, and Professors Frank W. Chandler and H. Langford Warren. Fortified by his Fidus Achates, Saint-Gaudens, McKim, in his stammering fashion, undertook to explain to his friends the aims and objects of the Academy. Major Higginson stood the hesitating speech as long as his short patience would bear. Then, pulling the embarrassed speaker's coat-tails, he said: 'Here, McKim, let *me* talk'; and with that he announced: 'I subscribe one hundred thousand dollars in the name of Harvard College!' The remainder of the dinner was passed in great enjoyment. So Harvard appears among the Founders, while the generous Major, by an additional subscription in his own name, takes a subordinate place among the Benefactors!

The main purpose of the Architects' dinner was to promote the passage by Congress of the bill to incorporate the American Academy in Rome. McKim had set his heart on securing from Congress a charter for the Academy, and by dint of personal appeal and correspondence he secured the names of representative men to make up the list of eighty-five charter members. The original bill was introduced by Senator McMillan in 1901, and after his death in 1902 was sponsored by Senator George Peabody Wetmore. Out of compliment to his colleagues on the Joint Committee on the Library (to whom the bill was referred) Senator Wetmore added their names to the list of incorporators. The Senate passed the bill in successive Congresses, but in the House it met the quiet but effective opposi-

tion of Speaker Cannon. That gentleman seemingly was mollified at the Institute dinner, and hopes were entertained that at last he would withdraw his objections; but he jokingly said that the next morning he would be found 'the same old Uncle Joe.' At McKim's request, Charles Moore, then acting as Secretary of the Roman Academy, went to Representative McCleary, chairman of the Library Committee of the House, to ask him to call up the Academy bill. Mr. McCleary said that Speaker Cannon had refused to recognize him for that purpose, but would talk with Mr. Moore about the matter. The interview took place in the Speaker's Room; Mr. Cannon was much excited; he walked around and around the room like a caged lion, pouring out sarcasm and accusations. A constantly increasing number of members of Congress formed a ring along the walls. The Academy, said the Speaker, was seeking an appropriation from Congress to build up an institution in a foreign country — that was why the names of Senators and Representatives and the American Ambassador to Italy appeared in the bill. Mr. Moore, who had long known the Speaker personally, told him that he was entirely mistaken; that the Academy had maintained itself for ten years by private subscriptions and intended always so to do; that the names he objected to had been put into the bill by Senator Wetmore as a compliment to those persons, and ended by asking, 'Do you think the name of Senator Clark improves the bill?' At that the Speaker stopped short. 'Will you let me take out every one of those names?' he asked. 'Yes, and welcome,' was the answer. 'And will you let me add that no official of the United States shall be eligible to serve as director of the Academy?' 'Certainly there can be no objection to such a provision.' The Speaker sat down at his desk, drew a heavy pen through the to him objectionable names, and added section numbered three of the charter, containing the prohibition he insisted upon. 'There,' he said, when he had finished, 'take this to McCleary and tell him I will recognize him to call up *that* amended bill.' On receiving the telegram that Mr. Cannon had yielded, McKim wrote to Thomas Newhall: 'That is worth the whole dinner.'

When the measure came up in the House, however, Representative James R. Mann objected, and it required all of Glenn

Brown's indefatigable efforts to overcome Mr. Mann's suspicions. The bill eventually was approved by President Roosevelt on the last day of the session, March 3, 1905.[1]

Dinners of promotion should be followed by occasions of celebration. The Washington dinner had its sequel in a dinner given by the Trustees of the American Academy in Rome to the Incorporators named in the Act of Congress, signed March 3, 1905, by Theodore Roosevelt with a pen which McKim proudly showed on the occasion of his triumph. It was a triumph in more ways than one. Having gathered his goodly company of seventy guests, in the University Club room which he and Mowbray had made both stately and beautiful, he forgot himself, his speech-making deficiencies and hesitations, and presided over the table with happiness and humor.[2]

Mr. Walters, and fellow members of the Academy [Mr. McKim addressed the guests]: I suppose under the present circumstances I might put it 'Friends, Romans, Countrymen,' in the presence of so distinguished an assemblage. But with a perfectly clear sense of my entire incapacity to proceed further along those lines, I will confine myself strictly to the great pleasure and privilege of welcoming you here to-night. The occasion, as you all know, is one of congratulation and felicitation in the passage of our bill by act of Congress. To shake hands over the fact that, thanks to our friends in Washington, who, I am happy to say, are with us to-night, the American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, after four hard fought sessions, is at last established by law and incorporated by the Government of the United States.

After the campaign of the past ten years, during which the Academy has led a struggling existence, it is good to know that its future — financially as well as artistically — is now assured. That, in order that the American Academy may be placed upon the same plane with the great French Academy in the Villa Medici, founded by Louis XIV (the greatest modern School of Art in the world), it has been determined by our trustees:

First, to raise one million dollars in ten subscriptions of $100,000 each, and to adhere strictly to this plan.

[1] The original charter having limited to one million dollars the amount of property that might be held by the corporation, the act was amended, June 6, 1912, to increase the limit to three millions, and also to extend the scope to include archæology, history, and literature. When a further extension to ten millions was granted by Congress, June 7, 1924, Mr. Moore prevailed on Senator George Wharton Pepper to have stricken from the charter the section prohibiting officials to act as directors, simply because such a provision seemed invidious.

[2] The author was present.

Second, these ten columns of support — so to speak — each to be represented by a single individual, or be given by numerous subscriptions in the name of a university, or to perpetuate a family name.[1]

In November, 1904, through the munificence and public spirit of Mr. Henry Walters, one of the trustees, the Academy was enabled to secure a permanent home in the Villa Mirafiori, one of the beautiful centres of Rome. This property, with its spacious grounds, was found well adapted to receive an artistic fraternity, offering the seclusion essential to profitable study, while situated in the centre of a city filled with classic traditions and associations and containing masterpieces of all the arts.

Here's to the health, success and long life of the American Academy in Rome and I couple with it the name of the man who made it possible — Henry Walters.

[The toast was drunk standing and the band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.']

Now, with your permission, I will read four short paragraphs that stand, in my mind, higher than the Washington Monument, to the honor and credit of the four persons concerned.

Following closely upon the purchase of the permanent home for the Academy, the fund of one million dollars for its maintenance was started in January last on the basis of ten subscriptions of $100,000 each.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the trustees, demonstrated his confidence in the Academy and recorded his support by heading the list with the above-named sum, and became the first founder.

Mr. Henry Walters, by a second act of generosity, subscribed $100,000, and also became a founder.[2]

On February 6, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, one of the incorporators, with equal public spirit, subscribed $100,000 and became the third founder.

On February 27, Harvard University, through the instrumentality of Mr. Henry L. Higginson, a trustee of the Academy, subscribed $100,000 and became the fourth founder.

To Mr. Morgan, who headed the list and became our first founder, and those who followed him, all honor, and I ask you to rise once more and drink with me the health and long life of these Medicean benefactors.

[The toast was drunk with musical honors.]

It is hard to believe that in so short a time, we should have received such great assurances of confidence and support, and should have forged ahead so rapidly, and it, therefore, makes this letter, which I

[1] Untoward circumstances prevented the completion of the Yale, Columbia, and Chicago University columns.

[2] Mr. Henry C. Frick became the sixth founder, on July 3, 1905. His subscription was made through Mr. Saint-Gaudens and Mr. Burnham.

am about to read to you, all the more remarkable. It comes from one of our incorporators who has silently, and with apparent indifference, been watching the struggles of the past ten years.

As when in an ocean race, the outer mark is turned and all sail set for home, so comes this letter.

52 WALL STREET, *Mar.* 24, 1905

MY DEAR MCKIM: I am strongly in sympathy with the aims of the American Academy in Rome and have confidence in your judgment that they can be attained through this organization. It gives me pleasure to subscribe $100,000 toward the endowment fund of the Academy.

Yours faithfully,

JAS. STILLMAN

[The toast to the new Founder was drunk with enthusiasm.]

At this point I venture to suggest to what is called the 'Great and Growing West' that this effete and played-out East, having now practically produced six founders, it seems about time for our Western incorporators to get to work, and I take this opportunity to ask our distinguished friend Daniel H. Burnham, one of our very first incorporators, what he proposes to do about it! We know that Mr. Burnham is laying out two great cities — one in California and one in the Philippines. As we look back on the days of the fair White City on the Lake, we think it is about time he came home and attended to business!

But D. H. B., not ready to commit himself, had "gone to catch a train." Senator George Peabody Wetmore and Representative McCleary of Minnesota spoke for Congress. Then Mr. McKim called up his men, with these introductions:

Among the founders of the American Academy in Rome — through the generosity of its sons — is Harvard University. We owe this — as Harvard and the general public have owed many things, for years past — to the liberality and public spirit of Major Higginson, of Boston — a large minded public benefactor, and, I am glad to say, a trustee and close friend of the American Academy in Rome. [Major Higginson, who never came to realize that no words of the orator could compare with his eloquence of the heart, wrote to McKim following the dinner: 'It was a delightful and interesting dinner — but are you cussed with the sense of incompleteness, blunders, lost chances, bad manners, as I am after each unwritten speech? These lawyers and literary chaps talk so well, know what they are saying, and we outsiders! — not you, for you managed excellently. Heaven help us and keep us quiet.']

Among our active partisans in the vindication of the plan of the

Park Commission for the development of the District of Columbia, and, more recently, when the Academy required assistance in passing its bill — in the bill that has now become Law — was the distinguished Senator from Nevada. When, in the presence of Secretary Taft not long since, the remark was made, that it was a strange fact that a champion for the right had appeared from a point so distant as Nevada, the Secretary replied that it would have been strange were he not a Yale man! And I have the honor of presenting him now to you, — first, as an incorporator of the American Academy, and, next, as a worthy son of the second oldest of the American universities, of whom she may well be proud — Senator Newlands. . . .

New York City has been prominent in providing benefactors for the American Academy, and I see near me a distinguished citizen of New York, lately its Chief Magistrate, and lately President of Columbia University, in both of which capacities he is eminently entitled to speak for the American Academy in Rome — and I have the honor and great pleasure to introduce to you Seth Low. . . .

I am glad to say, gentlemen, that prominent among our friends, and, I trust, in future, prominent amongst our patrons of the American Academy, will be the great Universities of the United States.

We have here to-night, the President of Princeton — himself a distinguished scholar and educator, interested in every advance in learning — and I have the honor of presenting to you Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University. . . .

Ancient Rome became the ruler of the world by virtue, not of her legions, but by the might of her ideas. To-day Rome rules *us* by the force of her spirit of law and order in the arts, making citizens of those who have the open mind to receive her teachings. I call upon that noble Roman, Elihu Root. . . .

I have had the honor of presenting to you persons distinguished in the particular fields they have chosen to occupy, but we have a graduate of Yale, a citizen of the world, who has filled and adorned so many positions that I am unwilling to deprive you of the pleasure of listening to him, and I therefore call upon the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh. . . .

As I look around the table, I see an array of eloquence great enough to make the success of three dinners. Were the sun not so soon to rise, I should call upon you all. I regret that this is impossible. But there is one person whom I am unwilling should go unheard. His connection with public affairs — with the advancement of Letters and Art in the Metropolis, as seen in the great works of the Public Library and that of the Metropolitan Museum — make him a first citizen — but we love him best (men and women) for the unselfish and unknown acts of public service that are constantly rendered by him. To save this statement, however, from appearing to be an obituary notice, let me introduce to you my neighbor and your friend, John Cadwalader. . . .

I am reminded to draw your attention to the fact that to-morrow, there will be opened, by the courtesy of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, a retrospective exhibition of the works of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, executed during the past ten years by the beneficiaries of the American Academy in Rome. By far the most important work of the Academy, however, up to the present time, is the decoration of the library of this building by our late Director who, three years ago, at the sacrifice of his personal engagements, undertook the post of Director, in order that he might build up a record for this country and create a standard of scholarship that should place the work of American artists on a par with that of France.

How well he accomplished his purpose is recorded in the exhibition given by him in the Villa Aurora last year, under the auspices of the King and Queen, through the friendly offices of our Ambassador, Mr. Meyer. To Mr. Meyer's devotion to the interests of the Academy, while Ambassador to Italy, ending in his negotiation of the purchase of the Villa Mirafiore, I wish to testify and return to him the appreciative thanks of the Trustees and Incorporators on this occasion.

I will only add that I am authorized by the President of the Club, Judge Howland, to invite you to stop for a moment in the library, which Mr. Mowbray has so well adorned that no one would suspect it of being a work of McKim, Mead & White.

SEAL DESIGNED BY CHARLES McKIM
FOR THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS DINNER
JANUARY 11, 1905

CHAPTER XIX

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB OF NEW YORK AND ITS INNOVATIONS

'THERE are many who consider the University Club of New York the best of Mr. McKim's creations,' is the statement of James W. Alexander, in his comprehensive history of the Club. 'And in giving him the credit,' the historian continues, 'it must not be forgotten that he had the aid, advice, and support of his accomplished partners, Stanford White (New York University, '81) — himself without a superior; and William R. Mead (Amherst, '67); and William M. Kendall (Harvard, '76). . . . McKim had also the backing of Charles T. Barney (Williams, '70), Chairman of the Building Committee.'

In the building of the University Club, Mr. Barney was what Mr. Abbott had been in the building of the Boston Public Library — a mind highly receptive to ideals in taste and with a resourceful energy in finding the means to realize those ideals. Such men are the patrons of art in our day. They are the successors of the Medici, and to them the world owes a debt of gratitude apt to be forgotten.

The University Club, on May 14, 1896, voted to build a new house on the property, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street, lands granted to the City of New York by Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Dongan in 1686, then conveyed by the City in 1848 for a hospital site and occupied by Saint Luke's Hospital until its removal to Morningside Heights, when the land was sold to the private purchasers from whom the club obtained the premises — considerations of history and sentiment which play a part in the great tradition of the club.

Charles McKim was appointed as architect on June 25, 1896, and on the 8th of the ensuing February he presented plans, specifications and estimates for a building to cost $2,019,000, and which actually cost $24,756.78 in excess of that amount, 'such excess being more than covered by items deliberately added to the original design, in the nature of luxuries.' The new building was opened formally on May 17, 1899.

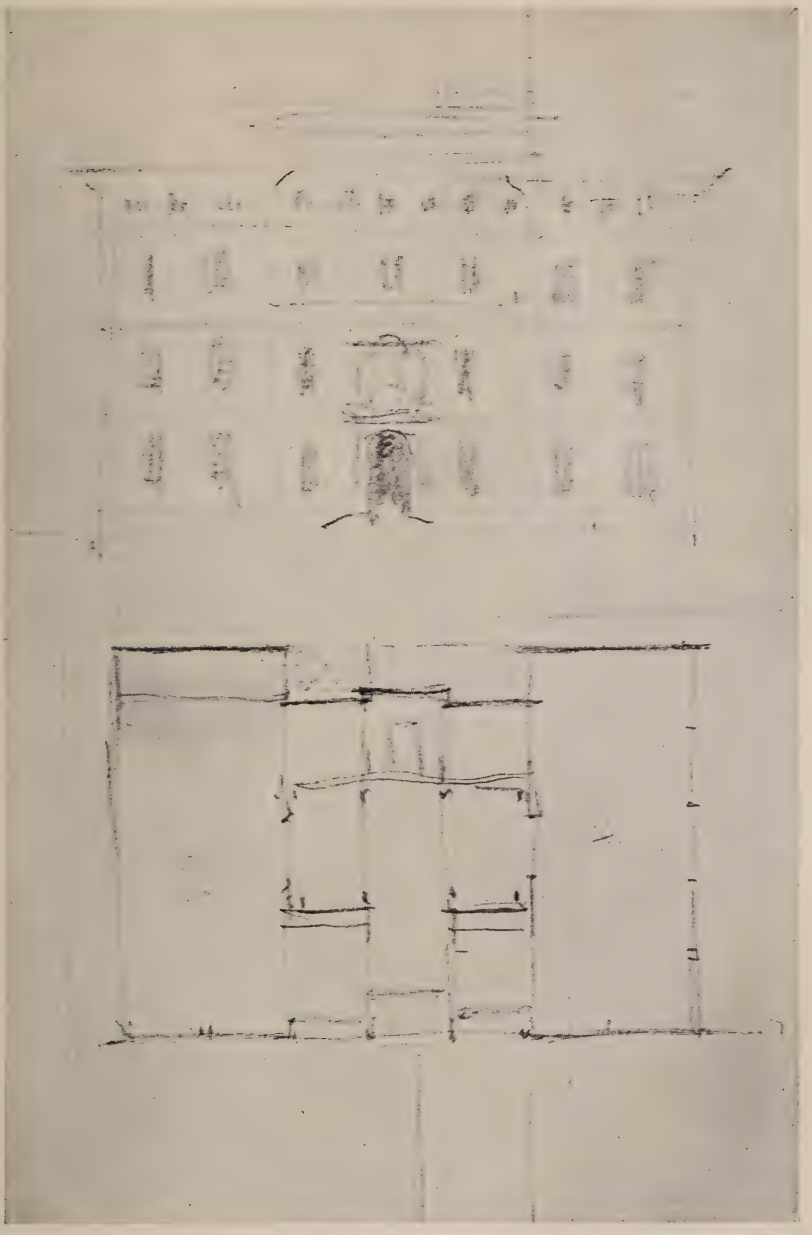
Stanford White had already won triumph in the design and

interior construction and embellishment of the Metropolitan Club building, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street; and it was McKim's problem to produce a structure different in conception and style, and yet of equal excellence. If at the opening of the building and during the early years the words 'splendor' and 'gorgeous' seemed fitting characterizations of the structure, the membership soon grew up to its possibilities. It was, indeed, a new conception, representing elegant scholarship; but never was scholarship sacrificed to elegance. Indeed, the struggles undergone by McKim in its creation were due to his contentions on behalf of scholarship, that is, to put soul into his building.

McKim took for his type of building the Italian city palace, impressive in mass, and dignified by the restraint of the detail. It is in the city but not of it. A heavy round moulding establishes a base line, from which rise the two façades. There is a high ground floor, and a mezzanine; then a separating band and string course and a second floor and its mezzanine; then another string course and a third floor terminating in a deep cornice. The material is pink Milford granite, flecked with black. The blocks are graduated to diminish in size as they ascend. Between the mezzanine windows are slabs of Knoxville marble carved in relief with the seals of colleges, the work of Kenyon Cox and D. C. French; while the keystones of the arched windows are carved, on the ground floor with light motives and above with the heads of great authors symbolic of the library behind them, all modeled by Charles H. Niehaus.

The entire avenue front is given over to the lounging-room, which, with the hall, are the monumental features of the ground floor. The stately library, extending the whole length of the Fifty-Fourth Street front, is entered from a Pompeian hall embellished by casts of antique statues. The third floor contains the main dining-room (with its sumptuous ceiling like unto a Doge's palace) similar in size to the library below; also the dining-room for private dinners, and the council room. The mezzanine floors contain residential apartments. Everywhere the richness of the materials and the use of large plain surfaces subdue any feeling of exuberance and maintain harmony.[1]

[1] A detailed description of the University Club, by C. H. C., is in the New York



CHARLES McKIM'S ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK

Spiritually the prototype of the University Club was meant to be the Athenæum Club in London, which proclaims the place of learning in the metropolis of a nation. In both buildings Athene is the goddess of the temple.[1]

Mr. Alexander quotes Arnold Bennett as saying that of all the buildings in New York the one that pleased him most was the University Club — to his mind a masterpiece.[2] One afternoon the writer was walking down Fifth Avenue with the French architect, M. Duquesne,[3] then Professor of Architectural Design at Harvard. When he caught sight of the University Club, he stopped and examined it carefully. 'A building of great distinction,' was his deliberate judgment. Indeed, it appeals to men of judgment and taste, whatever their nationality: it has the universal qualities of permanence and elegance; it is not parochial.

As with all others of Charles McKim's great works the University Club represents a series of 'innovations,' resulting in struggles, temporary defeats, ultimate triumphs — but no compromises. On November 14, 1898, the Council unanimously passed a resolution that the inscriptions placed under the three seals of colleges then finished and in place be removed forthwith. Novelty enough it was to have the seals themselves without lettering.

Here was a direct clash between the architect and his clients on a matter of taste. Hastily the office was set at work to discover precedents. In Rome there is a precedent for everything if only one knows where to find it and how to apply it. When, on January 13, 1899, Mr. McKim 'appeared personally before the Council and in his charming and persuasive way presented his views,' he had photographs of the Palazzo Spada, the Porta del Popolo, the Fontana dell'Acqua Paola, and other authoritative

Evening Post, April 26, 1899. In the widening of Fifth Avenue the club suffered the amputation of the balustrade, which served as a stylobate — a feature to which McKim was devoted.

[1] There are those who will contend that the Century Club comes nearer to the Athenæum Club of London than does the University Club. Perhaps when the latter club has had more time to cultivate traditions, the comparison may seem more obvious.

[2] *A History of the University Club of New York, 1865–1915*. By James W. Alexander, President of the Club, 1891–99.

[3] Eugène Joseph Armand Duquesne, who was at Harvard from 1911 to 1915, when the World War called him to France.

structures. These examples he backed by a statement, prepared by Mr. Kendall, embodying his views on the use of inscriptions. The statement is reproduced here for the sufficient reason that after the lapse of thirty-five years the effective use, in this country, of inscriptions for combined decorative and commemorative purposes is rare indeed:[1]

From the time of the earliest Egyptians, inscriptions, expressed in hieroglyphics, and, later, by lettering, in the time of the Greeks and Romans, and during the Italian Renaissance, were used, setting forth the meaning of whole buildings or their details, for the purpose of enhancing, explaining, enriching and adding dignity. The use of external inscriptions of this sort is constantly seen, not only in the needles and obelisks, but in the case of many monuments in Greece, in Athens, at Epidaurus and Olympia. The Romans everywhere depended upon the use of external inscriptions, as explanatory, either of the intention of the monument, or as recording events. The Triumphal Arches of Titus, Severus and Constantine, together with the theatres, temples and baths, abound in examples of great buildings adorned with inscriptions.

In the time of the Renaissance, in Florence and Rome, there was hardly a building of consequence, whether public or private, in which large surfaces were not covered in this way. The Cancellaria, the Farnese, the Spada, the Massimi, the Giraud, attest the use of inscriptions of explanatory character, which the world to-day recognizes as scholarly attributes, adding dignity to their façades. Amongst such examples, the carved shields of the Palace of the Podesti in Florence is an example particularly in point, the legends being written beneath the shields, identical in treatment with those shown on the prospective drawing, accepted by the University Club. The shields would lose incalculably without their explanatory sentences.

As to the use of shields, as architectural elements in the design of the University Club (upon which it chiefly depends for its enrichment), we submit that the design without the support of the lettering indicated would deprive the building of an essential feature, upon which we have relied from the beginning, and upon which the building largely depends for any scholarly character which it may possess.

Bowled completely over by the weight of argument advanced with deference but decisiveness, the Council succumbed and the work proceeded.

[1] James W. Alexander: *A History of the University Club of New York, 1865–1915*, p. 146. President Charles W. Eliot was *the* master of inscriptions, as the Boston Library and Soldiers' Monument, the Chicago Fair, the Washington Union Station and Post-Office testify.

Another innovation was the stone floor in the dining-room; and here again there was prolonged discussion and final yielding on the part of the club. One objection was that such a floor would become stained; to which McKim replied that the now admired texture of the old floors came from the habit of the barons, who used to throw bones to their dogs and watch the scramble. On the other hand, when the employes of the White House objected to the use of Joliet stone in the hall because it would so readily show dirt, he answered that he intended to make a floor that they simply would have to keep clean.

One evening, when McKim and Mead were discussing with the committee the finishing of the various rooms, the architects were asked what the Governors' Room would cost. McKim turned to Mead, saying, 'I think we have some estimates, haven't we?' Mead admitted that they had tentative figures — nothing definite. 'How much do they come to?' asked McKim. Reluctantly Mead said, 'Forty thousand dollars.' 'Forty thousand dollars!' exclaimed McKim, in apparent surprise. 'I don't see how it could possibly be done for that amount.' 'What *could* you do with such a man?' asked Mr. Haight, on telling the story to Cass Gilbert.

The rarest feature of the Club is the library. As in laying out a university, McKim would make the library building the focal point, so in a university club he would have the room devoted primarily to books, the central point of interest. H. Siddons Mowbray, departing, left behind him the story:[1]

McKim and I were returning from Hyde Park one afternoon in October, 1897. I had spent most of the summer there, working on the ceiling of the living-room in the new house of Frederick Vanderbilt, designed by McKim. The work was finished and I was much relieved and also contented by the way it had been received. We had consequently dropped shop, as we settled down comfortably on the train returning to New York.

McKim was usually at his best in such relaxed and informal moments and it was hard, generally, to resist his persuasive and inspiring talk. It dealt, on this occasion, largely with the future of art and with the American Academy; things that might be hoped to create higher standards in this country of unknown possibilities. He felt that the

[1] *H. Siddons Mowbray, Mural Painter (1858–1928)*. Privately printed by Florence Millard Mowbray. Edited by Herbert F. Sherwood. 1928.

rôle of this country, for some time to come, was to catch up rather than to attempt prematurely to create, and he was not in sympathy with those who would close the book and start new in their impatience to evolve a national art.

As Rome went to Greece, and later France, Spain and other countries had gone to Rome, for their own reactions to the splendid standards of Classic and Renaissance Art, so must we become students, and delve, bring back and adapt to conditions here, a groundwork on which to build. Especially true was this in the art of decoration. There were, at that time, many examples of mural paintings in this country, and many capable artists: La Farge, Simmons, Cox, Blashfield and many others had done admirable work, but their work was in the nature of a part rather than the whole problem. The work of the artist, as a rule, ceased when the panel, or lunette, was delivered.

We had, as yet, no great outstanding example of an ensemble, where true decoration had brought all the elements into perfect harmony of color and form. 'We were,' to use McKim's words, 'starving for standards within reach to stimulate our taste and inspire emulation. It is a pity,' he continued, 'that more artists will not consent momentarily to become students, and endeavor to grasp the spirit that produced Rome; and I pity the artist who does not feel humbled before its splendid examples of art. I have just been there and speak from experience; I think, for example, of the Borgia apartments, their perfect unity, their glory of color and masterly detail. Think what it would mean to have such a thing here with us.

'In the library of the University Club House, that I am working on, I would give the world to have reproduced that grave richness of Pinturicchio. I am fearful of the garishness of modern decoration for a library. The decoration of such should whisper and not shout. If you ever felt like undertaking a bit of self-abnegation and spending two or three years in Rome, like the very student I have been talking of, I'd like to get you the commission to do some copying that might serve us in the Library's decoration.'

I had had, myself, for several years, a strong desire to go to Italy and study decoration, especially the earlier works of the Renaissance. I already knew them, but to know them thoroughly one must copy. Before we arrived at New York the understanding was reached. Up to this time mural painting had been, for me, only a variation of my work at pictures. From then on I became solely a mural painter.

Some three or four years went by before I received the commission to decorate the University Club Library. The project came up from time to time only to be dropped again. Outside a small group there was no enthusiasm among the members for art. Fortunately the small group was energetic and influential; such as Charles T. Barney, James Alexander, and Judge Howland.

McKim never dropped an idea if it pleased him. He hung on like

a bulldog. The ceiling and walls were left white, so as to excite comment. The entertainment of Prince Henry of Prussia in 1902 did much to call attention to this lack of completion of the beautiful room. . . .

[During an illness of two months] I had been away, in my delirium, and had had astounding adventures — discomfort — perplexity — and had at last returned to find my dear wife sitting with me with a happy face. She had a message, which she gave me later, from McKim: 'Tell Mowbray, when he is strong enough to hear it, that the University Club matter is settled and he will go to Rome.'

Fully two months afterward, it was a question whether I would be able to attend a dinner at Charles Barney's. Mr. Barney, then chairman of the House Committee, was using all of his influence in favor of McKim's plans for the library. It appeared that the Club had declined to assume the cost of decorating the latter room and in consequence Mr. Barney had himself guaranteed the expenses. The trustees had yet to authorize and accept the plan, and Judge Howland, the president, was to be won over. There were, at this dinner (besides Messrs. Barney and Alexander) McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and Stanford White.

McKim was a firm believer in dinners as a means of carrying out objects he had in view. He was always at his best on such occasions, decidedly informal in his methods, and rarely failing to reach results sought, through his amazing persuasiveness and persistency. I have listened to him with a kind of wonder, as he talked to people. He spoke with some hesitation and diffidence, in a quiet tone, often searching for a word. He was never fluent, but underneath there was such deep conviction, such a separation from petty and selfish motives, that he generally swayed his hearers. J. Pierpont Morgan, who was certainly a force in himself, complained that it 'wasn't his Library that was being built but McKim's.' The chairman of the building committee of the Rhode Island capitol complained that in spite of the committee's unanimous disapproval of the expense McKim had persuaded them into making a stone dome.[1]

He did not fail on this occasion and completely won over Mr. Alexander to his point of view, the latter stipulating (and this was doubtless prompted by my appearance and apparent weakness physically) that I should have an understudy to complete the work in case I should be incapacitated during the process. In seven years' time all of these men, then in the prime of their careers, were dead, and I was the sole survivor of the dinner!

I can only think of Saint-Gaudens with affection for the man and admiration for his art. . . . He insisted that I was a decorator before I

[1] Again when the rural members of the legislature demanded that the terrace which forms a great stylobate be eliminated on account of expense, McKim won them over by asking, 'When our wives ask their friends to come in for a cup of tea, don't they put a saucer under the cup?'

had ever done a bit of mural work, and never lost an opportunity of pushing me forward. It was through him that my relations with McKim came about, which changed my whole objective in life.

On my return from Rome, there was difficulty in arranging a date for putting up my work at the University Club. It was not, strictly speaking, a club matter, and must not be allowed to interfere with the functions of the library. After many interviews and correspondence, permission was given me to do the work in the summer, but I must have a completely closed scaffolding, covered with canvas, so that no interference would occur to the library's use. As a matter of fact, I later found that there was no means allowed to reach the top of the scaffolding from the interior of the building, but one had to mount a ladder, four stories, on the outside.

I began work in June, 1904, at the University Club. High up on my scaffold the heat was intense at times; but worse than all was the light by which we had to work. It was limited to that which struggled through the tops of the windows above the floor of the scaffold. On dark days the whole became a cavern of gloom. . . . I realized that it was a gamble, and remembered a remark by John La Farge, that one always had a surprise when the scaffold came down. No conception of it is ever possible above. It is like working in the dark.

By the middle of August I had completed the east bay and the other four were well along. I began to be naturally anxious to have McKim see my work. He had shouldered a good deal of responsibility *vis-à-vis* the members of the club, and his anxiety that it should be a success was natural. I was, therefore, delighted one day, about the middle of August, to receive a hurried note from down the bay, stating that he would land late that afternoon, and would dine with me at the club and see the library. The light was bad when he arrived, but we went at once to the top of the scaffold. I shall never forget his surprise and delight, his running comments of approbation were almost embarrassing to me. In the intricacies of the huge job I had got past the point where I could judge, myself. I saw at once that here was no perfunctory praise, and experienced one of the happiest moments of my life.

In consequence of his frequent interviews with Mr. Morgan, and the fact that he had proposed to the latter that I should have the entire decoration of the library that was being built in Thirty-Sixth Street, it was very natural that he should desire him to see what was being done at the University Club. . . . He could not have come at a worse time, the men were scattered and I had difficulty in getting enough together to rip out a section of the scaffold, which was very solidly made and covered with canvas.

There was nothing to do but wait. The silence was a little painful. McKim, to break it, remarked, 'White is crazy over this work,' to which Mr. Morgan responded, 'He is always crazy.' I was relieved when the last plank came down. There was another silence. Mr.

Morgan looked at the ceiling for a long time and simply said: 'Magnificent! — Superb!' He stayed for half an hour. In a moment of extreme generosity, before leaving, McKim turned to Mr. Morgan and remarked, 'This I used to consider as my library. Now it is Mowbray's.'

An agreeable wave of approbation was appearing in the club, and those who had opposed the project of McKim, Barney and the others, now were first to acknowledge satisfaction at the result. Architects were, perhaps, the most impressed by my work, and this gave me much pleasure, as proving that I had achieved the spirit of coördination in which I thoroughly believed.

In the New York 'Tribune,' October 15, 1904, Mr. Royal Cortissoz sums up this architectural point of view:

. . . It [the library] is now a masterpiece of architectural and decorative design, in which one can read the intention of Mr. Charles F. McKim to produce a monumental scheme of flawless integrity. Mr. Mowbray has not baldly transferred to New York compositions existing in Rome. . . . In his own designs he has adopted Pinturicchio methods wherever the opportunity offered that device of exhibiting an architectural detail or an item of costume in relief, gilded, which is so effective in the Borgia rooms. . . . Mr. Mowbray has achieved a success that is positively astonishing. To have copied Pinturicchio as he has in some details, is to have achieved much; to have gone infinitely further, to have blended his own work with the old Italian in perfect harmony, and to have done this while adjusting the entire assemblage of pictorial and decorative motives to a room, differing in so many respects from the scene of Pinturicchio's labors, is to have put to his credit a *tour de force* quite without precedent. There is not a factor in this work that fails to fall into the right place. . . . The result you would call sumptuous if it were not so subdued in its brilliance, so steadfastly kept within the limits of a refined scale, that the eye, while filled with delight, finds only repose. Here indeed is an ideal key of color for a decoration brought within the atmosphere of a library. Mr. McKim and Mr. Mowbray between them have here created a work of art.

CHAPTER XX

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY — CROWNING MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

'It is a glorious opportunity: the trick is to grasp it,' wrote Charles McKim to Professor Ware in February, 1893. For nearly a year he had been studying the buildings problem of Columbia University, which the Trustees had put up to Richard M. Hunt, Charles Coolidge Haight, and McKim, Mead & White, when the university decided to move to Morningside Heights. The site was a peak, and the obvious thing to do was to slice off the top to obtain a plateau on which to build. As usual, McKim had another solution, one so radical as to arouse hostility in high quarters. As he pondered the problem did his thoughts go back to that summer night in 1869, when he became so engrossed in the Mont St. Michel that he was locked in the cathedral, and was released only after he had told the priest and the priest had tolled the bell to summon the sexton? At any rate McKim hit upon the same solution that had been used years before by the good monks under similar provocation.

In April, 1893, McKim wrote to Frederick Law Olmsted, senior:

> As far back as our first meeting with the Trustees, nearly a year ago, the necessity for your employment was urged by several of us strenuously; and I am delighted that, before the initial step in adopting any general plan is taken, you are to be associated in the enterprise. Forming the crowning feature of the island as it does, with a commanding view at once of the Palisades to the Narrows and over both rivers, no problem could be more admirably adapted to monumental treatment.

Professor Ware had his own ideas as to the solution of the problem, as appears in McKim's second letter to Mr. Olmsted, of April 18, 1893:

> My dear Mr. Olmsted: Should you pass through New York on your way to Boston, I should greatly like to show you an accurate topographical model in plaster, made from the Engineer's notes of

the Columbia site, and upon which we based our scheme for its development.

Having given much time and study to the problem, we naturally shrink somewhat from being judged by what Mr. Ware calls 'computations made by one of my young men.'

While fully realizing the importance of economy in the matter of terrace and excavation on a plot requiring both, it strikes me that this method of getting at the merits of each composition by *arithmetic* is just a little ludicrous, as when you built the great terrace of the Capitol, in order to accomplish a distinct purpose, you would have immediately rejected any plan which might have been presented at less cost as unwisely economical if it failed to accomplish this.

Mr. Ware being an old and valued preceptor of mine, I do not venture this in any unfriendly spirit, and I know you will not misunderstand it. In order to arrive at clearer conclusions, would it not be wise to give each man his day in court, so to speak, to enable him to explain step by step the reasons by which he was governed in reaching his conclusions?

If you would like to see the model and will let me know a day or two before you leave Chicago, I will make a point of being here. In any event the model is always at your service.

Yours sincerely

CHARLES F. McKIM

To Richard M. Hunt, McKim wrote, September 2, 1893:

DEAR MR. HUNT: I have been at Bar Harbor for a few days and have just got back. I have been hoping to see you since your arrival and am very sorry to hear of your having had a bad turn. I suppose that any man who takes the gold medal [1] and goes through the amount of wining and dining to which you have been subjected is entitled to a good fit of sickness, but I hope you are feeling better!

This is to say that I should much like to have a talk with you over the Columbia matter as soon as you feel up to it. If you are not likely to be in town soon, I will gladly go to Newport for this purpose. I wonder what you think of 'Uncle William' Ware's block plan, based, as stated in his report, upon the plums offered in yours, Haight's and ours. It seems to me a pudding — and a very indigestible one indeed! We have done nothing as yet, thinking it best to await your return. What Haight has done I don't know. I hear of large and important drawings containing domes, minarets, towers and steeples (in keeping with his plan)!!! This, however, may be mere fable.

[1] Mr. Hunt was the first American to receive the King's Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects; Charles McKim was the second American recipient of this medal, in 1903; and Thomas Hastings the third, in 1922.

On April 19, 1894, McKim wrote to Thomas Newbold at 7.10 P.M.:

DEAR TOM: I have had a tremendous meeting of the Columbia committee, which is over just now, so that with my mail still to answer I fear I shall have to deprive you of my society at dinner. . . .

P.S. The meeting was by far the most satisfactory we have had. They endorsed the plan in all its details and used adjectives to express their approbation which I will spare you. I was glad for Mr. Low too, because he was so pleased to have his committee stand by him unanimously. Altogether it has been a red-letter day. I hope you will enjoy the opera. I will see how I feel about undertaking it later.

The solution of the Columbia problem, like many of McKim's solutions, now seems as simple and as obvious as does that of Columbus and the egg. There is this difference: all present could see the egg standing on end, whereas the case of Columbia called for vision and faith. To create those qualities in the minds of a board of trustees beset by skeptical advisers required on the part of the architect supreme confidence in his own conception, and the rare gift of persuasiveness to create some degree of confidence in others. Having a height on which to build a group of buildings, McKim's plan was to build up the hill on its sides, so as to create a platform at the high point, using the space so gained for college activities that might well be carried on at the lower levels. In this scheme McKim was fortunate indeed to have the firm support, moral and financial, of President Low, a man respected alike for ability and common-sense.

On July 6, 1894, McKim wrote to Mead, who was then 'the European partner,' in his turn:

DEAR DUMMY: . . . The office is at least running on an even keel if not under full sail. We need about a dozen large jobs to keep us out of the poor-house, but that is always more or less the case. . . .

Work on the Boston Library has advanced so far that the trustees are satisfied that they will be able to get in and open the building for use in September.

The working drawings for the Providence State House are ready for estimate. . . . The model of the building was set up in Sayles Hall and seems to give general satisfaction.

Columbia passed their scheme before you left, since when we have been working on the Library and two Faculty buildings. The scheme for the Library has undergone many changes and at one time I felt sick

of it, but last week we struck it and are now awaiting official notice to commence working drawings, which Mr. Low expects to send next week.

With the exception of a good house in Newark for the Clark (Scotch) Thread people we have no important work looming up, except 11 Broadway, which is still hanging.

We have made two designs for the West Point Memorial, the last one coming within the figure. Ross deserves great credit for this, as he got it up almost entirely himself after White left.

I have kept in fairly good condition by taking occasional Saturdays and playing golf at Yonkers on Sunday. It is the finest way of breaking the Sabbath I know of and agrees with me. I propose to get you into it if I can.

The new office [160 Fifth Avenue] is not quite so light as the old one but is better arranged and every one seems to like it.

Your room awaits you at 9 West 35th Street. We will meet you down the Bay with a brass band. Look out for us!

Two characteristic letters to Saint-Gaudens belong to this period:

DEAR AUGUSTUS: Stanford has shown me your letter and I am planning to leave 'with or without him' on Tuesday afternoon, reaching you somewhere about 3 G.M. If I am to occupy Babb's room I will not need to disturb your rest and Madame's if she will kindly have the necessary disinfectants, antidotes and emetics placed in my room. White, in order to sustain his reputation, is planning to return as soon as he arrives, but if you can have me over another train or two I would rather shorten my life in other and pleasanter ways. We will notify you of our approach in time to have the dogs chained. ENOUGH!

P.S. It has been decided to give the bronze doors [of the Boston Library] to French as you originally suggested.

DEAR GUS: The 'fair Dago' has written me a seductive note asking that you and Babb and Louis and I constitute what she calls 'a red-headed picnic,' and come up there while the fair weather lasts. . . . I am grateful for your interest in the little 'figurine' [of the Bacchante]. Please have it ready not later than the 8th, as the model is to be set up for the meeting of the trustees on the following day.

President Low, on October 27, 1895, wrote:

While you are off duty perhaps you will let me tell you how constantly my appreciation grows of the value of your work for the College. Now that it begins to express itself in construction and in the

definition of levels, I find myself gaining, by every visit to the ground, a new sense of the splendor of your conception. If we are able, as I trust we shall be, to carry it to completion upon the scale you have designed, I am confident we shall receive the delighted plaudits of New York, and that you will be looked upon as having created a group of buildings that will long stand as the architectural crown of the Island.

The creation of the platforms on the grade 150′ I look upon as a work of genius. More and more, as the scheme works out, this will be seen to remove the plan out of the region of the commonplace, and to stamp the conception as one of those happy suggestions by which the artist makes whole communities his debtor. I count myself fortunate to have been permitted to collaborate with you in such an enterprise.

Once the Columbia project was adopted, work went rapidly. In February, 1896, four months after Mr Low's unhesitating expressions, Mead wrote to McKim, who was making the journey up the Nile with Mr. and Mrs. Henry White:

You have not favored us with many epistles, and we have not troubled you much with office affairs; but, as you have turned your face west, perhaps you will not mind finding this when you arrive in Rome. Up to date we have had to hunt you up, and your cable from Athens was gratifying to all your inquiring friends. We have been as busy as bees since you left, but everything has gone along swimmingly and without serious hitch of any kind. The Physics building and Schermerhorn Hall are under contract with Norcross; and we are hard at work, with everything settled, on the plans for the Chemistry and Engineering buildings. We are excavating for the University building, and preparing plans for the Gymnasium and boiler-room, as they must be built at once. The Library granite is all set, and when good weather comes the limestone will fly.

The trustees are not prepared to swallow the University building without seeing something else, although we have had a new perspective made and White and I stood up for it without flinching. White honestly believes in it, and has not hesitated to say so. The trustees have by resolution asked us to prepare another design, which I suppose must be done; but we shall try to stave it off till your return.

Fred Vanderbilt's job has met with a serious delay, but he has acted very nicely about it and I think on the whole is glad that it has turned out so. When we came to tear the old house apart, it was found to be in as bad a condition as the annex — no strength to the mortar, walls out of plumb, etc., etc.; in fact, so bad that it seemed foolish to attempt to build anything on it. . . . Vanderbilt hesitated on the ground that if he had not thought there was something to save in the old building he would not have built on these lines. As matters stand now, we are rearranging the center on virtually the same lines but with certain

changes in plan, and keeping the exterior just as you left it. There has been a good deal of a fight to do this, because when it was found the old house had to come down Mrs. Vanderbilt kicked over the traces and was disposed to build an English house as she called it. We have, however, used your name pretty freely as being much interested in this design and likely to be very much disappointed if anything happened to it, etc., etc., and when you come home you will find that you are still master of the job and to hell with White and Mead! I gave Fred Vanderbilt your address in Rome care of Lord yesterday, and he will perhaps write you by this same steamer.

Taylor's house is about ready for him to occupy or to do anything he pleases with. In his quiet little way he is really very proud of his house and very much satisfied.

I don't know that I have anything more to bother you with — in fact I don't believe I have bothered you, for everything has gone along as swimmingly as possible.

I am very curious to hear about your Egyptian and Greek trip, although I suppose we shall have to wait until you get home for any great accounts. How about the treads and risers of the steps on the Parthenon? I expect when you get back you will be building staircases at 45 degrees.

Burnham is somewhere in Europe; he went to the Mediterranean about a month ago and you may run across him.

Hope you are well, and am sure you are enjoying yourself.

Yours ever

MEAD

DEAR MCKIM: Since I mailed your letter this morning three of your favorite clients have been in.

Mrs. Henry Taylor wants me to say to you that her house is too lovely for anything and far exceeds her wildest expectations. She wants you to get some furniture for her and I have given her your address, and she says she will write by Saturday's steamer.

Mr. Fred Vanderbilt has been in and taken away his revised plan with which he seems to be satisfied. I have also given him your address and he has promised to write you.

Lastly came President Low, with whom I have been over all the drawings for the new buildings, which are well under way and which I have promised him with specifications for the April meeting of the trustees. I told him we had received a cable from you in which you said you would be here on the 2nd. of May, when they are to have a grand blow-out on the grounds, among other things laying the corner stone of the Physics Building and Schermerhorn Hall. I never told you that the day the corner stone of the Library was laid (which was the day you sailed) the minister among other invocations prayed for the architect 'who was about to sail on the vast deep, may he be preserved and returned to us in good health, etc., etc.'

Apropos of your return, you will understand from us that you are setting your own time and we are bringing no pressure to bear. You can stay as long as you damned please. Everybody has forgotten you exist. Hoffman is occupying your room writing specifications and will hate very much to be moved. Howard is having a perfect picnic. Seriously, now that you are away, I don't think a few weeks will make any difference, and while everybody wants to see you back I should do as I pleased about coming.

To President Low, McKim wrote on January 18, 1898:

Having unfortunately missed the first University Tea, held in the Library, it was a great pleasure to me to receive your kind note written immediately afterwards, and to know that, as time advances, the interest of the public in the Library building, and especially your own, does not diminish. As a labor of love on the part of all concerned, and representing as it does the united effort of 'Seth Low and Company,' you must admit that a successful result was to have been foreseen! Whatever may have been my share in the undertaking, I can assure you that I have felt the opportunity to be one of the greatest privileges of my life.

Professor Alfred Dwight Foster Hamlin, in presenting Mr. McKim for the degree of Doctor of Letters at Columbia, in June, 1904, spoke of the few choice spirits that have given the remarkable stimulus to American architecture during the past few years. He said:

One of their number stands before you to-day, eminent for devotion to the ideals of classic art, for the dignity and stateliness, the refined proportions and studied detail of his works; for the largeness of his conceptions and for consistent avoidance of the fripperies and mannerisms of passing fashions. Pennsylvanian by birth, New Englander by his Harvard training, Parisian through three years of study at the École des Beaux Arts, New Yorker by adoption, patriotic American always, he is in his art as in his heart a citizen of the world, known and honored wherever architecture is practised and artistic culture prevails.

Mr. President, I have the honor to request that Columbia University, in recognition of conspicuous services to American art and liberal culture, confer upon Charles Follen McKim, scholar and architect, creator of these University buildings, founder of a school of architecture at Rome, savior of the White House and artistic benefactor of the nation's capital, friend and promoter of sound scholarship in the Arts, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Then the President, Nicholas Murray Butler, made this citation:

Charles Follen McKim, Master of Arts of Harvard University, architect, designer and creator of this splendid university, I gladly admit you to the degree of Doctor of Letters, and confer on you all the rights and privileges that appertain thereto.

Mr. McKim's appreciation was expressed at the alumni dinner:

The total paralysis of thought, speech and action which possesses me on such occasions leads me to *read* my reply, and I beg your indulgence. I have been trying hard to think of what I could say that might be adequate, and I have come to the conclusion that it is hopeless for me to attempt anything but to thank you in the simplest way for this unexpected expression of your esteem and affection.

I am unworthy of it all, and I will not take it for more than a tribute to earnestness of purpose, rather than to achievement — though, as far as that is concerned, I feel that we all of us here are in the same boat. We hold true to the good old French maxim to which Matthew Arnold drew our attention before leaving this country: 'le cœur au metier.'

You have chosen me for this honor. I can say nothing higher in appreciation of it, than that it is a great stimulus to further effort, and the final note of pleasure in my happiness at returning to this land of hope and sunshine.

It may interest you to know that this absence in Paris, although delightful, has taught me to appreciate all the more the living character of our own country, to say nothing of the deep sympathy of my comrades and friends. The impression of strength, directness and lucidity that was made on me by the exhibitions, as well as in every other direction, when I first returned, was very great. It showed at a glance what I had been suspecting for some time, that our advance had been so rapid within the last ten or fifteen years that, at least in so far as the solid foundation of early training in art was concerned, it was unnecessary for our young people to go abroad for study. For that matter, a healthier and fresher beginning could be made here, so that when the time did come to go to the Old World, it could be done with more safety, and with a broader understanding of the richness that is there. In saying this I must not be understood as lacking in the slightest measure that gratitude which so many of us owe to the generous and conscientious training we have received in the schools of Europe, particularly of France. Those of us who have been so benefited cannot fail to be deeply thankful.

There were occasions in my boyhood when, after explanations to my

father, he would reply: 'What you are saying, my boy, and nothing at all, is the same thing.' You will have to thank him, therefore, if these remarks have been brief, and if I have been prevented from boring you.

I wish I could say more, but you will have to take the will for the deed. So, once more thanking you for all this, I leave the field free to the many into whose faces I look, who are better able to give expressions to their thoughts than I am.

In the pavement in front of the library, near French's statue of Alma Mater, one reads the enduring record:

CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM
ARCHITECT
MDCCCXLVII MDCCCCIX
DESVPER ARTIFICIS
SPECTANT MONUMENTA
PER ANNOS

CHAPTER XXI

A MONUMENTAL GATEWAY TO THE METROPOLIS

'I SUPPOSE President Cassatt wants a new stoop for his house,' Mr. McKim remarked casually to Charles Moore, as they were exploring the site of Burnham's new Washington Station. At the same time he held out a telegram just received from his office in New York. It turned out to be something quite different, as appears from a letter to Saint-Gaudens, April 24, 1902:

I reached Washington on Sunday night and left again yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon, in response to a despatch from President Cassatt, asking me to meet him this morning in Philadelphia, in relation to a new terminal depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad to be built in New York, and which, as you will be glad to hear, was placed under our direction.

I passed the morning with Mr. Cassatt, leaving this afternoon; have just reached here, and expect within a few days to be back in Washington with the revised White House plans, over which I struggled on Monday and Tuesday with the President and his wife, under such pressure that I was unable to look you up [Saint-Gaudens was in Washington]. I have brought back with me data upon which to base a sketch, and on my return shall need your advice. Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt take the highest ground in regard to the restoration of the old house, and it would be impossible to ask greater consideration than they have shown in connection with this work. What is of nearly equal consequence is that there will be ample money to carry it out, the leading members of both Houses approving the measure.

I had accepted an invitation to be in Washington on the 5th, to act on the McClellan [statue] committee,[1] and will see you before then.

[1] The equestrian statue to General George B. McClellan stands at the head of Connecticut Avenue, at California Street, and the home of his son of the same name is near by. Colonel McClellan is now the vice president of the American Academy in Rome. He said to the writer that while he was Mayor of New York City his preference was for the firm of McKim, Mead & White, because he was sure that in every particular (as in the many branch libraries they built) the city would always get the full worth of its money.

The jury for selecting a sculptor (Saint-Gaudens, McKim and French) met at the Cosmos Club on the evening of May 5, 1902. At midnight, after a session of three hours, they sent for ice cream; but even this favorite dish of the first two failed to bring agreement. About 2 A.M. Charles Moore, who was acting as recorder, proposed that the jury recommend a new competition altogether; and, after Saint-Gaudens had declared he would never vote for McKim's favorite, because the man was 'a damned amateur,' the meeting was adjourned. On second trial, Frederick MacMonnies was selected.

I have just come in and do not know what the condition of the Sherman matter is.[1]

Yours ever

To Burnham, who was visiting his son Hubert at the Naval Academy, McKim wrote 'to let you know how much I valued your congratulations on the Railway Station here; a work unsought, and which came as a complete surprise. They should have given it to you, and I fully expected they would. Just after the interview, Newhall[2] (with whom I lunched) told me that they employed a New York man as a question of policy, and I ascribe our appointment chiefly to this cause.'

Certain preliminary matters had to be settled with President Cassatt before McKim could begin to think of the design. The company had a notion of utilizing the very valuable air space above the station by building a hotel. Mr. McKim argued that the great Pennsylvania Railroad owed the Metropolis a thoroughly and distinctly monumental gateway. Into his contention he threw every bit of that persuasiveness, all of that daring imagination, all that knowledge of world precedents, that made him irresistible. Of course he was fortunate in having a practical visionary like Mr. Cassatt to deal with. If either had been smaller in mind, our tale had not been worth the telling. Thanks to the two of them, the station stands as one of the world's monuments.

Whenever descending the broad stairs into that concourse, I recall a languorous afternoon in the late June of 1901, spent with McKim and Burnham and the younger Olmsted at the Baths of Caracalla in Rome. At this time Burnham already had

[1] The site originally favored by Saint-Gaudens and McKim for the Sherman statue was at the head of the Olmsted Mall in Central Park; but a clamor had arisen against any more statues in the Park, and the Saint-Gaudens group was not immediately recognized (as it now is) as one of the few really great equestrian statues. Next a site near the Grant Tomb was proposed; but General Porter thought it would detract from that structure. The present location at the entrance to the Park was regarded as the least desirable. Neither grass nor statues thrive where there is much passing, and the reputation of the Sherman has come from its inherent power and in spite of its location. McKim designed the pedestal.

[2] Daniel S. Newhall, Purchasing Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a relative and an intimate friend of McKim. Both were members of the Germantown Cricket Club, for which McKim designed the buildings. To him McKim gave one of two facsimiles of a chair that came from Holland about 1760. The other he gave to President Roosevelt for the study in the White House.

the commission to build the new Pennsylvania Station in Washington, but when he had tried to persuade the railroad officials to withdraw the location to the south side of the Mall, so as to restore the park connection between Capitol and White House as originally planned, he was met with the curt reply that he was employed to design the station, not to locate it. The highly utilitarian station at Frankfort, Germany, had been set as his model. McKim's wildest dreams never gave him visions of opportunity to build in the stupendous manner. That afternoon it was simply artistic impulse that led him to hire the willing but astonished workmen to pose among the ruins to give scale and movement — movement, because in all his designing McKim ever had in his mind's eye the people, men and especially well-gowned women, who would sweep up and down his broad staircases. So the hours were spent in the luxury of visiting the halls and basilicas of Rome, purely for the enjoyment of the stupendous works of the past. And yet, within a twelvemonth, both architects were planning buildings that rival the Baths of Diocletian and Titus and the Basilica of Constantine. So much for living in the land of opportunity. To Burnham the pomp and power and bigness of Rome appealed. The main entrance to his Washington station he made of three arches, the opening in each being higher than that in the Arch of Titus.

McKim once said of the Library of Congress that it was scarcely possible to pile up so much stone without attaining some degree of impressiveness. In amount of stone piled up, the Pennsylvania Station in New York, with its half a mile of exterior walls enclosing eight acres, covers more territory than any other building constructed at one time. The Vatican, the Tuileries, the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg (as it was) are larger buildings; but they represent the accretions of centuries. Six years was the station span. Yet it is only at rare points of view that the bigness of the station impresses one — as the architect intended one should be impressed. The absolute human scale has been attained. Big as the building is, it is made for men six feet tall, not for giants. In simplicity and unity of design, in richness of materials, in a pervading sense of spaciousness, the building is unrivaled. One does not rush to catch a Pennsylvania train — one proceeds to it in orderly but expedi-

tious manner. It is only when looking down into the great waiting-room from the head of one of the four staircases that one realizes that he is gazing into a space as large as the nave of St. Peter's, the biggest church in Christendom.[1]

While McKim had pinned over his designing table pictures of the façade of the Bank of England, and the Bernini colonnade enclosing the piazza of Saint Peter's, while he kept in mind the Roman baths and basilicas, and while he used the Roman Doric in all its stately simplicity, nevertheless he built what looks like a railway station — a monumental bridge over the tracks, with entrances to the streets on the main axis and on all four sides — a feature unique among the railway stations of the world, affording the maximum of entrance and exit facilities.

The main entrance has more massive proportions than the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin; the main body of the building approximates in height the Paris Bourse; the narrowest opening between the columns of the two carriage drives (each twice the width of a standard New York street) is equal to the arched driveways in the Louvre, through which the omnibuses of Paris pass.

It was in the materials that McKim reveled. The travertine used in the interior walls, columns, pilasters and stairways comes from quarries in the Roman Campagna near Tivoli — the stone of which imperial and modern Rome is principally built, including the Coliseum and Saint Peter's, and here used for the first time in America. This stone, while hard and durable, has an openness of texture which makes it particularly suitable for use in areas of such unusual dimensions as the station. Moreover, the surface gets a character and distinction unattainable with a stone of more uniform appearance, while its warm, sunny, yellow color gives to the waiting-room a mellowness of tone noticeable even on cloudy days. When rubbed up against, the stone takes a polish which delights the artist.

The exterior walls are of Milford pink granite, a stone unsurpassed in beauty as building material, one to endure through

[1] The length of the waiting-room is 314 feet, 4 inches; the height 150 feet; and the width 108 feet, 8 inches. It is lighted by three semi-circular windows, with a width at the base of 66 feet, 8 inches, and a radius of 33 feet, 4 inches.

the ages. More than half a million cubic feet of this pink granite were brought from the Massachusetts quarries on 1140 freight cars, and laid in thirteen months.

One other feature deserves particular mention — the concourse, a covered assembling place, the open vestibule to the tracks, a courtyard 340 feet long by 210 feet broad, roofed by a dome of iron and glass, to which the architects have given a simple architectural expression without the use of ornament. The stations in Dresden and Frankfort, Germany, are similarly treated; but this first American example involves intersecting arched vaults, structurally more complicated in design than those in Europe.

At the head of the grand stairway, in the Travertine wall, is placed Weinman's bronze statue of 'Alexander Johnston Cassatt,[1] whose foresight, courage and ability achieved the extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad System into New York City'; and on one of the bronze tablets at the main entrance is inscribed: 'Architects, New York Station, McKim, Mead & White.' Before the opening of the building, on September 8, 1910, both Mr. Cassatt and Mr. McKim had gone to their rewards. Tablets may suffice to tell of their achievements, but they have taken with them the memories of the kindly, friendly, comprehending, and appreciative relations that made arduous work a joy and a delight.

[1] Mr. Cassatt died December 28, 1906, and was succeeded by James McCrea. Vice-President Samuel Rea, who afterwards became president, shared with Mr. Cassatt the executive direction and supervision.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

QUITE unexpectedly, in the same month of April, 1902, Charles McKim was commissioned to design not only the largest building ever constructed at one time, but also a small building worthy to house the finest collection of books and manuscripts and kindred works of art ever collected by a single man — these were the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal and the private library of J. Pierpont Morgan,[1] both in New York City. Moreover, additional commissions of only less importance called upon him to exercise to the utmost his highly trained faculties of invention in the way of monumental architecture, at the Army War College in Washington, and the extension and rehabilitation of Governor's Island in New York Harbor.

In a letter to Mead, who was then in Nice, McKim wrote, April 2, 1902:

I will preface by saying that the country is safe, and, I think you will agree, the office prospering, when I tell you of several new jobs in hand as well as in prospect. Amongst these are J. Pierpont Morgan's, who telephoned my house a night or two ago, and the next morning at his house informed me that he had purchased all the property between his house and Park Avenue on the north side of 36th Street, to be laid out architecturally and turned into a garden (135 × 100) adjoining his own house to the east. He proposes to cut off 28 feet at the eastern end for a house for his daughter Louisa (who married Satterlee) and in the interval between the two build a little Museum building to house his books and collections. Since then I have had some correspondence with him, and to-day (April 2) he sailed for Europe, having authorized us to go ahead on both jobs. He does not expect to get back until after the Coronation, and I may follow him over with studies (provided this should work out), leaving the middle of June instead of the middle of July and returning a month earlier. Lewis Ledyard, who was in this morning, thought this would be the best way. The Corsair is ordered across, and Ledyard says J. P. may possibly spend the summer and is talking of it. I am, however, not much stuck at returning to the office in hot weather, but will thresh this out when you come home.

[1] Incorporated in 1924 by his son for the use of research scholarship as 'The Pierpont Morgan Library.'

General Gillespie's plans for the War College, revised by us, have been approved by Secretary Root as well as by General Gillespie, and have gone to Congress.

The plan for the Store House on Governor's Island, having been approved by Colonel Kimball (Asst. Quartermaster General), he went back to Washington and I followed him there; and before leaving got authority from Secretary Root to make a clean sweep of everything on Governor's Island excepting the two old forts, and lay out a brand new plan, *including a scheme for the buildings on the additional 90 acres now under reclamation!!* I had a very satisfactory talk with the Secretary on the subject. Van der Bent is naturally very much excited, and works with his head closer to the drawing-board than ever before. There will be lots of chances for you to take hold when you get back.

An editorial in the London *Times* of December 4, 1908, describing for the first time in print the Morgan Library, says editorially that

in the department of books and MSS., no private gathering in the world is at once so choice, so perfect and so all-embracing. The truth is that all these things, almost alone among the fine productions of the past, are still to be had, or were when Mr. Morgan came into the market. The late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild came to this conclusion, and began to collect splendid books when he despaired of finding anything else good enough for his exacting taste. He just began, and died. Mr. Morgan has been more fortunate, and bolder. He has been buying books for years, and has stored them in that exquisite building off Madison-avenue, the masterpiece of Charles McKim. With its contents, this jealously guarded treasure-house is one of the wonders of the world. Perfectly housed and perfectly arranged, these priceless possessions form just such a collection as a man of fine taste might have formed if he had the pick of ten thousand of the choicest volumes in the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Here are the finest missals, the finest autographs of the best books — a series from the Golden Gospels of the seventh century down to Byron and Charlotte Brontë; Gutenbergs and Caxtons, whole series from the presses of Venice, Florence and Augsburg; the loveliest of French Books of Hours, the most perfect of Aldines, the rarest and 'tallest' of Elzevirs. Scarcely anywhere else may one see such bindings in such profusion. . . . To wander among these rarities, to be allowed to handle them, is for the privileged bibliophile the rarest of joys.

The making of such a library has never been possible until the present time. It is the outcome of an age of millionaires. These gentlemen of vast means abound in America, and there are a few of them in Europe; men who cannot spend in a normal manner all they have, and who are driven by a sort of social compulsion to 'collect.' One out of

ten has taste; one out of a hundred has genius. Mr. Frick, Mr. Altman, Mr. Widener, in America, and the late Rodolphe Kann in Paris, come under the former category; but the man of genius is Mr. Pierpont Morgan. As in business, so in art-collecting. Its secret is the union of means, information and courage. It was curiously significant that Mr. Morgan stopped the panic in New York a year ago [1907] in that very room which our Correspondent describes — that exquisite 'study' of his in the marble library. There, among the Donatellos and Verrocchios, he sat night after night till the small hours, receiving reports and giving orders like a general in action, till the battle was won and confidence restored. The same qualities of mind and will have been shown in making the collections.

Of the building itself, the Correspondent adverted to in the editorial, after enumerating a multiplicity of treasures, says:

Yet it is not bewilderment that is the first impression one receives. It is rather the conviction that here, at last, is the ideal library, the ideal setting for noble books. One passes through the bronze gates into a lofty hall of rarest marble, and then into an apartment as lofty, the walls of which glow from floor to ceiling with the unique splendour that only volumes in fine bindings provide. There are two galleries around the room, each as high as an ordinary apartment, reached by hidden stairways. In the middle of the room is a glass table-cabinet, in which are some volumes bound in gold and enamel and ivory and set with gems — volumes that glitter in the soft light that streams through ancient painted glass. On one of them, a great gleaming mass of gems and precious metal, translucent emerald, and crimson, and pearl, and gold, the eye, fascinated, lingers, and then it passes to a splendid Florentine portrait of a girl, and then to a wonderful old carved fireplace, and then to some green Flemish tapestry, and then to furniture adorned with that rich crimson that Genoa and Venice loved.

From this room one goes to another, not so large but even more exquisite in its appointments and decorations. The walls are of crimson tapestry, with the Chigi arms, and on the low bookcases are marbles and bronzes and terra-cottas, Italian faience, enamels of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The ceiling is a marvelous piece of Renaissance work from the Aldobrandini Palace at Venice, and the fireplace is of carved marble of subdued tone. On the center table stands a bronze vase of ancient Roman workmanship.

Yet, the first idea one obtains is that here is a perfect place for study and for rest. . . . It is no impression of ostentation that one obtains on entering, but one of exquisite, peaceful chambers, in which a man superlatively fortunate may pass his hours divinely. . . .

The exterior of the library is by now familiar to New York. It is of marble throughout, with a beautifully-sculptured frieze, and in the

INTERIOR OF THE MORGAN LIBRARY

purity of its classical design and its delicacy of detail is one of the best things Mr. McKim has ever accomplished. The marble forms a beautiful setting for the bronze doors, which are masterpieces of Italian *cire perdue* work of the sixteenth century, and, although of unknown authorship, are, in the opinion of many experts, as fine in workmanship as those of the Baptistery at Florence. The hall which one first enters is of great chastity, making a wonderful contrast to the glowing rooms which surround it. The walls are of white marble and mosaic, the colour being chiefly confined to the ceiling, which is painted by Mr. Siddons Mowbray. The most conspicuous object in the hall is a bronze bust of the Marquis of Pescara, wearing the Golden Fleece, a work the best opinion assigns to Benvenuto Cellini. Dark inlaid coffers, which Mr. Morgan recently withdrew from the South Kensington Museum, heighten the effect. As an instance of the extraordinary care he takes to obtain perfection of detail, it may be mentioned that some elaborate bronze work which was originally placed in the hall has all been sacrificed because it was felt that it was out of place. . . .

I thought that at last I had seen the most remarkable of Mr. Morgan's treasures, the richest jewels in this marble casket. By no means: I was taken into a third chamber. This room is not only burglar-proof and fire-proof; it is actually a safe, of the latest pattern and with all the improvements. One enters by a thick steel door fitted with a combination lock, and the walls of the room are of steel, while a steel shutter protects the window at night. It has all been so cleverly done that nothing but the door indicates that one is in a veritable vault. And surely few safe-deposit vaults in existence hold treasure of greater value. The room is a small one, but it contains many of the priceless things of the world.

When McKim set himself to consider the problem of the Morgan Library — a small building not only to contain a multitude of priceless works of the humanities, but also fittingly to place a man exercising world-power amid collections which were a vital part of his active life — the first point to be settled was as to his authority to build according to his own conception. To Mr. Morgan he said in substance: 'I would like to build after the manner of the Greeks, whose works have lasted through the ages; but to do so will be very expensive, and the results will not be apparent.' 'Explain,' said Mr. Morgan; and McKim explained: 'When I have been in Athens I have tried to insert the blade of my knife between the stones of the Erectheum, and have been unable to do it. I would like to follow their example, but it would cost a small fortune and no one would see where the

additional money went.' 'How much extra?' Mr. Morgan asked. 'Fifty thousand dollars,' said the modest architect. 'Go ahead,' commanded the man of capital.[1]

So the building was planned with the stones filed to make perfect horizontal joints, being doweled by a cement mortice in a shallow groove at the center, with a cup-like provision for moisture; the vertical joints being laid with sheets of lead one sixty-fourth of an inch in thickness; and an air-chamber being provided between the inner and outer walls.

It has passed into a tradition among the architects of his day, that the altercations that arose between the imperious client and the inflexible architect hastened, if they did not cause, McKim's death. This is far from the truth. McKim was worn of body before he undertook the Morgan Library, although never more vigorous of mind. He knew his client, and always counted on the considerate reactions that invariably followed one of Mr. Morgan's occasional outbreaks. Such outbreaks McKim counted as the price he had to pay for the high privilege of building that library; and if at the beginning he had been confronted by the choice between doing that work and living a few years longer, he would have chosen unhesitatingly to do the work. On the whole, the associations between the abrupt client and the shrinking architect were friendly and at times very cordial. Once, when in despair McKim said: 'Mr. Morgan, I am worn out with work and concern; I must get a rest. Let me turn your library over to Stanford White. You have confidence in him.' Instantly the reply came: 'Go away and get your rest. When you go, work on the library will stop until you return. No one else shall touch it.'

One of these altercations — a characteristic one — came under the observation of the author. One morning at breakfast, McKim said: 'Let us hasten around to the Morgan Library. I want to get there before Mr. Morgan comes. He has ordered the work stopped, and I don't feel up to meeting him before consulting the superintendent.'

The walls were then three or four feet high. We had scarcely got to the site before Mr. Morgan appeared, in pre-breakfast mood, and the conversation proceeded after this fashion:

[1] McKim's conversations.

'Mr. McKim, you have got my daughter's house over on my land.'

'Yes; six inches, in order to get a proper foundation.'

'But it is over the line in front, too. They call me a hog on Wall-street, but I don't want my neighbors to call me a hog.'

'No, it is on the line given us by the building office.'

'And I don't like sandstone.'

'It is not sandstone; it is limestone.'

'Those corners I don't like, either.'

'That is a simple form of rustication quite usual in buildings of this class.'

'I won't have sandstone.'

'It is limestone,' — gently but firmly.

'Then you've got white tiles in the east walls.'

'You told me to have regard for the neighbors.'

'I meant Charles Lanier at the back; I don't care about the others.'

With that Mr. Morgan hurried off. McKim turned to the superintendent and told him to go ahead without change; and the man, who had heard part of the conversation and sensed the remainder, said reassuringly: 'Well, Mr. McKim, bad as he is, he's not a patch to old C——,' mentioning another of the kings of business.

In spite of the fact that, as he wrote to French, 'architects have no feelings,' McKim was human enough to cherish a letter written to him by John A. Gade, once one of Stanford White's young men, after listening to President Eliot's farewell address to the Harvard Club of New York, on January 27, 1909:

> As no reporters were admitted, I believe you will not see in the newspapers the tribute to you which the President emphasized and which naturally was dear to those of us who know you. President Eliot said:
>
> 'I cannot stand in this hall without thinking of that great son of Harvard who is slowly recovering from a long illness, and whose genius has so signally embellished this great city. I spent this morning in Mr. Morgan's Library, the most exquisite architectural gem of our country, and among the masterpieces of the world — also his work.'

Even the King's Medal could have been to McKim no more precious than such praise from such a source.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MOORS OF SCOTLAND AND THE PINES OF SOUTH CAROLINA

The time to take a vacation is before you need it, was a precept often quoted by Charles McKim to his friends, but never practiced by himself. His inborn and early developed love of sports of all kinds, however, stood him in good stead when the burdens of work drove him into the open. He enjoyed his bicycle in the days of bicycles, and he took to golf most kindly; but his greatest fondness was for shooting on the moors of Scotland in summer, with his constant friend and neighbor, John Cadwalader, and in South Carolina in the spring of the year. How keenly he enjoyed these outings, and how very much he needed them, appears in a series of letters, which give insight into the companionableness which was one of the marked traits of his character.

The first of these letters was written to his daughter Margaret in August, 1900:

R.M.S. Majestic, *August* 1, 1900

Dearest Margaret: Here we go, on a perfect day, drums beating, flags flying, — with wet eyes, some of us — the farewells at the dock, followed by the hoarse whistles of the steam tugs, bidding us *bon voyage* as we drop swiftly down stream. Another half hour and we shall reach Sandy Hook and lose our pilot, who has, however, with the aid of Uncle Sam, promised to deliver this letter to you.

Everything is all right and happy, or would be if only you were with me; but the next time we shall be together, I hope, and (as you said in your letter of the other day) we shall always be together in spirit wherever we are, so *that* fact is settled comfortably forever.

I left my office at 11.20, just in time to get aboard and greet my fellow-passengers, Mr. Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler and Mr. James C. Carter, who form our party. . . . I found that Mr. S. has already included me at their table, so that, with anything like smooth seas, I seem likely to have a restful and pleasant voyage — that is, as agreeable as an uncertain stomach will permit. . . .

I shall think of you constantly and wish for you whenever I have any pleasure. Farewell for a while, dear child.

Ever your affectionate

Daddy

Sunday, August 5, 1900 — Mid-ocean

. . . Mother Carey and I have great confidence in our chickens, and show it by trusting them in mid-ocean. I go her one better by putting the whole Atlantic between me and mine. At noon to-day we were four days out (something more than half our journey) upon the smoothest of summer seas; and I can truly brag of being the only passenger aboard who has received *three* letters since we left Sandy Hook! Wednesday, Friday and Saturday they came, and were delivered by the postman with unfailing promptness — as good omens as any C. Columbus was ever grateful for when the doves aloft told him of land and hope not far away, after his stormy voyage. Of course it was very tantalizing to be obliged to wait for the '3rd' and '5th' to arrive, but I obeyed instructions and was duly rewarded. . . .

August 8; Fastnet Light! Land! A beautiful morning shining on sea and land, the greenest in the world. Erin go Bragh, indeed!!

MILLDEN, BRECHIN, N.B., SCOTLAND
August 13, 1900

. . . We arrived in this most beautiful country last Thursday, coming in fourteen hours from Liverpool, landing at eight in the morning and reaching here at 11 o'clock P.M. on the 9th, without mishap, in perfect weather. . . .

For once Liverpool was not pouring dismal rain, and we were quickly off in a saloon carriage just large enough to hold our party comfortably, driving through an undulating farm country, lined with hedge-rows, finely shaded and cultivated every inch of the way. The train was a very fast one and, as we threaded our way north through the west countries, we gradually felt the heavy grades of a bolder and higher region. This was the Lake Region. Again we flew down the hillsides and again were struggling skywards, crossing the Scottish border in the late afternoon, on through Carlisle to Sterling and Perth, where we took tea and jam at the station, having eaten little since early morning; and then on into the Highlands, always climbing and wheezing and snorting, till at 9 o'clock, with light enough left to read fine print, we reached Brechin and left the main line by a branch to Edzell in the heart of this magnificent region. Two great traps met us at the station and, with need for good warm overcoats and gloves, we reached Millden and this many-winged old house in time for an 11 o'clock supper, for which we were all more than ready.

August 19. It is impossible to describe the week just closed; a succession of rather warm days, followed by cool nights with fires going most of the time, thermometer from 50 to 65. Even at midday, shooting on the hills, an undercurrent of mountain air tempers the sun and makes a coat or jacket necessary if you sit down long.

'Millden,' the name of the estate, lies in a mountain valley through which flows a rapid, winding river, the Esk, including five miles

of salmon water, and flowing past the foot of the lawn, not more than 100 feet from the house. The hills about are numerous and some of them very high, averaging from 1000 to 2500 feet and covered with heather knee-high now in full bloom, a red purple not like anything else in the world. The views in every direction are superb, especially when looking toward the sea, eighteen miles away, from a considerable height. The country is chiefly a grazing country, cattle and sheep dotting the mountain sides as far as you can see. The shooting season opened the 13th, and the business of life in the moors is to live from dawn to dark in the open air and to *shoot*, SHOOT, SHOOT!!! Grouse, of course; and of this and our doings, and all the kindness your daddy is receiving, I will write you next time. I shall probably remain here till September 1st, then go to England on my way home, sailing on the 22nd of September by the *St. Louis*. I think of you constantly.

Your loving

FATHER

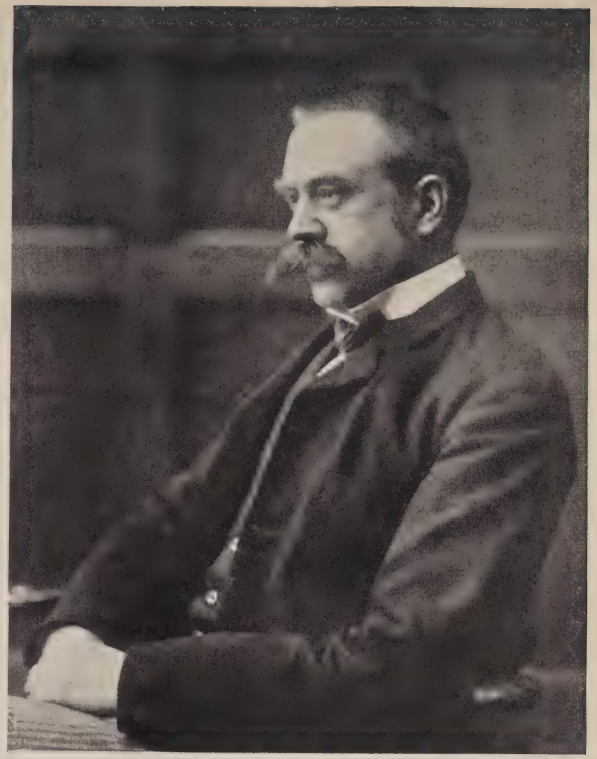
A fuller description of the Millden days is found in a letter to Mrs. Stanford White, dated Sunday, August 19 [1900]:

I send you this little bunch of white heather. These high hills (2500 feet) are covered to the clouds with purple heather up to your knees, and very beautiful they are; but the white heather is as hard to find as our four-leaved clover and is supposed to carry good luck — which is why I send it to you.

I am writing this at the tip-top of the map or nearly in the North and East of Scotland — not a great way from Inverness, where my father's people lived — and about as accessible as the Restigouche and very much the same climate. Thermometer 50° to 65° with fires going, but with a noble landscape of bold mountain lines and valleys such as you can't imagine without seeing. The extraordinary thing is that the mountains — or Grampian Range as it is called — are entirely clad with green and purple of the most brilliant and wonderful hues, seen through a veil of cloud-forms of endless beauty and variety.

In the midst of the hills the Esk flows down on its way to the sea, through this mountain valley, 11,000 acres of which form the estate called Millden, one of the several properties of the Earl of Dalhousie. The river flows with a rush past this many-winged old house, which Mr. Cadwalader and the Schuylers have leased with the whole shooting. On Monday last, just a week ago, the grouse season commenced, and all Scotland and England have been carrying on the campaign of destruction since. Our bag (six guns) for the first week was 1164 grouse, with uncounted hares. Mr. Carter at 73 years, one of the party, is as keen as if he were 19. George Pollock killed 108 grouse to his own gun on Thursday, and a man named Norry Sellar (a young

MRS. STANFORD WHITE



STANFORD WHITE

Londoner quite too tall and handsome for the peace of mind of any true Bull Smith!) came off with 75. Cadwalader and Schuyler both are old hands and shoot well; and I managed to kill on my best day 40, having only one gun while the others worked with two, with a loader. Next week I shall be allowed two guns, when able to manage them; for it is the reverse of quail shooting and this is my first experience.

There are also five miles of salmon water, but this will have to wait for another week, as everybody is crazy to shoot just now. We come home, as on the Restigouche, and dine, and go to bed dead tired; but it is doing me so much good and I feel so much stronger living every minute in the open air that, having come so far, I have decided to stay till the first; and, as I have promised to go and pay a short visit to Julia's aunt at Balbirnie and afterwards to the Whites in London for ten days, with clothes to get in London, I don't see how I am going to get to Paris. But I shall leave an 'open door' and not decide now. I am glad you are going to have another week. How the time flies! I know you are enjoying every moment of it. I think of you now in the Pyrenees, as Stan said you might go there if not to Italy with him. I am sorry Prescott has had such a poor time. I hope he is all right by now. Give him and Nelly my love.

Major Henry L. Higginson wrote to McKim from Igile, near Innsbruck, on July 18, 1901:

Dear Mr. McKim: You are invisible — a meteor to be seen for a second and then gone.

But your new house [the Harvard Union] is very greatly praised by Mrs. Shaw, my sister — by Mrs. Elliott,[1] my lovely cousin — by Mrs. McKean, my niece, who will freely criticize anything — and by many others. It is solid praise, for which reasons are given; and still more I have no words of blame. That *may* come later, but certainly you have succeeded in a task of some difficulty. It is fair to say that I always expect your success, and never doubted this — but I am not critical from pure ignorance and dullness. The man who supplies funds is praised, and the men who proposed the whole scheme and who devised the house are forgotten. It is most unfair; and, when the chance to rectify this unfairness comes, I shall try. Moreover, you and your firm will go down to posterity with much renown, and some blame, and with very good reason as to the former. As to the latter, I have not seen it.

I suppose that some changes will be needed in the club-house by and by, but they can wait.

Whether a formal opening is to be made or not, remains to be seen. If so, you must come to it, else none will take place. I talked with Sargent, who was far too busy to take me up — tho' ready to try —

[1] Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, wife of John Elliott.

and so we may get to it in September. We hoped to see you, and doubted, as your movements were unknown. The gates, etc., seem to please people also, and the Yard is a new place — and yet old.

I hope you have had a pleasant trip here, tho' work and not pleasure has been its object — but that helps if the work is congenial. Mr. Hooper will be very much missed, and he had done fine work.

Thank you for your labor in my behalf. It has been nobly done.

From St. James, on Easter, 1902, McKim wrote to Mrs. Stanford White, then in Europe:

I don't know whether you have received any of our wireless messages across the sea, but there have been sent a lot from 'By-the-Harbor,' and more from up here on your piazza by Don and me.

If I had eloquent eyes and an intelligent tail like his, I could do lots of business! They say you are in the offing and are expected to land to-day. We wish you were here where you belong, to open your house and to own up that this part of the country, though only half awake, is a great deal nicer than any you have seen in your travels!

I hope you have brought Stanford back rested and Cecil thawed out, for if you haven't it hasn't been for want of opportunity!!

Cornelia came out on Friday, and Susie and Charley and I followed her yesterday. I shall be proud if I am able to help them on the memorial they are thinking of, and am glad they have found an outlet in their loving task.[1] They have talked to me and they will to you, and it will be beautiful and a great comfort to them when the right direction is found.

The wonderfulness and beauty of your azalea bush in church to-day I shall never forget. It seemed as though there was not an inch of room for another blossom! I wish you could have seen it.

It was a blessed change in the wind which came last night after the storm. Never did the sun rise more gloriously on an Easter morning to cheer sad hearts, and never upon a more tranquil, peaceful world than this of yours. Just a ruffle on the Sound — enough to make it blue — the harbour a mirror, and the air so still that except for a distant crow in the woods you can almost hear things grow.

What a season of renewal for us as well as the beasts and birds and the fields. I tried to take myself in hand once more and walked to church, and stayed for the first time in years to the Communion service. May it have been not quite in vain!

It is easier to pray for those you care for than for yourself. My attempts in my own behalf must have caused celestial amusement or gone unheard, unless some good spirit there or here interceded for me.

They say that 'up to forty-five a man may make new habits, but after that time he has hard work to steer his old ones.' *Pieta Signore!*

[1] Memorial to Prescott H. Butler, who died in 1901.

I only asked for help to strengthen, and to speak the Truth and obey the Commandments. It was a good deal to ask for, I know, but if it comes from you as well as me I am sure it will get a hearing. It is always, I imagine, with a man in my position, between a brace and a plunge; and it is because I have been more than once this last year on the ragged edge of the last that I long to get back to my friends and lightheartedness. . . . Don wags his tail and makes me think, as he sits by, of the true saying: 'The more I see of dogs the less I care for men.' He's a good old boy and won't give me away.

Again to Mrs. Stanford White McKim wrote a letter of lively gossip from Genoa — Rome, on June 30, 1904:

A page from my log for one of yours!

A week at sea on the *Deutschland* with the Mackays and Mrs. Travers, and the Phipps girls, next whom I sat at table — all very agreeable, the last two unusually hard to part from. I left the ship at Plymouth on a cable from Mr. Morgan, and passed week No. 2 principally over his business — dealers, museums and collections in London. At Long's with Mr. Rhinelander, whom, and the Johnny Kanes, I met daily over Metropolitan Museum business and their plans. Time enough to shop, however, for the usual hat, etc., and a certain blue bag at Asprey's, according to instructions. Calls on various people, and rencontres unexpected — Joe Minot, for example, who walked into the hotel from a trip around the world, on his way to Paris and work — about to be painted by Sargent, looking very well and immediately asking for you — The George Vanderbilts, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, Miss Frelinghuysen, Jane and Von Gleckin, Cecil and Maud, the H. Whites. Also various of my new old English friends of last summer — Mrs. Grenfell, Lady Elcho, the Countess of Gosford, Jos. Chamberlain, Lord Crewe, Lady Minto, Cecil's brother Maj. Baring (the 'Imp'), Sir Alfred Lysle, my dear Aston Webb, Lady Grosvenor, and, finally, Edward VII, who asked the Wilton party to tea at Windsor (10 miles away) the Sunday I was there. Spotting me as a stranger, I was sent for and afterwards invited to take a short stroll alone with him under the trees. This no doubt would have been formidable had he not made it so entirely agreeable.[1]

Of all the women present I thought Mrs. Chamberlain quite as, if not more charming than any of her English sisters. Enough gossip! Now for Maud. She and Cecil are blissfully happy — that is certain. They came to London and teaed with me, and afterwards took me over their new house (a very old one by Jos. Adam, one of the great figures of the 18th century); small house but very comfortable and will be quite charming when it is overhauled.

[1] King Edward said to McKim that he wanted to revisit the United States, where he so much enjoyed himself during his visit in 1860. He said he wanted especially to see the Flatiron Building, then the eighth wonder of the world.

So much for week No. 2. I left happy because I left Mr. Morgan happy, and just a week ago crossed the Channel and passed week No. 3 in Paris, still for J. P. M., Kane and Rhinelander, and got through my business of more dealers and more things — leaving the Gare de Lyon yesterday for this 29-hour solitary journey over the Alps. . . .

In Paris I dined with Alice Meyer, whom I had not seen for four years, and my tall niece Julia, coming out at Newport next summer; and theatred twice and went happily home alone and to bed afterwards each time, though Mrs. Stuyvesant questioned it! And there you are!

From the 7th of July till August 1st I expect to be bored to death at Carlsbad taking the cure. Love to Stanford. I'll write him from Paris.

From Hotel Royal, Rome, on the Fourth of July, 1904, McKim wrote to his daughter:

The best 'celebration' of the day I can think of is to send you a page out of my log before the journey goes a day further.

As you can well understand, I have been on a steady rush for the past three weeks since landing. The week at sea was a rest, notwithstanding we ran into the track of a storm the last three days and had to have the racks up to keep things on the table; but the weather was fair, the company was agreeable, I was able to smoke my cigar and was not at all ready to leave the ship at Plymouth. . . .

At Plymouth my play came to an end, and I went over the side at the landing stage with armor buckled on to meet my three clients in London. It is fair to say they were all very good to me, though equally true that I was allowed but few minutes to myself during the six days I was there. However, I accomplished what I went for, and crossed the Channel to Paris on the seventh day with everything well straightened out. Here I passed another busy week, with Mr. Rhinelander for the Museum; and with Mr. Morgan's agent, in order to see and examine various objects connected with the Museum and Library. Paris was as lovely as ever, and you missed it by not coming. I dined with the Rhinelanders and Stuyvesants and the Vanderbilts (W. K.) and my fair sister-in-law, Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, whom I had not seen for four years, since she went to Rome. I took her and her children to the theatre, and departed after one week, all too short and hurried but very pleasant, on my solitary journey over the Alps to Florence, land of beauty and HEAT!!! Two melting days, with a cold caught on landing, came near laying me out; but Mr. Kendall's arrival — he left the Dolomites to meet and help me out — was a relief, and I am feeling better and hopeful of getting through and north again out of this boiling heat. At least it is a little cooler here at night than in Florence. Nearly everybody has left Rome. I found,

however, the Abbotts and Mr. Norton (son of Prof. N.[1]) and the Waldo Storys still here, and dined last night with them at the Palazzo Bernini — what you would call 'very swell.' It will not be long now before my steps will be turned homeward; and I like to think that if all goes well I shall be sailing on the 5th of August, just a month hence, by the *Cedric* from Liverpool; and meanwhile the three coming weeks at Carlsbad of complete rest will, I hope, set me up for the winter. . . .

I am looking forward to my first Sunday with you in Newport very soon.

On his way from Carlsbad to London, July 11, 1904, McKim wrote to his daughter Margaret:

On the 7th I reached Carlsbad from Rome, the day agreed, all ready to take my cure, feeling, naturally, somewhat weary after the preceding weeks of hurry and travel, but very well — much better than last year. My first act was to go and see my Doctor (Krauss) and to undergo the usual careful examination of my mortal organs. They are very particular about this; and my statements were written down on a large register as if it had been an ante-mortem confession. To my great surprise, as I wrote Dr. Hitchcock, Dr. K. declared my condition, liver and heart normal, advised me *not to take the waters, and said that what I needed was chiefly rest and careful diet, with moderate exercise in bracing, high air!!* Here was a pretty how-dy-do, after coming so far out of my way, but I was naturally thankful and rejoiced to escape the tedium of three weeks' incarceration; and, as between his counsel to go into the Alps or Scotland, I have decided upon North Berwick, where there is a great golf-links, a short distance from Edinboro', on the sea, cold and bracing, and where I once passed two delightful weeks. Moreover, it is but nine hours from Liverpool; and, although the language is Scotch and the food chiefly oatmeal, it suits my sandy complexion! Anything to dump the pack I have been carrying, and to have nothing to do but sleep and nowhere to go but bed for two whole weeks! Only think of it! I don't know a soul in the place, but I will pick up a caddie if it comes to the worst, and shall have a braw time of it, despite the Scotchman's answer to the stranger's question: 'Does it always rain in Scotland like this, my good man?' 'Naw,' he replied, 'sometimes it snaws!'

I've had enough baking and scorching in Rome, and enough more in store in New York, before the summer is over, to make the thought of being able to wear flannels and an umbrella once more too good to be true.

I thought of you crossing the Alps both ways (though once was in my dreams) and wished you could have been with me as we towered

[1] Richard Norton, a son of Professor Charles Eliot Norton and the head of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome.

over the world far below us — and such a beautiful world, but, when we got down into it, *so hot!* Cherries, apricots and fresh figs, the finest you ever saw, brought to the train windows, seemed the gift of the gods. Some day, when you can walk ten miles, we will sail for Naples in the Spring, before the heat, and you can choose a spot to pass your honeymoon, and take a short turn around the world with your Daddy before it is too late.

In another four hours (we have already come six) I am proposing to break the journey at Frankfort, where I shall find Mr. Rhinelander, I hope, and his two boys, Fred and Phil — about your age, very nice. Phil is a graduate of Harvard and Oxford with honors, tall, slender, a promising young divine. Fred is a lawyer in New York. . . .

I hope the dear people are now near you at Jamestown, and that the Newbolds have arrived. When our ship comes in, we will not only have a house in Newport, as you kindly suggest, as well as New York, but one in London, and perhaps, if you are very good, one in Paris also. I long to cut a dash with you in Rotten (that's the name) Row, and especially down the Champs Élysées! Meanwhile we will have to content ourselves, I fear, as we are, and have as good a time as we can, my dear, on three acres and a cow. Not that I wish to dampen your ardor, for I am sure we can have a very good time, and meet and know the people who are most worth meeting and knowing; but we must be sensible. (We might, of course, take the Poor House — I hadn't thought of that, and such a lovely site!) I am glad you have met Mrs. Fairchild. . . . I shall love to drive about Newport with you, and out into the country. I shall expect you to drive tandem, of course.

McKim wrote to his daughter from Long's Hotel, London, July 19, 1904:

My dear Margaret: Here I am once more on British soil, on my way to North Berwick, Scotland. . . .

Leaving Carlsbad on the morning of the 14th, I reached Frankfort the same night, and the following morning on to Nauheim (forty-five minutes) to report to Mr. Rhinelander, who, with one of his sons, was taking the cure. Nauheim is for the *heart*, and you may imagine my surprise (having previously written Mr. R. from Carlsbad of my coming), at being informed that a dinner of eighteen had been arranged for that night *in my honor!* I had hardly seen a soul to speak to for weeks before — in fact, not since leaving Rome — and of course it was very pleasant and a great surprise to find so many friends and pleasant acquaintances assembled around Mr. R.'s table — Dr. and Mrs. Kinnicutt, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Mary Cross, Mrs. and Miss Cameron, Mr. Fred Newbold, the three Rhinelanders (of whom I have already written you), Miss Lamb of Boston, and the writer of the enclosed

card, with whom I became very thick, despite the saying that 'a little widow is a dangerous thing.' I thought her quite the most charming of her sex, so youthful and full of fun. Whether her husband is living or not I am not sure; but it makes no difference, he was not present! Mrs. Newbold I am sure knows her, and will tell you all about her. At any rate, I may as well own up that Mr. R.'s dinner was voted such a success that twelve of his eighteen guests agreed to come and dine with me at the Kur-Haus the next day, to take up the conversation where it had been left off. Alas! the gay lady of the card had a dinner of her own and couldn't come; hence the touching message, accompanied by a whole bouquet, which of course I wore! Its fragrant memory haunts me still.

As I said, Nauheim is intended for the heart. Five weeks is the length (average) of the cure; but I am sure it would have taken me at least seven, so I left with bitter regret the next day and came on here. I found London hot and oppressive; but I had to see Mr. Choate and Harry White and Ned Abbey and John Sargent — and my tailor — and Aston Webb, and am now in the midst of it.

Arriving on Saturday night, I found a number of welcome letters — one from my dear daughter, full of excellent news of herself and in love with Newport, having a very good time. Another from Mrs. Newbold, having just arrived at Newport and having seen and giving a good account of you; another from Lady Jersey, asking me to Osterley Park, where I went last year, and another from H. White insisting that I should go. So off I went, though just arrived, and found my host and hostess as hospitable and charming as when I left them last year. There was a 'week end,' 'Saturday to Monday' party going on of a dozen or more people: Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, The Lord Grey (without the 'de'), Lady Cavour, Mrs. Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson, the Duchess of Buckingham, and your 'parent,' somewhat travel-worn but frivolous as ever. My invitation read for tea and dinner; but, with the Abbeys on my hands for the latter function, I was obliged to content myself with a very dull conversation with the dowager duchess, made up for by a quiet stroll after tea on the lawn with Lady J. Later his lordship took me to see the stables (16th century) and wished me good-bye after a most pleasant renewal of our last year's acquaintance. I thought him hearty and genial, but looking old and worn — about 70, I should have said. Fancy my feelings on discovering the next day from 'The Red Book' that he was but two years older than I! Such is life!

McKim wrote to Mrs. Stanford White, from the Bradbury Private Hotel, North Berwick, July 24, 1904:

. . . A week of rushing and heat and shopping in Paris, then over the Alps to the frying-pan and thence to the fire. Rome is cool at night

while Florence isn't — we sizzled, but I enjoyed it all — fresh figs, peaches and the most luscious cherries in the world. I picked up some good and some few fine things at awful prices in Florence and Rome, looked over the Villa Mirafiore (proposed for the American Academy with its beautiful grounds, near the Porte Pia), and came away on the 5th with tears (and perspiration), sweltering, but feeling it the promised land, beautiful beyond all other spots (out of Greece!) on earth.

I reached Carlsbad, Austria, in 33 hours, on the 7th, breaking the journey at Munich; and then (Oh! surprise and happiness!) with my work over and three good weeks before sailing, my doctor of last year, one of the first in Carlsbad, after a careful examination, declared me sound, heart, liver and kidneys, and said that all I needed was rest, diet, bracing air *and a good time!* and advised me to spend the time remaining before sailing in the Alps or Scotland. Hence North Berwick, golf-flannels, D.W., Ella, and a tranquil mind, cold weather, fires and happiness.

Did you ever know such luck? Of course I stopped in London for a few days, to buy the usual hat, pick up a certain blue bag, and call on a few people, old and young, of last year. Dinner with the dear Choates, tea at Osterley Park with Lady Jersey, and the first of the same functions with the King and Queen at Windsor. Sunday with the Harry Whites at Wilton — all very pleasant and delightful to look back to — and many faces beautiful and interesting to remember. But here I am, this time really in Heaven, without a care of any kind, and two whole weeks of nothing to do and Ella to spend it with!![1] It is just perfect here. . . . As soon as you can get rid of your tenants, you must come over and pay us a visit — no servants, no worry, no quarreling between sisters on Sundays, no mosquitoes, no Monday mornings, and only a step to Ireland! Think of a house with FIVE good rooms looking out on the sea, over the hundreds of busy figures on the links, and as many more in kilts (some of them very pretty), bathing just beyond.

Seriously, I came here tired out and after three days feel as well — as well as you do — can I put it stronger?

This is a long scribble, full of nothing but nonsense and affection. . . .

Some idea of the southern shooting is given in this letter to Mrs. Stanford White, dated 'In the Black Swamp, Good Hope Camp, sixteen miles below Garnett, South Carolina, March 17, 1905':

I came here three days ago from Washington to meet Herbert Scherherr, your friend, who is a great woodsman, for a breath of the

[1] Mrs. White's elder sister, Mrs. Devereux Emmet, who, with her husband and their son Richard, was spending some weeks at North Berwick. Mr. Emmet was and still is an expert on the making of golf-links.

Simple Life, after the most strenuous one I can remember — and incidentally to kill a wild turkey. After two days of hard hunting, with a spring freshet making it necessary to wade a large part of the time, I at last killed two fine birds this morning, one of which, however, got away from me into a deep thicket just after he had come down apparently dead. No. 2, however, I bagged and brought home in triumph. They are certainly the wildest of living things and hardest to approach. One day here and another there — just like you, one day in New York, the next in Taormina, the next in Rome, and now I suppose in Paris or London or Ireland — and back to Paris. I was delighted to get your letter from Taormina, and longed to be there with you and see that wonderful, wonderful view of Ætna. . . .

The nearest I have come to romance was to be driven six miles on the way here in the narrowest buggy ever built. When I asked the man who hitched up what kind of a vehicle he called it, he replied: 'Some calls it a cou'tin buggy, and sometimes a hug-me-tight!!!' This reminds me that Nancy Hanks has recently become a happy mother. Her son, called Kim for short, is named after the writer. Down here in Dixie land, where the jessamine and wild plum and the Cherokee rose and the peach trees and dogwood are just beginning to bloom — I wish you could look on the picture, even though you and Mt. Ætna cannot be here to adorn it. But this is only a breath. Tomorrow I start north and back to work, having given up all hope of getting across the water this summer; or, indeed, thanks to the Metropolitan Museum plans and the Morgan Library, away at all before October, when the latter is supposed to be finished.

One reason I have not written you before has been the high pressure of getting our bill through Congress. It was like a sick child for weeks and at the point of death in the hands of our opponents until February 28, when it passed successfully through the House (having previously gone through the Senate) and became *Law*. So that now *we can raise the American flag over our heads — by Act of Congress!* Everybody is talking about it. Of the million necessary for its foundation, Mr. Morgan headed the list on January 15 with 100,000; then Henry Walters with 100,000; then Mr. Vanderbilt (W. K., Sr.) with 100,000; then Harvard University, through the efforts of Henry Higginson, same amount; and I hope on the 25th of March, when the Academy dinner is to be given by the Trustees to the Incorporators (about 100) that we shall be able to announce the *half million* — after which the balance is to be raised west.

Don't think me heartless in talking of only the things in which I am interested. Stanford has behaved and borne up like a soldier in the loss of his things, and the sympathy has been universal — I never knew anything like it — for him and you. It is too terribly sad that all those beautiful things that meant so much, not only to you both but to all your friends, should be gone.

After two days of stony misery poor old Stan broke down completely, and sobbed at the breakfast table like a child. Then he made his mind up to it and threw it off, so that one would think he had forgotten all about it.[1] He has been with me all winter since you left us (that is, some two years ago!) and very well, good to Margaret, cheerful at breakfast, notwithstanding his usual *early hours*, off at 9.15 and not again do I see him till four minutes of eight, when he comes in to dress for an eight o'clock dinner and off like the Northwind. We have dined out several times together at the same houses. I am thankful the dinners and the winter are over! For three weeks I was on a perpetual go, the most dissipated of men — and had a very good time.

Herbert has just come in with another fine turkey, and sends his homage to you and hopes that 'Mrs. White is coming down next year — a fine lady, Mrs. White.' I hope they were polite to you in Rome. Do write me all the news. . . .

With lots of love to you and Cornelia and Ella and Lawrence. . . .

Saturday, 18th. This morning, on the way back from the Swamp, I killed a fine young gobbler. He could gobble nearly as well as you. I will write again, next time with a pen.

In May, 1905, McKim, at a moment's notice from Burnham, dropped his work to make a hurried trip to San Francisco, in the interest of the Roman Academy. On his way home he wrote to his daughter, May 14:

To-morrow we are due to cross the Mississippi and arrive in Chicago, where Mr. Burnham is to have an Academy dinner in the interest of the Endowment Fund on Wednesday. Then to St. Louis we go for a one day and night stumping tour in the same cause, and home by the first train. You will be glad to know, as I telegraphed Stanford, that California came nobly into line, headed by Clarence Mackay. It was a big journey for a three days' stay, but it accomplished its full purpose, and I shall never cease to be glad that I went.[2] Mr. Burnham gave a banquet to the leading citizens of San Francisco, which aroused the enthusiasm we hoped for, and the rest followed. The fund of $100,000 will be given, as at Harvard, in the name of the University of California. It was a somewhat trying occasion for me, as the dinner was given to meet the President of the American Academy in Rome, and he had to make a speech. The journey out was perfect and without incident, and my throat troubled me less every day.

[1] The treasures of art, gathered by Stanford White with infinite pains, were completely destroyed by fire in a storage warehouse.

[2] Most unfortunately the San Francisco earthquake and fire made it best to turn the subscriptions into the restoration fund, so that the Academy gained no immediate benefit. Mr. Mackay, however, became a Benefactor.

Coming home we have been greatly delayed by floods in Western Nebraska, and are twenty-four hours late, owing to three 'washouts,' about forty miles of track being partially submerged, and the road bed affected (not a pleasant business). . . .

Another sudden call came a year later: and again McKim writes to his daughter, from the train, Montgomery, Alabama, to New York, March 18, 1906:

Dr. Hitchcock has written you of the call that so unexpectedly resulted in my visit here, despite the thirty-hour journey, in answer to a request from the Governor for aid in helping the Capitol Building Commission to decide on a plan of extension of the old structure, from the steps of whose portico Jefferson Davis delivered his inaugural address, 1861, as President of the C. S. A. The spot is marked by a brass star, let into the floor while Montgomery, the cradle of the Confederacy, as it was called, remained the Capital. You remember it was afterwards removed to Richmond.

The old building occupies a commanding site, and possesses much interest architecturally, as well as historically. Although the son of a hated Abolitionist, I was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and much enjoyed my thirty-six hours' stay (no doubt partly because the Commission endorsed my recommendations!). Now I am on my way home with Mr. Glenn Brown, Secretary of the A.I.A., who joined me at Washington, and have just wired you not to fall over backwards with surprise when you receive this letter from your (apparently mythical) father. . . .

'On the night of June 25, 1906, while attending a performance at the Madison Square Garden, he [Stanford White] was shot from behind by a crazed profligate, whose great wealth was used to besmirch his victim's memory during the series of notorious trials that ensued.'

McKim was at home with his daughter when the reporters telephoned to him the news of the tragedy. Dazed, but courageous, he went through the trying ordeal of the following days. Letters of sympathy and appreciation poured in upon him.

From Stockbridge, Mr. Choate wrote, June 26, 1906:

My dear McKim: Just one line to tell you how badly we feel and how sorry we all are for you and for Bessie and Lawrence. It is impossible to find words to speak of such a frightful calamity. It must be an overwhelming blow to his poor mother. And what a terrible breach in all your lives!

I hope that Bessie will soon be with you on Long Island. I know of

nobody who can be such comfort to her as you and Lawrence. How those newspapers try to make it all as horrible as they can!

Major Henry L. Higginson, whose quick sympathies were deeply touched, wrote from Manchester-by-the-Sea, June 27, 1906:

Dear McKim: Naturally one thinks of you very much and with deep sympathy and affection. Looking at the Harvard students graduating yesterday, for whom you are doing so much, I think what life may bring them.

We are sure of great trouble, but rarely so much as you; and we need many interests and good friends and much affection to carry us thro'.

Do not reply to me, for you are hard-pressed and ill.

Your affectionate

H. L. Higginson

Remember me to Saint-Gaudens.

And from his summer home at Glendale, Massachusetts, Daniel Chester French wrote, June 27, 1906:

My dear McKim: No words are adequate, but I want you to know — and even this you know without my saying it — how deeply I mourn for the great man who is lost to us, and how my pity and sympathy go out to you for the loss of one who was nearer and dearer than a brother to you. It is terrible!

With sincere affection

Dan. French

From Tyringham, Massachusetts, Richard Watson Gilder wrote, June 30, 1906:

My dear McKim: Just a hand pressure — a word of deepest sympathy — at the loss of our friend. My thoughts go back to the old days — when we were all young and fighting for the new true art — with him in the front rank of genius and leadership.

Faithfully and with Mrs. Gilder's and my own deep regard and sympathy.

During the summer of 1906, McKim made a hasty trip to Europe, crossing on the Baltic in company with Mrs. White and her son Lawrence, from whom he parted in London, going to Scotland.

On January 26, 1907, McKim was at Llewellyn Park, when Wendell Phillips Garrison 'died peacefully, with his family about him.'

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

From the Celtic, on September 12, 1907, McKim wrote:

My dear Orphaned Daughter: 'Lost but not forgotten,' how are you? As well and fit, I hope, and as popular as you were a month ago on your birthday? Mine on August 24 was much less gay, partly because I was wretched and miserable, and partly because, when we turn our 60th corner and face 70, the less said the better! So I kept it wisely to myself. Of course you know I was knocked out of my shooting by the advice of Dr. Blake's Edinburgh colleague, who urged against it. I tried the Moor with equal unsuccess, the dizziness of riding and walking in the rough heather and rock face of the hillsides causing a return of my ear trouble, followed by reaction and consequent depression of spirits. Very low in my mind, I returned to Edinburgh for a week of treatment. The change did me good, and once more I went back to Millden, advised to let the Moor alone and stick to golf, walking and motoring.

In a machine which I hired for three weeks, Miss Beatrix Jones [1] and I scoured the good Scotch roads in every direction; and I commenced almost immediately to pick up my spirits, to sleep better and generally to mend. The dizziness decreased with the improvement, and the noises became less jarring, so that I was able to keep my end up and became more accustomed (if not resigned) to the deaf left ear. I am afraid *deaf* is the word! They were all as kind and good to me as possible, and I left them to sail on this ship with Mr. Hollins on the 5th, instead of with Mr. Cadwalader on the 25th, because it was high time, because every room was in demand, and because I felt out of it — homesick, and bored to death.

Nevertheless, it did me, I think, lots of good; and I am coming home — if not yet quite well and strong — better in every way than when I went away. I am advised to start in gradually to work and if possible to take another month off. We shall see, after consulting with Mr. Mead and Dr. Hitchcock.

I sometimes think I am coming to the end of my tether, so low down in the bulb does the barometer go; but I am not yet ready to give up, and propose, if possible, to get well enough, deaf or dumb, to get back to my work and to take care of you for a while longer!

Meanwhile, 13 East 35th Street is yours for the winter, whatever becomes of me! I may go into seclusion, or preferably breakfast with you at the usual hour. Everything depends on getting well and strong again.

Saint-Gaudens died at 'Aspet,' August 3, 1907. Lifting his eyes to the hills whence had come to him help and peace and rest during years of struggle with ill health he said: 'It's very

[1] The landscape architect, now Mrs. Max Farraud.

beautiful, but I want to go farther away.'[1] To William A. Coffin, McKim wrote, October 19, 1907:

It happened that I was in Edinburgh at the time of Saint-Gaudens's death, where, as you know, in the Church of St. Giles, stands the great bas-relief he made for Robert Louis Stevenson. The pilgrimage there was the nearest I could come to him, but it was a comfort to me to be able to visit the church and to see his great work constantly surrounded by the public, who did not even know the name of the sculptor.

The gulf between him and the next best man in his art will long remain unfilled.

It was a mercy to him to be taken away, but his memory will live in his works and grow brighter as people learn more and more to appreciate the master he was.

From the Department of State, Washington, Secretary Root wrote, October 22, 1907:

DEAR MCKIM: I thank you for your despatch of September 25th, which reached me just as I was leaving for Mexico.

It was delightful to feel that you had brought back from Scotland some of the spirit of the gillie on the side line, who, as Carter used to say, 'goes up like a flame of fire' when he sees a bird coming his way.

I had a great trip in Mexico, though, of course, it was very hard work.

There seems to be a tremendous hubbub here about some trees which you are trying to cut down.[2]

I am firmly resolved to come over to an early Round Table dinner, when I hope to meet you.

Faithfully yours

ELIHU ROOT

[1] *Reminiscences*, II, 359.

[2] This refers to the last of McKim's Washington battles over the location of the Grant statue at the head of the Mall. The press was vituperative against the plan. Almost single-handed McKim won over the opposition and by sheer persistence wore out his adversaries. After twenty years the western plaza entrance to the Capitol is taking shape. Mr. Root was altogether sympathetic and he helped a great deal. See *Life of Burnham*, II, 25–28.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE INTENSE LIFE

Charles McKim left the office of McKim, Mead & White, after his return from an ineffectual hunting trip to Ridgeland, South Carolina, the first of January, 1908. On June 1 he gave up his house, 13 East Thirty-Fifth Street, and stored his furniture in the name of his daughter, sending to Thomas Newbold the mantel that since his wife's death had been in his own room. To Mead he gave his power of attorney to transact his business affairs. To all inquirers it was said that he had left the city for an extended vacation and would not return for several months.

In January, 1909, the location of the Lincoln Memorial was before Congress. Mr. Burnham was in London, and, on being cabled to, replied, also by cable, dated January 26:

> Three or four different ways of memorializing Lincoln have been proposed. The choice depends largely on sentiment, of which Congress itself is the best judge. But, entirely apart from sentiment, a monumental architectural treatment of the entrance-way to the Capitol is demanded by every consideration of artistic unity and of sober propriety; and there is not a shadow of a doubt that a peristyle extending around the plaza and up Delaware Avenue, as shown by us before I left for Europe, is the right solution. This design should be carried out, no matter what name it bears.

This cable was seized upon by the newspapers and by persons favoring locations other than the one fixed in the Park Commission Plan of 1901. The American Institute of Architects had made vigorous opposition to any change from the site fixed in the plan, and Cass Gilbert, the president, and Glenn Brown, the secretary, had a long talk with McKim on the same day on which Burnham's cable was dated. McKim, then very ill, with difficulty aroused his mind. Slowly and with great effort he quoted the remarks made by John Hay and Elihu Root, at the time the Park Commission Plan was shown to President Roosevelt and the Cabinet members. After a full discussion of the plan (McKim related), Secretary Hay said:

You must not approach too close to the immortals. Lincoln was of the immortals. His monument should be given the distinction of isolation from surrounding structures. The place of honor is certainly on the main axis of the Mall. Lincoln, of all Americans next to Washington, is entitled to that place of honor.[1]

McKim's last appearance in public was on Washington's birthday, 1909, when he went from Washington (where he had been spending several weeks) to Philadelphia, there to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Pennsylvania. Frank Millet acted as escort to McKim, and, with Margaret McKim and the Newhall family, occupied one of the boxes at the Academy of Music. Declining all invitations to attend festivities in Philadelphia, McKim and his daughter returned to Hotel Shoreham in Washington; and, as summer approached, they went to Narragansett Pier, where he could be under the care of Dr. Hitchcock.

To Stanford White's son, Lawrence, to whom McKim was always 'Uncle Charlie,' the latter wrote from Hotel Netherland, New York, April 21, 1909, with all his vigor and lucidity of mind:

My dear Larry: I was delighted to receive your interesting letter of the 12th, telling of your work and on the eve, as I feel sure, of your admission to the School. I am sure that nothing can prevent your successful 'entrée' this time. I feel a little sorry about Laloux, as he has always seemed to me a far greater man as a teacher and writer than Deglane, whose Grand Palais is so much bigger than it is great. Nevertheless, I suppose that he is a very able man in planning, and that is a large part of the battle; nor is there any danger of your falling into the vulgar detail which marks his work. I dare say, however, that you are taking this step for good reasons.

I am glad to hear good accounts of the Roman School, and to be able to tell you — so Mr. Millet says — that the prospects for an increased income are promising. It is slow work — the foundation of a National school; but it is to be remembered that it took the French many years before their Academy gained the reputation which eventually made it the national goal of every Frenchman's ambition. . . .

When you reach these shores again, you must go to Washington and see the Senate and House Office buildings — immense structures of white marble flanking the Capitol — the work of Carrère & Hastings. They are really fine, and worthy to stand where they are. Burnham's immense railway station, the new Museum, the Department of

[1] MS. letter of Cass Gilbert to Ralph Adams Cram, January 28, 1909.

Agriculture and the Grant Monument — all of marble and built along the lines in accordance with the Park Commission plan. As Mr. Root says: 'Enough pegs driven to make it impossible for anybody to pull them up.'

When you get through with your work on the other side and come home ready to build, you will find opportunities awaiting you that no other country has offered in modern times. The scale is Roman and it will have to be sustained; and the buildings still to go into construction, at the Executive end of the town as well as at the Legislative, include a building for the Department of Justice, the Supreme Court, and many others now housed in all manner of inappropriate and insufficient quarters. Enough has been done to assure the development of the future City of Washington along the lines of School 'projects'; and, as your uncle Augustus Saint-Gaudens used to say, 'There you are!' The best of it is that Uncle Sam is now proud of what is being done, and is going to demand the very best that millions can purchase; and there is no fear of falling back into the degenerate order of things which has heretofore always existed. Mr. Hunt was the pioneer and ice-breaker who paved the way for recognition of the profession by the public; and now his successors are paving the way for 'vous autres!' who are to come home and design the *really great works*. So 'piochez, mon cher,' while the sun shines.

With best regards and much love to your mother.

Again, on May 18, 1909:

My dear Larry: Your very welcome letter of the 11th has just reached me, and I feel very much set up to feel that you have determined to cast your lot with Laloux and not Deglane. There cannot be any doubt as to who is the great man. Of course your architecture has improved, and Laloux, I believe, has the faculty of inspiring his men to achievement; and I am sure you will come out at the top of the heap, and will go into the School [École des Beaux Arts] without a hitch. . . .

I wish I could have been with you on that motor trip to Chartres. Don't I remember every step of the way on that last one, and the little cork monument we picked up in Versailles and which you afterwards gave to Professor Warren!

The New Metropolitan Life Insurance tower, 700 feet high, makes the Flatiron Building look like a toy, and puts every building within a mile in the shade. But all the same, Madison Square tower, one-third of its height, is as far the greater of the two as David than Goliath. The first has the merit of bigness, and that's all. I think the sky line of New York grows daily more hideous. A recent law provides for the widening of Fifth Avenue by narrowing the sidewalks. This involves the removal of areas, front stoops, and all projections into the sidewalk; and you can imagine how beautiful is the result on

those buildings which have already suffered the change. Nobody is spared; and the Knickerbocker, Sherry's, Tiffany's, the Knickerbocker Club and the University are only a few glaring examples. The constantly increasing traffic on the streets, and crowded sidewalks, has made this imperative; and I suppose it is a choice of evils that must be accepted. What New York is coming to, Dieu sait! and He won't tell. But you can imagine! Volumes have been written on 'how to beautify New York,' and this is how they are doing it.

I took lunch with your Aunt Cornelia several days ago, and enjoyed my visit very much. Lawrence sang and played his fiddle, and the grandchildren were brought over for approval by their fond grandmother. Prescott is certainly a strapper and a fine boy. He as well as his Uncle Lawrence sang for us, 'Onward, Christian Soldier,' closing with 'A-men!'

With best love to you both,

Yours aff'ly.

Desiring above all else that the high traditions of the office of McKim, Mead & White should be continued, and that the institution which they had built up with so much pains should go on after their day, William Mitchell Kendall, Burt Leslie Fenner, and William Symmes Richardson were made partners on January 1, 1906. After graduating at Harvard in the class of 1876, Mr. Kendall had studied architecture for two years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and had traveled for several years in Italy and France. He had entered the office in 1882, becoming Mr. McKim's particular assistant. Indeed, the latter, in one of his bursts of appreciation, said he was almost ashamed to sign the name of McKim, Mead & White to so much of Kendall's work. Mr. Fenner had been a student at the University of Rochester, and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1887 to 1891. His father was a classmate of Mead's at Amherst, and the son entered the office immediately after graduation. Mr. Richardson, coming from practice at San Francisco in 1895, became Mr. White's chief assistant in matters of design.[1]

To Dr. Hitchcock, Mead wrote that Mrs. White had invited McKim and Margaret to make a visit at her house until the 15th

[1] After Mr. McKim's death Tennis J. Van der Bent was taken into the firm. He was a graduate of the University of Delft, Holland, as an architect-engineer, and entered the office in 1887. In 1920, Lawrence Grant White, the son of Stanford White, was admitted to membership. He graduated at Harvard in 1907, studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and entered the office in 1914.

WHEATLEY, THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF EDWIN D. MORGAN

OBELISK TO COMMEMORATE THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF THE ST. MARY'S CANAL, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN, 1905

of August, after which they could go into one of Lawrence Butler's very comfortable houses on the Butler estate and stay as long as he pleased. When Mead suggested to Mrs. White that she was assuming a good deal of care, she said she was fully prepared for that and was anxious to have them come.

There is a new cottage [writes Mead], just below Mrs. Butler's house, which they propose to furnish for McKim, so that he could keep house as he is now doing at Narragansett Pier. Mrs. White feels that McKim always loved St. James, and everything is familiar to him down there, even the old horses on her place, and that he would be not only contented but encouraged.

To McKim Mead wrote, July 23, 1909:

I enjoyed my visit and seeing you at Narragansett Pier very much. I should try to get down again before I sail, but I am naturally very busy getting off. Frank Millet is going on the Lusitania with me. He asked me to give you his warmest love. I went down to see Mrs. White on Monday, and found her very well and glad to get back to St. James for the summer. She is expecting you down to visit her the first of August, and hopes you will stay on in one of Lawrence's houses.

Larry White was in the office this morning, looking very well and full of enthusiasm for the old office. Webster was in the office at the time, and I had him take Larry over to the Station and show him around, and I am sure it was a pleasure to both of them. Larry has seen the outside, and said it was the finest thing on earth.

I shall be back before you miss me.

So in August McKim went home to St. James and to the circle of the Bull Smiths, to the scene of his boyish architectural triumphs, to the friends whose lives were closely woven into his life. Prescott Butler [1] was gone, and his son Lawrence ruled in his stead. The 'Dev' Emmets were domiciled in the rambling house nestled down in the valley near the sea, with its gardens of fragrant box. McKim could look off and down upon the Emmet home, seeming, from the White terrace, like a toy house and garden. And Mrs. White's house — how Stanford and McKim had played with it, laying out a rhododendron avenue of approach, discussing whether or not there should be in front planting or a great untroubled area of grass, and ending in the decision for spaciousness. McKim had watched the little old

[1] Prescott H. Butler died in 1901.

farmhouse on the Bull Smith domain grow by accretion, the newer portions seeming a part of the old. It was so like Stanford himself — that house and those gardens: not at all like any other that ever existed. The dining-room, its sea side of glass and its other sides of blue and white tiles deftly set in patterns more felt than seen; its high shelf bearing treasures from the four quarters of the globe, all selected on Stanford's principle that intrinsically good things no matter what their period or nationality can be put together; and its fireplace with dimensions expressive of the hospitality of the house. And the foregathering room across the hall, its three sides giving on the sea, on the gardens, and on the park at the front. Curiously twisted golden columns support the low bamboo ceiling; rare tapestries hang on the walls; and inviting divans are focused on the capacious fireplace with its challenging beauty of design. The broad stairway, with its wide landings and easy steps, leads to spacious chambers with wood fires and easy chairs and shaded lights and books and books and books!

For the long August days, there were the box-gardens of Box Hill, with their terraces and white fountains, the gently falling waters bringing solace — all recalling beloved Italian gardens, cool and shady refuges from the burning midday sun. And there were always the serene sky and the white clouds and the friendly sea and the old horse and the dog.

In all and through all was the darting presence of the mistress of the house, part and parcel not only of her own house and gardens but also of the town which bears her family name; as much a part of the congregation that worships in the little wooden church as of golf and tennis circles; known by townspeople, among whom she had grown up from school-girl days, as well as by denizens of great places — a benign influence permeating the community. And her son, Lawrence Grant White, bearing his grandfather's middle name; with the proportions of his father as well as the charm of his personality, preparing himself ultimately to take essentially his own place in the firm of McKim, Mead & White.

In constant attendance and in loving ministrations was the beloved daughter, a helper and a companion. For ten years she had been first and foremost in his heart and in his thoughts, as

he had been to her the friend as well as the father. It was satisfaction unspeakable to both of them that he could share his triumphs with her, and find in her never-failing sympathy.

On September 14, 1909, with his daughter at his bedside, in the little house by the harbor, amid the scenes dearest to him, quietly, Charles McKim reached the appointed end of a happy life, into which had come more sorrows than often fall to the lot of a man.

CHAPTER XXV

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

A MAN during his lifetime may have had a profound influence on currents of thought and action, and yet that influence may be so merged in the general stream as to become an indistinguishable portion of it. Or, in rare cases, a man's labors may be such as to give permanent direction to the life of succeeding generations. In his work he may seem merely to have taken old forms for current use, and thus his contemporaries have thought he lacked originality. And yet, with the passing of time, that apparent lack may turn out to have been the very thing which gives permanence to his work through the years, and makes a secure foundation on which others, going back to the sources to which he directed them, may build with security.

The key to Charles McKim's life is to be found, first, in his expression of beauty in visible form; and, secondly, in the inspiration he gave others to express themselves in terms of beauty: in his own buildings, and in the training-school of his office, and in the American Academy in Rome. Now, as Walter Pater has pointed out, it is idle to attempt to define beauty in any abstract terms. The real questions are: do Charles McKim's buildings give pleasure; are the younger men whom he taught and guided able to impart to their executed work qualities that give pleasure; is the school he founded calculated to train architects and painters and sculptors and musicians to produce works that give pleasure?

It was no mere worship of architectural forms, however beautiful in themselves, that sent Charles McKim back to the Italian Renaissance — that revival of classical antiquity in the fifteenth century. It was rather because that particular architecture best expressed the things of the intellect and the imagination, and, above all, 'the ethical qualities of which the Renaissance was a consummate type.' It represented good order and proportion and balance, and those eternal verities that are the very essence of beauty — the qualities that make for good

living and right thinking, and that produce the permanent satisfactions of life. His buildings express and induce and provide for the exercise of those satisfactions; and whenever it happens (as it is about to happen in the case of the Kane residence) that one of them is torn down to make way for a structure that will yield a more adequate return on the value of the land, lovers of beauty feel a personal loss comparable to that which comes from the passing of a great man who had been an influence for good in the community.

Tried by such tests, one traces through the past two decades the influence of McKim and his work — the two are inseparable — on the spirit of these times. First, the firm of McKim, Mead & White still lives, and, in the midst of daring innovations in business architecture, still preserves the same ideas of amenity and good order and proportion — still imparts the same sense of the joy of living; while, in their monumental work, community after community is taught the value of buildings which, through the ages, speak a common language and express the ideas and ideals of civilization. No more convincing proof is needed to show the wisdom of the choice of style arrived at in 1876 than the fact that for more than half a century the firm has never departed from a type of buildings that in their hands has asserted its vitality throughout rapidly changing times, during which the very foundations of life have been shaken.

In Boston the Public Library maintains the supremacy accorded to beauty. Age does not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety imparted to it by the artists who collaborated to bring about a unified, harmonious result. It is not completed; — there are still vacant surfaces on the walls; the delicate beauties of the portal are confounded by banal sculpture; Copley Square has defied every effort to give it order and dignity; and the library court lacks the gay little lady who is now dancing in the cold spaces of the Art Museum with none to pipe for her. Symphony Hall is a center of music on seven days in the week, and of religion on Sunday mornings. The Shaw Monument, on which Saint-Gaudens and McKim labored for years, is still an unsurpassed work of American art.

In Cambridge the Harvard Union has come slowly into its

own as a common center of student life; Robinson Hall, overcrowded by the newer schools of landscape architecture and city-planning, has recently been relieved from the danger of threatened enlargement by the overflow of students into Richard M. Hunt's little old Fogg Art Museum; the Fence and the Gates have set the pace for like erections in many other colleges; the Stadium is to be enlarged, happily by temporary seats, without losing its fine architectural character; and the new buildings at Radcliffe carry on the style of the McKim gymnasium. Best of all, Harvard has been 'brought back to bricks and mortar'; and the tens of millions spent and to be spent to build the New Harvard along the banks of the Charles are going into buildings that will hold their own with Hollis and Stoughton and Holworthy which form what McKim was wont to call 'the court end of the Yard.'

The large group of buildings across the Charles, given by Mr. George F. Baker to accommodate the Harvard School of Business Administration, was designed by McKim, Mead & White, as the result of competition. Here again, as also in the Weeks Bridge leading to the school, the ideals of the firm find expression in simplicity of design and materials, in harmony of arrangement among the buildings and in their relation to the water, and in that final touch of amenity which lifts an architectural composition into the realm of the Fine Arts. When the group shall be completed by the addition of the two small supporting cupolas (omitted from motives of misguided economy), and when the trees get fairly started, the group will come completely into its own.

Standing in its spacious but still undeveloped grounds, the Rhode Island State House looks serenely over busy, noisy, freight yards to the ancient and fast growing city of Providence, where business is thrusting awkward buildings high into the air. About the white marble edifice are offices to accommodate services of government undreamed of when the Capitol was planned; and these structures have been built with no apparent consideration for the architectural gem which they crowd and jostle.

In New York, Columbia University is ever spreading her voluminous skirts over larger portions of Morningside Heights,

always keeping to the fine architectural traditions with which she started, and now is about to receive adequate landscape settings. The University Club building maintains its architectural preëminence among American clubs. Successive enlargements of the Harvard Club have not impaired its comfortableness, and the finely proportioned living-room is still large enough to hold the crowds that gather for 'Copey's' readings, and small enough to invite conversationally inclined groups to gather in front of its cheering open fires, and around its shaded lamps. In summer one breakfasts out of doors in Stanford White's loggia of the Century Club, and afterwards in the library sinks into an easy chair, reaches out for the convenient book, and whiles away an hour in the best of company and amid surroundings conducive to mental enjoyment, as McKim foresaw would happen. The great Pennsylvania Terminal distributes its millions, setting each person expeditiously on his way, without confusion; and even the most hurried traveler has the instinctive feeling that the building through which he is passing is a stately gateway to the Metropolis of America.

In Washington the restored White House is as elegant, as spacious and as dignified as any citizen of the Republic could desire. However, the problem of an adequate building for the President's offices — a building to accommodate the meetings of his Cabinet and the entertainment of his official guests on occasions of ceremony, remains to be solved. The last square-inch of McKim's 'temporary' office-building has now been brought into use. For more than a quarter of a century this makeshift structure has served a high purpose. A commodious, adequate building is the next step.

The plan of the great central composition of the City of Washington is being worked out. The Senate Park Commission died with the submission of its report; but the value of its work was such as to cause, first, President Roosevelt to utilize unofficially the services of its members, and then to appoint a large consultative board of artists — an action which Congress resented to the extent of abolishing it. Thereupon President Taft obtained legislation creating a Commission of Fine Arts. The organic act was shaped wisely in the Senate by Senator Elihu Root, who, with Senator George Peabody Wetmore, was con-

sulted as to the original members. On June 15, 1910, President Taft appointed Mr. Burnham as chairman, with Mr. Olmsted, Thomas Hastings, Daniel Chester French, Francis D. Millet, Cass Gilbert, and Charles Moore as members. Thus the Plan of 1901 was placed in the hands of its friends. Successive appointments have kept the continuity, thus enabling the Commission successfully to present a united front against changes and innovations which would mutilate the so-called McMillan Plan, as had occurred repeatedly in the case of the L'Enfant Plan before its authority was reasserted by the Senate Park Commission. As one undertaking succeeds another, each falls into its appropriate place — the Lincoln Memorial, the Arlington Memorial Bridge, Union Square, the Mall itself, the stupendous group of government buildings south of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Mount Vernon Highway. The Washington Monument grounds, the treatment of the southern end of the White House axis, the creation of a frame of Departmental buildings around Lafayette Square, await the slow advance of public taste. The marvel is that, within such a comparatively short time and under such changing conditions, so much has been done, and done so closely in accordance with the Plan of 1901.

More than all this, since 1901 no attempt has been made in public and semi-public buildings of Washington to depart from the use of classical motives. Such buildings as the State, War and Navy and the present Post-Office Department are marked as terrible examples of what not to do. The stupendous development now in progress, involving a score and more of monumental buildings, will follow the precedents established by Washington and Jefferson, continued by Latrobe, Bulfinch, Mills and Walter, and reaffirmed by Burnham in the Union Station and the City Post-Office, and by McKim in the War College and the preliminary designs for the Lincoln Memorial. Even the schoolhouses, and other civic structures of the District of Columbia, speak the language of the United States of America; and aid in bringing about an impressive dignity and a spirit of unity, with no taint of incongruity.

The American Academy in Rome projects into an indefinite future the influence of Charles McKim. For the first fifteen

years of the institution, his energy and determination, his own gifts of money and the gifts of his friends, kept it alive and made certain its future. Then his partner, William R. Mead, took up the task, and for nearly a score of years (until his death in 1928) made it his first concern, giving to the growing and expanding school just that kind of wise and patient guidance vital to its success. Both McKim and Mead had the devoted aid of Frank Millet, and now their mantle has fallen on the capable shoulders of Charles A. Platt, an artist who has won fame in painting, etching, landscape, and architecture, a devoted student of Italian villas, and a practitioner who adorns whatever he touches.

Fifteen fellowships are awarded by the Academy (three in each, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Landscape Architecture), each with a stipend of $1500 a year for three years, and an allowance of $500 for travel to and from Rome. These fellowships are awarded after competitions participated in by unmarried men under thirty years of age; and in 1927 there were thirty-two candidates in architecture, eight in landscape architecture, twenty-four in painting, six in sculpture, six in musical composition. All five of the successful candidates held American college degrees, thus carrying out McKim's theory of a post-graduate school. The Director of the Academy, Gorham Phillips Stevens, was trained in the McKim, Mead & White office; and the professor in charge of the School of Fine Arts, Frank P. Fairbanks, is an alumnus of the Academy.

During thirty years the Academy extended studio and dormitory facilities to holders of traveling fellowships in the Fine Arts, in number upwards of 175 persons. Now the dearest wish of McKim's heart has been realized. An atelier, located above Saint-Gaudens's old studio in the residential center of Rome, with a library and working facilities, has been established. There visiting students have the criticisms and help of the Academy Director, and are assisted in procuring permits and privileges. This leaves the Academy free to maintain that undisturbed and uninterrupted attention to its own fellows, so necessary to the attainment of the best results of their three years of residence in Rome.

It would be invidious, even if desirable, to mention the names

of Fellows of the American Academy in Rome who have attained distinction in their several callings. Already they are exerting a profound influence on the Fine Arts of America. The annual exhibition held this year of 1929 at the Century Club in New York showed sanity, training, brilliancy of execution, high intellectual quality, ability to bring knowledge of the past to the execution of present day problems, and readiness to seize upon the great opportunities offered by the increase in wealth and taste of to-day.

The American Academy in Rome stands as a justification of the tablet it recently placed within its court:

CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME,
EMINENT ARCHITECT, DISTINGUISHED BY
LIFELONG AND UNSELFISH PUBLIC SERVICE
FOR THE CAUSE OF THE ARTS IN HIS NATIVE LAND,
BEARING MODESTLY MANY AND VARIED HONORS AT
HOME AND ABROAD. HIS CHARMING PERSONALITY,
HIS SINCERITY AND HIS PERSISTENCE IN WHAT HE
DEEMED RIGHT WON HIM MANY VICTORIES.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY
BY HIS FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS.[1]

[1] The tablet and the inscription are the work of William Mitchell Kendall; the translation into Latin as it appears on the tablet was done by Prof. E. K. Rand, of Harvard, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Academy. A similarly designed tablet bears the names of the Founders: Henry Walters, J. Pierpont Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry C. Frick, Harvard College, Charles F. McKim, J. P. Morgan, J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., Rockefeller Foundation, and Carnegie Foundation.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

I

CHRONOLOGY

1810 November 14. James Miller McKim born in Carlisle, Pa., of Scotch-Irish and German parentage. In Scotland the McKims, McKimmies, McKinneys and McImmies are a division of the Clan Fraser, and certain McKims use the Fraser crest (a stag's head) and the motto, *Je suis prêt.*

1813 March 1. Sarah Allibone Speakman, youngest of five children of Micajah and Phœbe (Smith) Speakman, members of the Society of Friends, born in Concordville, Delaware county, Pa. In 1826 the Speakman family removed to Highland Farm, Chester county, Pa. In 1883 her 70th birthday was celebrated at Orange.

1828 June. J. M. McKim graduates at Dickinson College.
October 6. Richard Morris Hunt born in Brattleboro, Vt.

1831 J. M. McKim enters the Princeton Theological Seminary; the deaths of his parents recall him to manage the Carlisle household, but he continues his studies.

1833 J. M. McKim goes as delegate of the Carlisle Abolitionists to the Philadelphia convention which forms the American Anti-Slavery Society; meets Whittier and Lucretia Mott.

1835 J. M. McKim becomes minister of the congregation in Womelsdorf, Berks county, Pa.

1836 J. M. McKim, having experienced a change in his religious views, resigns his charge and withdraws from the Wilmington Presbytery. He becomes a lecturer for the American Anti-Slavery Society.

1838 September. J. M. McKim enters the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, where he remains one year and then becomes the publishing agent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.
September 29. Henry Hobson Richardson born in New Orleans.

1840 June 4. Wendell Phillips Garrison, third son of William Lloyd and Helen Eliza (Benson) Garrison, born in Cambridgeport, Mass. He graduated at Harvard College, class of 1861; was literary editor of the New York *Independent* under Theodore Tilton (1864); and on the founding of *The Nation* in 1865 became its literary editor.
October 1. J. M. McKim and Sarah Allibone Speakman married. They make their home first in Philadelphia and afterwards (1855) in Germantown.

1846 August 20. William Rutherford Mead, son of Larkin Goldsmith and Mary Jane (Noyes) Mead, born in Brattleboro, Vt. He graduated at Amherst College, class of 1867.
September 4, Daniel Hudson Burnham born at Henderson, N.Y.

1847 August 24. Charles Follen McKim born at Isabella Furnace, Chester

county, Pa. His father was then on a trip to England, Scotland and France in Anti-Slavery Society interests.

1849 J. M. McKim receives a fugitive slave by express.

1852 J. M. McKim active in the Vigilance Committee, having charge of the Philadelphia branch of the Underground Railway, which handled a large traffic after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1851.

1853 Nov. 9. Stanford White, son of Richard Grant White, born in New York City.

1857 Charles McKim in the school of Theodore D. Weld, Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, N.J.

1859 Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McKim accompany Mrs. Brown to Charlestown, Va., to receive the body of John Brown after his execution.

1860 H. H. Richardson enters the École des Beaux Arts; atelier of M. André.

1862 Miller McKim begins work among the Freedmen liberated at Port Royal.

1863 July and August. Charles McKim accompanies Wendell and Frank Garrison and William Davis on a walking trip to the battle-field of Gettysburg.

July 6. First issue of *The Nation*, founded by E. L. Godkin, F. L. Olmsted, J. M. McKim and others.

1865 July. Charles McKim and Daniel Newhall visit at the William Lloyd Garrison home in Boston.

October. H. H. Richardson opens an office in New York.

Dec. 6. Wendell Phillips Garrison and Lucy McKim married.

1866 The McKim and Garrison families make a joint home at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N.J. J. M. McKim's office at 76 John Street, New York City, with Lyman Abbott.

September. Charles McKim enters The Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University, with the intention of becoming a mining engineer. H. H. Richardson gets his first important commission, the Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass.

1867 Charles McKim plays in the Harvard baseball game with the Lowells; leaves school and spends a short time in the New York architectural office of Russell Sturgis, and in September sails for France to enter the École des Beaux Arts, atelier Daumet.

1868 Charles McKim acts as 'Special Paris Correspondent' of the Auburn, N.Y., *Morning News*.

1869 Charles McKim in England, Germany, and Northern Italy.

1870 May. C. F. McKim returns from Paris; enters the office of Gambrill & Richardson, 6 Hanover Street, in charge of drawings, at a salary of $8 a week.

July. The firm receive commission to design the Brattle Square Church ('The Church of the Holy Angels'), Boston.

1871 C. F. McKim employed by his friend Prescott Hall Butler to design a house at St. James, Long Island; he takes a room at 57 Broadway, near the Gambrill & Richardson offices and gives part-time to his own work.

1872 William R. Mead returns from Europe; he and McKim help one another.

July. Gambrill & Richardson get the commission to design Trinity Church, Boston. McKim turns the drawings over to Stanford White.

The firm of McKim, Mead & Bigelow established, at 57 Broadway.
June 13. James Miller McKim dies at Llewellyn Park, N.J.

1874 October 1. In Newport, R.I., married by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham assisted by the Rev. William S. Child, Charles Follen McKim and Annie, daughter of John William and Anna Maria (Barton) Bigelow, all of New York City.

1874 Augustus Saint-Gaudens returns from Rome and opens a studio at Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street; is depressed over rejection of his statue at the American Academy of Design, and over lack of work.

1875 August 13. Margaret S. McKim, daughter of C. F. and Annie (Bigelow) McKim, born at Newport, R.I.

1876 C. F. McKim was living at 46 West 45th Street from 1876 to 1878.

1877 Mead, McKim, Bigelow and White make a pilgrimage from Newport to Marblehead, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth to measure and draw examples of Colonial Architecture.
December. Saint-Gaudens gets commission for his statue of Farragut.

1877 May 11. Lucy McKim Garrison dies at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N.J.
February. Trinity Church, Boston, dedicated.
Saint-Gaudens gets his first paying commission — to design the King monument at Newport, with John La Farge. On June 4 he marries Miss Augusta F. Homer, of Boston.

1878 Mr. and Mrs. McKim divorced.
McKim meets D. Maitland Armstrong, Saint-Gaudens and Frank Millet, and others in Paris.
August. Makes a walking trip to the South of France with Saint-Gaudens and White.
Charles McKim serves as Secretary of the American Institute of Architects, under the presidency of Thomas U. Walter.

1879 June 21. Stanford White takes the place made vacant by the retirement of William B. Bigelow, and the firm of McKim, Mead & White is established.

1881 McKim, Mead & White employed to design the Casino at Narragansett Pier.
May. Saint-Gaudens's statue of Farragut (pedestal by Stanford White) unveiled in Madison Square, New York City.
McKim employed by James Gordon Bennett to design the Newport Casino.
Stanford White receives the degree of Master of Arts at New York University.

1882 McKim goes to Portland, Oregon, in connection with designing Hotel Portland. He takes with him W. M. Whidden, who remains in Portland. Meets John Singer Sargent in New York.
October. William Mitchell Kendall enters the Office.

1883 September 3. C. F. McKim confirmed at Stockbridge. C. F. McKim is living at 9 W. 35th Street.
September 26. Narragansett Pier Casino plans accepted.
September 28. Miss Appleton writes about her house at Lenox.
May 7. Meets Miss Appleton at the Carey Sands dinner.
January 7. McKim and White meet Mr. Villard in regard to his Madison Avenue house.

1884 Stanford White and Miss Bessie Springs Smith married.
November 13. William R. Mead and Miss Olga Kilenyi married in Budapest.

1885 June 25. Charles F. McKim and Miss Julia Amory Appleton, daughter of the late Charles Appleton, of Boston, married at Lenox, Mass.

1886 April 27. H. H. Richardson dies.

1887 January 3. Julia (Appleton) McKim dies in New York City.
February 19. Design for the Algonquin Club, Boston, accepted.
March 12. C. F. McKim in Florida with Mr. and Mrs. George Meyer.
March 30. Contract to design Boston Public Library signed; McKim opens an office at 53 Beacon Street.
December 19. Boston Library design accepted.

1888 McKim commissioned to design the Johnston Gate at Harvard.

1889 The Lenox estate sold.
October 12. McKim establishes a traveling scholarship in architecture in Columbia University.

1890 May. Saint-Gaudens suggests Abbey and Sargent for mural paintings in the Boston Library.
June. McKim receives the degree of Master of Arts at Harvard.
December 12. R. M. Hunt, McKim, Mead & White, George B. Post, Peabody and Stearns, and Van Brunt & Howe invited to design Chicago World's Fair buildings.

1891 January 9. Sarah (Speakman) McKim dies at Llewellyn Park.
January 10. First meeting of the architects in Chicago.
Wendell P. Garrison marries Mrs. Annie (McKim) Dennis.
February. McKim presents plans for the Agricultural Buildings at the Chicago Fair.
McKim and S. A. B. Abbott visit Edwin A. Abbey and J. S. Sargent in England and Puvis de Chavannes and Whistler in Paris, in the interests of the Boston Library.
August. Burt L. Fenner enters the office of McKim, Mead & White.
October. McKim begins work with Saint-Gaudens on the Shaw Memorial, Boston.

1892 May 17. Committee to make a general plan for the development of Morningside Heights as the site of Columbia University: Professor William R. Ware, R. M. Hunt, C. F. McKim, S. B. P. Trowbridge, C. C. Haight.
January 14. Rhode Island State House unanimously awarded to McKim, Mead & White.
D. C. French commissioned to design the bronze doors of the Boston Library.
October. McKim takes a party to the Chicago Fair.
November 30. McKim and S. A. B. Abbott sail for Europe.

1893 March 25. Dinner in New York to D. H. Burnham.
July 7. Puvis de Chavannes signs contract for Boston Library decorations.
July 10. McKim submits three sets of plans for Boston Symphony Hall; he favors form of Greek theater.
September 28. McKim declines invitation to lecture at Harvard.
Mrs. Annie (McKim) Garrison dies at Llewellyn Park.

1894 March 29. Thomas Hastings, John Galen Howard, William A. Boring,

William M. Kendall, and Arthur W. Lord dine with McKim to discuss founding an American School of Architecture in Rome.
April 19. Columbia plans accepted with unanimity.
May 23. Meeting at McKim's house of representatives of universities and societies favorable to a school in Rome. Saint-Gaudens attends. McKim reports that the school would open with A. W. Lord in charge and with scholars sent by the Roach and McKim traveling scholarships.
June. McKim receives the degree of Master of Arts from Bowdoin College.
July. McKim, Mead & White remove from 57 Broadway to the Mohawk Building, 160 Fifth Avenue.

1895 January. The American School of Architecture in Rome opens on the upper floor of the Palazzo Torlonia — Austin W. Lord, director; Van Buren Magonigle, George Bispham Page, Seth Justice Temple, scholars.
April 25. Reception to J. S. Sargent and Edwin A. Abbey — 'The Boston Tea Party.' S. A. B. Abbott resigns as Library trustee.
June 18. Ground broken for Columbia University buildings.
William S. Richardson enters the office of McKim, Mead & White.
September. John Russell Pope arrives in Rome as the first Architectural Fellow of the School; Percy Ash and Will S. Aldrich architectural scholars.
October 15. American School of Classical Studies in Rome opens with Professor William G. Hale in charge. Both schools occupy the Villa dell' Aurora.
October 21. Dr. William T. Bull performs a surgical operation on McKim, the result of a bicycle accident.
November. Major Higginson broaches to McKim the project of the Harvard Union.
December 7. McKim sails for Europe; visits the Roman School; joins Mr. and Mrs. Henry White for a trip up the Nile.

1896 January. Herman A. MacNeil arrives in Rome as the first Rinehart scholar in Sculpture.
February. McKim in Athens and Rome.
March 20. Burnham and McKim meet in Rome and visit the Academy, and have a 'great afternoon on the Campagna.'
April. Columbia University site dedicated.
May 20. Meeting in Saint-Gaudens's studio decides to establish the American Academy in Rome as a post-graduate school for architects, painters, and sculptors.
July. Commission for the University Club given to McKim, Mead & White without competition.
October. Third year of the school in Rome opens with W. S. Aldrich in charge. Covell, McKim scholar, MacNeil and A. Phimister Proctor, Rinehart scholars in sculpture.
October 15. Corner stone of the Rhode Island State Capitol laid.
November. McKim and White visit the University of Virginia.
December 12. The MacMonnies 'Bacchante,' the gift of Charles McKim, rejected by the Boston Library.
Successful exhibition in New York of the work of the students at the American Academy in Rome.

1897 January 15. George W. Breck enters American Academy in Rome as holder of the first Lazarus Scholarship in Painting.
June 1. The Metropolitan Gallery of Art accepts with thanks the MacMonnies 'Bacchante.'
June 8. The American Academy in Rome formally organized; artist trustees elected.
June 24. Lay trustees elected; constitution adopted.
September 7. C. F. McKim elected president, S. A. B. Abbott, Director, H. Siddons Mowbray, Secretary (Nov. 15) of the American Academy.
McKim one of the organizers of the Garnett, S.C. Shooting Club.
Radcliffe College gymnasium plans accepted.
Pedestal for the Saint-Gaudens statue of General Sherman in New York designed.

1898 February 5. Edwin H. Blashfield and John La Farge present the cause of the American Academy in Rome to a company gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Winthrop in New York.
February 16. The first New York Art Commission appointed. Charles T. Barney, H. E. Howland, S. P. Avery, John La Farge, D. C. French, C. F. McKim and ex-officio members.
McKim at Garnett, S.C., and Hot Springs, Va.
American Academy chartered under the laws of New York.
October 8. American School of Architecture in Rome formally dissolved. Henry Walters offers one fifteenth of $750,000 to endow the Academy.
December 15. President McKim's first annual report of the Academy.
McKim congratulates Thomas Hastings on winning the competition for the New York Public Library.

1899 February 2. Charles McKim meets his daughter (whom he had not seen for twenty years) at Jamaica Plain, Mass. In April she joins her father in New York.
Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the work of the Roman Academy — Aldrich, Pope, and Covell, architects; Breck, painter; MacNeil, sculptor. Abbott rents land of the Villa Medici for studios.
May 17. University Club, New York, opened.
July 18. McKim discusses the design of the Harvard Fence with A. W. Longfellow.
November 22. McKim in Boston working on Symphony Hall plans when the Harvard Union scheme is adopted.
December 17. McKim and French elected non-resident members of the Academia di San Lucca in Rome.
McKim designs pedestal for French's statue of Washington in Paris, and a small chapel for W. Mott Osborne at Auburn, N.Y.

1900 January 12. President McKim's second annual report as president of the American Academy in Rome.
January 30. McKim returns from a hunting trip South.
February. Controversy over the Tarsney Act.
Financial crisis over the affairs of the Academy.
June. Gift of Robinson Hall for the Harvard Department of Architecture announced at Commencement.

July. Saint-Gaudens returns from Europe for an operation for tumor.
September. C. F. McKim returns from Europe: grouse-shooting with J. L. Cadwalader; at Oxford and Cambridge with the Newbolds; at Fairford with Abbey and Sargent; with the Henry Whites at Wilton in Bucks. Arrives home one hour too late for the funeral of his nephew Lloyd McKim Garrison.
George von L. Meyer appointed Ambassador at Rome.
October 15. Symphony Hall, Boston, opened.
McKim, Mead & White awarded the gold medal in Architecture at the Paris Exposition.

1901 March 8. McKim prepares plans for remodeling the old Custom House for the National City Bank.
March 9. McKim presents cause of American Academy in Rome to J. Pierpont Morgan; is favorably received, but Mr. Morgan sails for Europe without taking action.
March 25. McKim accepts appointment as member of the United States Senate Park Commission, with D. H. Burnham (chairman) and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. McKim has Saint-Gaudens added to the commission.
April 19. Senator McMillan's dinner to the Commission and Government officials.
June. McKim, Burnham, Olmsted, and Charles Moore sail for Europe on the Washington work; they visit Paris, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Budapest and England.
August. Dinner given by Senator McMillan at Manchester, Mass., on the return of the Park Commission.
November 23. J. Pierpont Morgan and Henry Walters sign papers endorsing the American Academy in Rome.

1902. January 15. Report of the Park Commission presented to the Senate by Senator McMillan. Exhibition of Washington plans at the Corcoran Art Gallery opened by President Roosevelt and his Cabinet.
March 13. McKim, Mead & White selected by Secretary Root as architects of the Army War College, Washington; also of the projected government works on Governor's Island, N.Y.
March 15. McKim, as president of the American Institute of Architects, starts movement for the purchase of the Octagon, Washington, at a cost of $30,000. He serves as president in 1902 and 1903.
McKim selected by President Roosevelt to design the restoration of the White House.

1903 April. McKim commissioned by J. Pierpont Morgan to design a house for his daughter, Mrs. Henry Satterlee, and a library for himself.
McKim summoned to Philadelphia by President Cassatt and commissioned to design the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal Station in New York.
June 19. Dinner given by E. A. Abbey to McKim.
June 22. McKim receives the King's Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.
June 23. Dinner of the R.I.B.A.
June 24. McKim presented at the Court of St. James.
McKim helps Ambassador Choate with his gift of a Harvard window in Southwark Cathedral, London.

October 10. McKim submits to Secretary Root tentative plans for a memorial bridge from the Lincoln Memorial to Arlington.

1904 March 1. New York *Times* reports attack in the Senate on McKim and the White House.

May 1. Work on the Pennsylvania Station begins.

May 11. McKim's plans for the extension of the Metropolitan Museum of Art approved. He is elected a trustee of the Museum and serves during his life.

June. McKim receives the degree of Doctor of Letters from Columbia University.

June 6. McKim founds the Julia Amory Appleton Traveling Fellowship in Architecture at Harvard.

1905 January 11. Dinner of the American Institute of Architects in Washington.

March 3. The American Academy in Rome chartered by Congress.

March 9. McKim elected an original member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

April 17. First meeting of incorporators of Academy at the office of McKim, Mead & White. The former organization was merged into the new one with these trustees: C. T. Barney, E. H. Blashfield, D. H. Burnham, Nicholas Murray Butler, J. L. Cadwalader, F. W. Chandler, Frank Miles Day, Theodore N. Ely, D. C. French, H. L. Higginson, W. M. Kendall, John La Farge, Edward McDowell, C. F. McKim, W. R. Mead, F. D. Millet, J. Pierpont Morgan, H. Siddons Mowbray, Charles Moore, Elihu Root, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Henry Walters, H. Langford Warren.

The Stanford White collections of objects of art burned in New York storage house.

October 3. D. H. Burnham, McKim, and Dr. C. W. Hitchcock in the Wisconsin woods.

November 1. McKim buys a share in the Pineland, S.C. Club.

November 22. McKim goes to St. James, L.I.

1906 January 1. William M. Kendall, Burt L. Fenner, William Symmes Richardson admitted to the firm of McKim, Mead & White.

February 14. J. P. Morgan agrees to make immediately available his Academy subscription of $100,000.

February 28. McKim goes to South Carolina, for shooting.

March 15. McKim and Glenn Brown go to Montgomery, Ala., to advise the Governor as to the extension of the Capitol.

March 20. McKim presents to Charles Moore plans for a monument to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of St. Mary's Falls Canal, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Kenyon Cox to paint McKim's portrait for the National Academy of Design; Miss Jane Emmet to do the portrait for the A.I.A.

April 4. J. Pierpont Morgan proposes consolidation of the Roman Academy and School of Classical Studies.

June 6. McKim advocates classical design for the Washington Cathedral, as being in harmony with the city's architecture.

June 25. Stanford White is shot and killed.

June 26. Purchase of the Villa Mirafiore completed.

July 31. McKim sails for Europe; returns October 26.

October 31. McKim reports to Theodore N. Ely that the Academy has an income of $28,000, and a full complement of students.
December 21. McKim attends the presentation of the first gold medal of the A.I.A. to Aston Webb of London, at Washington.
December 26. Working drawings for the Metropolitan Museum having been completed, McKim goes to South Carolina, for shooting.
McKim, Mead & White design the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, Stanford White taking the leading part in the design; A. A. Weinman, sculptor, and H. Siddons Mowbray, painter, assist. The church was torn down in 1919, to make way for an office building.

1907. January 1. McKim returns from the South.
The American Academy in Rome sends its first regular Fellows to Rome with scholarships of $1000 per annum for three years.
February 21. Niagara Falls Commission: McKim, Olmsted, Millet, and Capt. John Sewell, U.S.A.
April 7. McKim returns from Niagara Falls.
Stanford White's collections sold at auction.
May 8. McKim designs stone for Stanford White's grave at Smithtown, L.I.
May 8. McKim elected an Academician, National Academy of Design.
May 23. McKim rents 13 East Thirty-Fifth Street from June 22.
June 17. Roman Academy removes to the Villa Mirafiore.
July 17. McKim accompanies John L. Cadwalader to Europe.
Augustus Saint-Gaudens dies at Cornish, N.H., leaving his Boston Library groups unfinished.
September 15. McKim goes to St. James for rest.
November 13. Grant Monument in Washington located at the head of the Mall; McKim wins his last fight for the Park Commission Plan.
October 4. Knickerbocker Trust Company fails; the Academy funds, and McKim's personal account, tied up.
November 27. McKim sends his R.I.B.A. medal to the American Institute of Architects.
December 21. McKim goes South for shooting.

1908 January 1. McKim leaves the office of McKim, Mead & White on account of ill health, for an extended vacation.
April 27. Gives up No. 13 East 35th Street and stores his furniture.

1909 January 25. McKim declines appointment by President Roosevelt as member of the Council of Fine Arts.
February 22. McKim receives the degree of Doctor of Letters at the University of Pennsylvania.
March 27. McKim's last visit to Washington. In July, joins his daughter Margaret at Narragansett Pier.
Charles McKim awarded the Gold Medal of the American Institute of Architects.
July 19. McKim accepts Mrs. White's invitation to St. James, to occupy one of the Lawrence Butler houses.
July 23. W. R. Mead and F. D. Millet sail for Europe on Academy business.
September 14. Charles Follen McKim dies at St. James, L.I., in his sixty-third year. The funeral services held in Trinity Church, New York, September 17, were conducted by Rev. William T. Manning, the

rector; Rev. Joseph W. Hill, senior curate; Rev. William Holden, rector of St. James's Church, St. James, L.I. The pallbearers were: J. Pierpont Morgan, James Stillman, Henry Walters, Charles D. Norton, Elihu Root, Cass Gilbert, Theodore N. Ely, Thomas Newbold, Dr. Charles W. Hitchcock, and Frederic Crowninshield. Seven hundred people were present, including representatives of the organizations of which he was a member. The burial took place that afternoon in the family plot, Rosedale Cemetery, Orange, N.J.

October. Frederic Crowninshield succeeds George W. Breck as Director of the American Academy in Rome. Mrs. Heyland, wife of Major Alexander Heyland of England, by will leaves to the Academy the Villa Aurelia and two acres of land on the Janiculum (the highest point in Rome), as a memorial to her parents Alfred du Pont and Mathilda (Nagle) Jessup. The Academy accepts the bequests, and on November 4, 1910, acquires the Villa Aurelia as a permanent home.

November 23. McKim memorial meeting at the New Theater, New York City, addresses by George B. Post, Hon. Elihu Root, Mr. Walter Cook, Prof. H. L. Warren, Mr. Josiah H. Benton, President Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. John L. Cadwalader, and Prof. William M. Sloane.

1909 December 15. Memorial meeting of the American Institute of Architects at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, Cass Gilbert, President of the Institute, presiding. The speakers included President Taft, Senator Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate. The Gold Medal of the Institute, awarded earlier in the year to Charles McKim, was received by William R. Mead, and handed to Miss McKim, who was present.

1928 January 13. H. Siddons Mowbray dies at Washington, Conn.

June 20. William Rutherford Mead dies. He had withdrawn from the firm in 1919, but retained his connection as consultant. He was the President of the American Academy in Rome until his death in Paris.

II

OFFICE ROLL OF McKIM, MEAD & WHITE

	BEGAN	ENDED
McKIM, CHARLES FOLLEN		September 14, 1909
MEAD, WILLIAM RUTHERFORD		June 20, 1928*
BIGELOW, WILLIAM B.		Retired, 1878
Wells, Joseph M.	September 1879	
Butler, Max Evarts		
Hopper, John P.		
Clark, Edward H.		
Barton, George		
Thompson, William		
Wadelton, Thomas D.		
Lang, Robert		
Beal, J. W.		
Bacon, Frank H.	December 1879	
WHITE, STANFORD	1880	June 25, 1906*
Babb, George F.	January 1880	
Koen, Terence A.	February 1880	May 19, 1894
Fieder, F. William	March 1880	
Beck, Paul	March 1880	
Gilbert, Cass	September 1880	
Hunter, James D., Jr.	November 1880	November 29, 1906*
Leckie, James		
Clifford, Charles A.	January 1881	
Wolf, John C.	January 1881	
Willard, David W.	January 1881	
Kane, Frank	April 1881	
Sibell, Harry G.	April 1881	
Harlow, Alfred B.	August 1881	
Clancy, Joseph J.	August 1881	July 1893
Hazlet, William C.	December 1881	
Hill, Frederick E.	January 1882	
Martin, George F.	January 1882	
Wrigley, Max	January 1882	
Tuck, Charles E.	January 1882	
Whidden, William M.	January 1882	
Chamberlin, William E.	January 1882	
Sherman, Frank Dempster	January 1882	
Spiers, Edward	February 1882	
Hamlin, A. D. F.	February 1882	
Wirth, William H.	April 1882	
Imbert, Francis	July 1882	
Brown, A. Page	October 1882	

*Died when a member of the Office.

	BEGAN		ENDED	
KENDALL, WILLIAM M.	October	1882		
Stephenson, Robert E.	November	1882		
Foote, Orlando K.	November	1882		
Sherwin, Harold B.	December	1882		
Fassett, Frank	December	1882		
Gardner, N. W.	January	1883		
Kamper, Louis	February	1883		
Haab, Henry	March	1883		
Smith, Peter	June	1883		
Cortissoz, Royal I.	June	1883		
Taft, Joseph H.	June	1883		
Pollard, George M.	June	1883		
Hough, William C.	July	1883		
Minuth, August	August	1883		
Hoffman, William H.	August	1883		
Hill, Frederick P.	September	1883		
Carrère, John M.	October	1883		
Hastings, Thomas	October	1883		
Cheney, Edward M.	November	1883		
Hoffman, William G.	June	1884		
Weekes, H. Hobart	June	1884	January	17, 1899
White, Richard M.	January	1885		
Butler, Frank C.	February	1885		
Crown, John H.	July	1885	November	20, 1894
Kellogg, Thomas M.	August	1885		
Lawrence, W. G.	August	1885		
Tucker, Walter C.	June	1886		
Neville, T.	June	1886		
Tilton, Edward L.	June	1886		
Brite, James	June	1886	March	12, 1892
Chandler, J. E.	June	1886		
Prellwitz, Henry	June	1886		
Ellingwood, Frank L.	August	1886		
Lucas, Louis H.	August	1886		
Hoppin, Francis L. V.	November	1886	May	19, 1894
Vinton, R. P.	November	1886		
Minassian, Leon	November	1886		
Fletcher, C. A.	February	1887		
Fischer, C. A.	February	1887		
Horry, W. S.	March	1887		
Little, R. A.	March	1887		
Ross, A. W.	March	1887		
Fichtel, William	April	1887		
Thayer, A. W.	April	1887		
Glover, E. H.	April	1887		
Wells, Edward H.	April	1887		
Wachter, J. F.	April	1887		
O'Neill, C. J.	April	1887		
Boring, William A.	May	1887		
Farrar, E. H.	June	1887		

	BEGAN		ENDED		
German, F. G.	June	1887			
Everett, Arthur G.	June	1887			
VAN DER BENT, TEUNIS J.	August	1887			
Jenney, A. S.	August	1887	June		1893
Gale, Edwards J.	August	1887	June		1893
Parker, Frank	September	1887	November		1893*
Olrik, Charles Otto	September	1887	January	4,	1892*
Napier, Alfred M.	September	1887	December	12,	1896
Parker, William B.	October	1887			
Nichols, Miss A. B.	October	1887	September	31,	1892
Benton, E. R.	October	1887			
Moses, Lionel, Jr.	January	1888	June	23,	1900
Bacon, Henry	May	1888	May	28,	1897
Haase, William J.	May	1888	July	20,	1893
Mowbray, Louis M.	May	1888			
Billquist, Thorsten	July	1888	October	28,	1892
Magonigle, Harold V. B.	August	1888			
Otterstrom, Ernest	August	1888			
von Musits, Victor	September	1888	August	31,	1901
Meinhardt, W.	September	1888			
Casey, Edward P.	September	1888			
Renner, Morgan M.	September	1888			
Sickels, Frank	October	1888	October	17,	1892
Dixon, W. F.	October	1888			
Wakefield, T. M.	October	1888			
Taulman, George	November	1888			
Gmelin, Paul	November	1888			
Randall, T. Henry	November	1888			
Banderet, L. G.	December	1888			
Williams, Henry W.	December	1888	February	25,	1893
Maldura, Cesare	December	1888	April	30,	1898
Howe, John F.	February	1889			
Turner, Ernest M.	February	1889	November	4,	1899
Lamby, B.	February	1889			
Butts, F. A.	March	1889			
Appleby, J. S.	March	1889			
Steckler, Benjamin	April	1889			
Wills, H. W.	May	1889			
Geer, William L.	May	1889	September	9,	1893
Laird, W. P.	May	1889			
Van Blarcom, G. W.	May	1889			
Newington, Harry M.	May	1889	December	12,	1896
McGuire, J. P.	July	1889			
Wheeler, F. B.	July	1889			
Willoughby, G. E.	July	1889			
Brower, Silas B.	August	1889	December	18,	1897
Howard, John Galen	September	1889			
Keyser, Ralph	September	1889			
Mann, George	November	1889	January	27,	1894

*Died when a member of the Office.

	BEGAN	ENDED
O'Connor, Arthur V.	December 1889	December 2, 1900
York, Edward P.	January 1890	June 11, 1898*
De Saussare, Rene	January 1890	
Males, Vallard	February 1890	December 5, 1891
Rogers, O. Legare	February 1890	
Smith, Arthur	March 1890	
Myers, J. T.	March 1890	
Farrell, Frank	April 1890	
Mowbray, William E.	April 1890	
North, E. R.	May 1890	April 7, 1891
Benson, J. P.	May 1890	
Finn, J. H.	May 1890	
Graham, Spencer	July 1890	March 11, 1893
Hewlett, J. Monroe	August 1890	December 21, 1894
Sickels, John A.	October 1890	December 31, 1892
Ward, E. A., Jr.	October 1890	November 3, 1891
Braun, Louis A.	October 1890	November 1, 1892
Lord, Austin W.	November 1890	October 21, 1894
Leonardi, Garlo A.	December 1890	November 1, 1892
Short, W. B.	December 1890	March 14, 1891
Ives, Harry Davis	December 1890	October 19, 1901
Ross, Albert Randolph	February 1891	June 26, 1897
Crow, William D.	April 1891	March 1, 1902
Sudlow, Leland S.	May 1891	
Spelman, George F.	June 1891	
De Hart, Miss A. M.	June 1891	September 26, 1891
Flood, Edward	June 1891	April 28, 1894
Fox, Thomas A.	June 1891	
Litchfield, L. D.	June 1891	April 15, 1893
Wheaton, F. B.	June 1891	October 24, 1891
Gray, David M.	June 1891	August 27, 1892
Clifton, John	June 1891	July 1, 1891
Morsell, R. P.	June 1891	December 31, 1891
Byrne, George F.	June 1891	September 5, 1891
Perkins, F. E., Jr.	June 1891	August 29, 1891
Charlton, Rufus I.	July 1891	
Johnson, Arthur D.	July 1891	July 31, 1891
Goldsmith, Goldwin	July 1891	July 31, 1891
Gage, John A.	August 1891	March 5, 1892
Davis, David	August 1891	May 28, 1892
Buttger, John	August 1891	March 26, 1892
Rutledge, E. B.	August 1891	November 26, 1892
FENNER, BURT L.	August 1891	January 25, 1926*
Tracy, Evarts	October 1891	March 3, 1892
Elliot, Clive N.	October 1891	August 4, 1908*
Holyoke, Thomas G.	October 1891	September 9, 1893
Anderson, G. H.	October 1891	September 9, 1893
Wolters, Gustave E.	October 1891	August 12, 1911
Sawyer, Philip	October 1891	November 1, 1898

*Died when a member of the Office.

	BEGAN	ENDED
Vendrasco, Anthony	October 1891	June 2, 1906
Boyd, J. C.	October 1891	October 31, 1891
Carlson, Henry J.	October 1891	May 7, 1892
Parsons, C. J.	October 1891	June 1, 1892
Cassin, Walter D.	November 1891	May 10, 1902
Knipe, John B.	November 1891	November 30, 1891
Wildman, Rufus	November 1891	November 30, 1891
Arentzen, P. W.	November 1891	May 20, 1893
Brown, Frank W.	November 1891	December 12, 1904
Hackett, Jean H.	November 1891	December 1, 1891
Spelman, Charles	December 1891	
Howard, Charles	December 1891	January 1, 1898
Hoyt, W. T.	December 1891	January 1, 1892
James, T. W.	January 1892	February 20, 1892
Peckwell, F. H.	February 1892	January 7, 1893
Hornum, William H.	February 1892	September 30, 1906
Swartwout, Egerton	March 1892	May 12, 1900
Briggs, F. H.	March 1892	September 9, 1893
Fockens, Robert	March 1892	September 9, 1893
Jouffret, G.	March 1892	August 17, 1892
Mitchell, David	March 1892	September 6, 1895*
Ely, Charles S.	April 1892	May 20, 1893
Raymond, Reuben	April 1892	August 27, 1892
Baker, William	May 1892	July 28, 1894
Boynton, Louis H.	May 1892	April 8, 1893
Helmle, Frank	May 1892	October 19, 1895
Phillips, Thomas	May 1892	February 18, 1893
Coles, Hedley E.	June 1892	April 30, 1895
Livermore, C. F.	June 1892	December 31, 1897
West, H. L.	June 1892	August 20, 1892
Farwell, Lyman	June 1892	September 9, 1893
Shiels, P. J.	July 1892	August 29, 1892
Skinner, Theodore H.	September 1892	December 24, 1897
Rorick, H. C.	September 1892	December 10, 1892
Kelley, F. A.	September 1892	September 30, 1892
O'Connor, Joseph H.	September 1892	November 27, 1900
Rogers, Edward A.	September 1892	January 1, 1894
Orlandini, Louis	September 1892	September 7, 1894
Lynke, Harry E.	September 1892	June 1, 1912
Herring, O. C.	November 1892	March 4, 1893
Gottlieb, Albert S.	December 1892	December 5, 1896
Lynch, Elliott	February 1893	January 26, 1895
Bozeman, Claude F.	March 1893	January 1, 1900
Farquhar, H. J.	March 1893	May 31, 1900
Newman, Frank	March 1893	June 24, 1893
Whitman, E. P.	April 1893	December 16, 1893
Hunter, F. Leo	April 1893	December 31, 1897
Mortensen, F.	April 1893	July 8, 1893
Kauser, Bela J.	April 1893	June 27, 1896

*Died when a member of the Office.

	BEGAN		ENDED	
Vorbach, John H.	June	1893	April	27, 1907
Lemmon, W. J. F.	June	1893	October	19, 1895
Forward, John	August	1893	August	19, 1893
Greey, George V.	August	1893	April	3, 1897
Meiggs, Frank	January	1894	April	13, 1895
Hull, Washington	February	1894	December	12, 1896
Craig, F. W.	February	1894	June	21, 1894
Wardner, H. L.	March	1894	December	31, 1897
Hewlett, Charles R.	March	1894	December	8, 1894
Kevlin, J. H.	June	1894	July	1, 1894
Paxton, Abram	July	1894	December	31, 1897
Rittinger, Bela	August	1894	February	2, 1896
Webster, Daniel T.	October	1894	September	28, 1912
Beckers, Alexander	October	1894	December	31, 1897
Bolitho, Samuel	October	1894	December	24, 1897
Ames, John W.	October	1894	August	8, 1896
Bishop, Frank H.	October	1894	December	31, 1896
Delehanty, William R.	November	1894	December	31, 1897
White, Eugene B.	November	1894	November	28, 1903
Darrow, George	November	1894	June	8, 1901
Dunne, Joseph	December	1894	July	29, 1899
de Gersdorff, George B.	January	1895	January	4, 1902
Copeland, W. F.	January	1895	December	31, 1897
Sawyer, Raymond	January	1895	April	10, 1897
Albro, Lewis Coit	January	1895	March	31, 1906
Comfort, Ralph M.	March	1895	June	16, 1900
Morre, A. W.	May	1895		
Lovell, Clinton P.	May	1895	March	25, 1899
Cowles, G. E.	May	1895	May	9, 1896
Faville, William B.	June	1895	March	9, 1898
RICHARDSON, WILLIAM S.	June	1895		
Claflin, William B.	June	1895	December	31, 1897
Whitehead, W. S.	June	1895	July	25, 1896
Snyder, Frank M.	September	1895	November	12, 1899
Wagner, J. W.	September	1895	December	31, 1897
Hall, Samuel P.	September	1895	March	20, 1901
Heyn, John B.	October	1895	January	1, 1897
Clark, C. McL.	November	1895	March	11, 1896
Adams, Frederick J.	January	1896		
Brown, Louis	January	1896	March	29, 1899
Kinney, Elmer E.	January	1896	March	14, 1896
Pfaender, J. G. F.	February	1896	June	26, 1897
Comfort, Frederick P.	March	1896	March	4, 1898
Wilson, David	March	1896	May	29, 1899
McQuade, Frank J.	March	1896	February	18, 1899
Campbell, J. D.	May	1896	December	26, 1896
Wickes, W. H.	June	1896	November	14, 1896
Edelman, John H.	June	1896	December	31, 1897
Livermore, Charles F. (2)	September	1896	January	1, 1898
Franklon, Louis M., Jr.	September	1896	December	31, 1897

	BEGAN	ENDED
Foster, Mortimer	September 1896	August 6, 1898
Hartman, C. S.	September 1896	February 7, 1897
McCrea, J. F.	September 1896	November 28, 1896
Gompert, William H.	October 1896	November 11, 1896
Pfeister, F. W.	October 1896	April 2, 1898
Bobula, T. A. W.	October 1896	November 7, 1896
Maxon, O.	November 1896	June 16, 1900
Watson, Lindsay	November 1896	June 13, 1899
Woodhull, W. C.	November 1896	December 31, 1897
Cochrane, W. W.	December 1896	April 3, 1897
Flint, George F.	January 1897	October 24, 1903
Ayres, Louis D.	March 1897	March 25, 1899
Merz, Philip	March 1897	November 12, 1908
Bliss, W. D.	April 1897	December 31, 1897
Wilder, Walter R.	April 1897	February 10, 1906
Kent, Charles W., Jr.	April 1897	January 14, 1899
Vedder, Elihu R.	April 1897	January 8, 1898
Norris, Thomas	August 1897	January 31, 1899
Henry, P. C.	September 1897	February 26, 1898
Gade, John A.	September 1897	January 18, 1902
Brooks, F. P.	March 1898	August 27, 1898
Wilder, Edward T.	March 1898	January 16, 1903
Davidson, Marc	May 1898	July 9, 1898
Richardson, Philip	June 1898	May 29, 1909
Reidy, F. Joseph	September 1898	December 14, 1907
Deegan, William	October 1898	November 25, 1899
Harris, F. T.	February 1899	August 26, 1899
Sullivan, E.	April 1899	April 26, 1900
Moran, William E	May 1899	September 2, 1905
Hull, Charles A.	May 1899	February 5, 1916
Malone, James	July 1899	November 11, 1899
Barott, Chauncey E.	August 1899	March 1, 1909
White, Harry K.	August 1899	April 20, 1907
Johnson, C. M.	September 1899	February 3, 1900
Stillman, Michael	September 1899	February 20, 1903
Gilbert, W. C.	November 1899	December 24, 1899
Heckeroth, Frederick	November 1899	
Bohm, Henry	November 1899	February 17, 1900
Crow, Jules T.	December 1899	March 20, 1909
Domis, Gustave	December 1899	December 19, 1903
Dorrity, R. L.	January 1900	February 20, 1900
Wiltbank, R. M.	January 1900	September 1, 1901
Rarig, George E.	January 1900	February 9, 1907
Falconer, John	January 1900	April 29, 1901
Davis, Benjamin H.	March 1900	March 20, 1915
Baker, Charles V.	March 1900	September 8, 1903
Olmsted, George	April 1900	January 4, 1902
Beeckman, F.	April 1900	July 14, 1900
Fogarty, John	April 1900	June 16, 1900
De Hart, Clarence	May 1900	January 12, 1902

	BEGAN	ENDED
Harned, F. E.	May 1900	
Weggenman, Lawrence	July 1900	May 4, 1912
Graves, George P.	October 1900	January 12, 1901
Petry, Louis M.	October 1900	June 9, 1906
Ritchie, J. F.	October 1900	January 25, 1901
Lawrence, H. M.	October 1900	October 12, 1901
Wilmington, H. V.	November 1900	
Felch, Walter L.	December 1900	February 16, 1901
Wight, William D.	February 1901	January 28, 1911
Welton, William L.	February 1901	May 11, 1907
Lindeberg, Henry C.	February 1901	March 31, 1906
Holly, Henry H., Jr.	March 1901	March 22, 1902
Wickenhoefer, H.	March 1901	December 7, 1901
Mills, Frank	March 1901	May 31, 1902
Stanley, William B.	April 1901	
Somerset, Henry	April 1901	August 8, 1902
Loth, William R.	May 1901	March 19, 1903
Dieterlen, C. T. E.	May 1901	December 12, 1903
Boyle, Percy V.	May 1901	July 26, 1902
Means, J. F.	May 1901	November 11, 1901
Steinmetz, Henry	July 1901	June 29, 1905
Chapman, Edward	July 1901	February 3, 1917
Partridge, W. T.	September 1901	January 18, 1902
Hirsch, F. R.	November 1901	December 29, 1902
Harmon, Arthur L.	January 1902	March 25, 1911
Kaiser, Charles S.	January 1902	May 5, 1906
Thompson, William	February 1902	February 16, 1906
Mills, Frank M.	March 1902	June 28, 1902
Lewis, Luther H.	March 1902	January 4, 1908
Polk, Daniel	March 1902	May 31, 1902
Sagar, Charles B.	May 1902	November 29, 1902
Crosby, Roy C.	May 1902	September 26, 1903
Davis, R. G.	May 1902	July 30, 1904
Wolf, William R.	May 1902	March 10, 1906
Mapes, S. N.	June 1902	July 15, 1905
Adams, John H.	June 1902	December 14, 1907
Stallard, George F.	June 1902	July 25, 1914
Creegan, C. C., Jr.	June 1902	December 26, 1903
Sayward, William J.	June 1902	August 31, 1907
Stevens, Gorham P.	June 1902	December 9, 1911
Hollingsworth, F.	June 1902	November 19, 1904
Beer, George W.	June 1902	June 18, 1904
Thompson, John A.	July 1902	
Cairns, William D.	August 1902	January 2, 1915
Reuling, August	September 1902	
Warren, W. T.	September 1902	May 19, 1906
McGowan, John C.	October 1902	
Rahman, William H.	December 1902	July 21, 1906
Jaffray, J. H.	February 1903	May 20, 1905
Bragdon, William B.	February 1903	January 28, 1905

	BEGAN	ENDED
Brown, Walton	February 1903	February 28, 1903
Wohlpart, Adolph P.	February 1903	December 10, 1904
Blumenstein, Paul	February 1903	February 27, 1904
Holske, L. R.	March 1903	
Kaiser, Joseph	May 1903	September 15, 1906
Gaudagni, B.	June 1903	December 11, 1904
Aldrich, Will S.	June 1903	April 2, 1910
O'Connell, Joseph	June 1903	November 21, 1905
Hennessey, John T.	June 1903	February 2, 1904
Wiard, O. L. M.	June 1903	August 9, 1903
Hall, Charles W.	July 1903	May 15, 1909
Munro, Samuel J.	October 1903	March 31, 1906
Cavin, Samuel G.	October 1903	August 13, 1904
Kaufmann, Arthur	October 1903	June 24, 1905
Pike, Norman B.	October 1903	December 28, 1907
O'Connor, James W.	November 1903	April 22, 1905
Dominick, William F.	November 1903	January 27, 1906
Landgeois, F.	January 1904	March 19, 1904
Reed, Frederick N.	March 1904	January 12, 1907
Nichols, Charles A.	March 1904	
Curtiss, L. C.	April 1904	September 27, 1913
Parker, Gurdon S.	April 1904	December 9, 1905
Clay, Samuel B.	April 1904	September 17, 1904
Videto, T. Ernest	May 1904	December 30, 1905
Erhard, Edward	May 1904	
Laier, George	August 1904	
O'Connor, Kevney	September 1904	July 1, 1911
Delehunty, James	September 1904	June 17, 1905
Hamon, W. P. D.	September 1904	May 27, 1905
Wylie, M. A.	September 1904	March 18, 1911
Hooper, Parker M.	September 1904	January 1, 1906
Stimson, J. F.	January 1905	July 28, 1906
Baker, Joseph	February 1905	March 11, 1905
Herring, Edwin F.	March 1905	July 28, 1906
Edelheim, Albert J.	April 1905	October 28, 1911
Bodker, A. J.	April 1905	June 2, 1906
Shanahan, Edward L.	April 1905	September 13, 1913
Schwartz, Jacob	June 1905	January 15, 1907
O'Brien, Charles A.	June 1905	May 31, 1913
Vatet, Oscar V.	June 1905	September 25, 1906
Barott, Ernest I.	September 1905	October 7, 1911
Schmitt, George	September 1905	February 10, 1906
Rutherford, Vernon	October 1905	May 25, 1907
Ellingwood, Frank L. (2)	December 1905	November 10, 1910
Richardson, Charles E.	February 1906	May 22, 1909
Beck, Raymond	March 1906	July 21, 1907
Burnham, L. P.	March 1906	September 25, 1906
Anderson, W. T.	April 1906	February 23, 1907
Zogbaum, Harry St. C.	May 1906	March 20, 1909
Krafft, Elmer T.	June 1906	September 30, 1906

	BEGAN		ENDED	
Evans, Clifford	June	1906	December 14,	1907
Larson, Frank	October	1906	December 14,	1907
Fickinger, F.	October	1906	June 27,	1914
Richter, Alfred	November	1906	May 11,	1907
Blackader, Gordon H.	February	1907	September 20,	1908
Bleecker, N. C.	March	1907	December 14,	1907
Klein, M.	March	1907	December 14,	1907
Gross, L. A.	March	1907	December 14,	1907
Schecter, N. H.	March	1907	December 14,	1907
Wardrop, James J.	April	1907	October 7,	1911
Vogt, Joseph A.	May	1907	March 27,	1915
Webster, George H.	June	1907	April 29,	1911
Bermingham, E. J.	July	1907	September 21,	1907
Hertz, Samuel A.	July	1907	June 28,	1913
Stapleton, Richard	July	1907	June 13,	1914
Wadelton, Thomas D., Jr.	September	1907	September 2,	1911
Ferris, Reed	September	1907	April 10,	1915
Miles, Samuel	October	1907	April 20,	1908
Munro, Samuel J. (2)	November	1907	January 2,	1915
Wright, Grosvenor S.	February	1908		
March, Reginald E.	February	1908	November 17,	1908
Stoney, Frank C., Jr.	February	1908		
Willis, William B.	April	1908	June 13,	1914
Stueck, Arthur L.	April	1908	October 24,	1910*
Sax, Arthur C.	April	1908	November 21,	1908
Brown, Frank W. (2)	April	1908	September 12,	1908
Doane, Reginald H.	May	1908	September 18,	1909
Nims, Norman G.	May	1908	August 29,	1914
Martin, H. W.	May	1908	July 20,	1908
Nichols, Charles H.	May	1908	December 31,	1909
McClure, Clay M.	May	1908	May 2,	1914
Richards, Halsey	May	1908	December 13,	1913
Mapes, S. N. (2)	May	1908	July 8,	1910
Corley, J. Donald	June	1908	July 3,	1909
Barry, Charles	June	1908	March 20,	1909
Burton, Howard B.	June	1908	March 20,	1909
King, Thomas E.	June	1908	September 23,	1911
Reidy, F. Joseph (2)	June	1908	June 13,	1914
Riggs, John T.	June	1908	November 13,	1909
Reid, Egbert T.	June	1908	January 21,	1911
Harper, A. J.	June	1908	October 3,	1910
Soldwedel, Frederick A.	June	1908	April 23,	1910
Wheeler, Guernsey K.	June	1908		
Pape, Chester E.	June	1908	March 20,	1909
Coles, E. T.	July	1908	September 12,	1908
Miller, F. W.	July	1908	July 10,	1909
Perlitt, W. A.	July	1908	May 15,	1909
Duffy, Matthew L.	July	1908	January 16,	1909
Raetze, R. A.	August	1908	November 28,	1908

*Died when a member of the Office.

	BEGAN	ENDED
Clark, Joseph H.	August 1908	September 19, 1909
Dolan, John S.	September 1908	
Claflin, William B. (2)	September 1908	June 29, 1912
Fox, George	September 1908	May 24, 1913
Bolger, John C.	September 1908	December 6, 1913
White, Arthur	October 1908	September 30, 1911
Breyer, Walter	October 1908	March 27, 1915
Lamb, Richard, Jr.	October 1908	March 26, 1910
McGee, Edwin J.	October 1908	December 21, 1912
Farren, Edwin F.	October 1908	March 25, 1911
Prevot, M.	November 1908	May 13, 1911
Buckler, Riggin	December 1908	March 26, 1910
Ellis, Gordon H.	January 1909	September 18, 1909
Garner, R. A.	January 1909	March 20, 1909
Budlong, Barry	January 1909	November 20, 1915
MacLeod, Donald W.	March 1909	December 3, 1910
Davis, Harry R.	May 1909	September 30, 1911
Ellett, T. H.	May 1909	September 13, 1913
Stiles, Harry A.	May 1909	
Emerson, Alexander M.	June 1909	June 18, 1910
Moore, Frederick W.	June 1909	November 13, 1909
Clark, J. W.	June 1909	September 25, 1909
Foster, Charles M.	June 1909	January 21, 1911
Semmens, John H.	June 1909	December 31, 1912
Vendrasco, Anthony (2)	June 1909	August 2, 1913
Brancato, L. F.	June 1909	September 18, 1909
Hannon, J. J.	July 1909	March 27, 1915
Anderson, G. H.	September 1909	October 30, 1909
Holmes, G. H.	September 1909	
Chapman, Charles	September 1909	May 30, 1914
Moller, Charles F., Jr.	October 1909	October 7, 1911
Gustafson, William A.	September 1909	January 21, 1911
Moloney, E. J.	November 1909	May 30, 1914

III

LIST OF THE WORK OF McKIM, MEAD & WHITE

From 1880 *to* 1910, *inclusive*

1880	Alden, Mrs. Anna C.	Lloyd's Neck, N.Y.
1881	Astor, Estate of William	374 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1881	Alden, R. Percy	Cornwall, Pa.
1884	Agnew, Dr. Cornelius R.	Montauk Point, N.Y.
1884	Auchincloss, Henry B.	Orange, N.J.
1884	Andrews, William L.	Montauk Point, N.Y.
1884	American Safe Deposit Co.	Fifth Ave. & 42nd St., N.Y.
1884	Appleton, The Misses	Lenox, Mass.
1885	Adams, Edward D.	453 Madison
1888	do	Rumson Neck, N.J.
1891	do	do
1888	Andrew, John F.	Boston, Mass.
1889	Ayres, Mrs. Henrietta	New Rochelle, N.Y.
1889	Algonquin Club	Boston, Mass.
1892	Amory, Francis I.	Boston, Mass.
1893	Agricultural Building	World's Columbian Exposition
1894	American Surety Company	New York (Competition)
1894	Amherst College	Laboratory
1904	do	Observatory
1909	do	Biology and Geology
1897	Alexandre, Mrs. Nathalie	Stamford, Conn.
1898	Astor, John Jacob	Rhinebeck, N.Y.
1904	do	do
1902	Astor, Mrs. William	Newport, R.I.
1905	Arnold, Benjamin W.	Albany, N.Y.
1908	Andover Free Christian Society	Andover, Mass.
1880	Brokaw, Isaac V.	Long Branch, N.J.
1881	Beaman, Charles C.	Rockaway, N.Y.
1882	Bull, Charles M.	Newport, R.I.
1883	Bell, Isaac, Jr.	Newport, R.I.
1883	Butler, Charles E.	Stockbridge, Mass., St. Paul's Church
1883	Barney, Charles T	10 East 55th St., N.Y.
1895	do	67 Park Avenue, N.Y.
1902	do	do
1885	Bennett, James Gordon	'Namouna'
1885	do	28 Ann Street, N.Y.
1894	do	N.Y. Herald Building
1887	Brown, Henry W.	Philadelphia, Pa.
1888	Brigham, William H.	Greenwich, Conn.
1888	Babylon, N.Y. Casino	

1888	Beebe, J. Arthur	Boston, Mass.
1889	Benson, Frank S.	114 E. 39th St., N.Y.
1889	Barclay, Sackett M.	Cazenovia, N.Y.
1891	Browne, T. O., Meredith, J. M.	Boston, Mass.
1892	Bank of New Amsterdam	Bdw. & 39th St., N.Y.
1892	Boston, Mass. Gas Light Co.	
1893	Bradley, Arthur C.	Newport, Vermont
1894	Bdw. & 7th Ave. R.R. Co.	Cable Building
1894	Brown, Mrs. George Bruce	Mad. Ave. & 72nd St., N.Y.
1895	Bowery Savings Bank	Bowery & Grand St., N.Y.
1897	Butler, Mrs. Cornelia S.	22 Park Ave., N.Y.
1898	Bowdoin, George S.	39 Park Ave., N.Y.
1898	Bowditch, Ernest W.	Milton, Mass.
1900	Boston, Mass. Symphony Hall	
1902	Bowdoin College, Gates, 1893, Walker Art Gallery	Brunswick, Me.
1903	Bennett, Mrs. H. J.	New Haven, Conn.
1905	Brook, The	7 East 40th St., N.Y.
1907	Bloomingdale, Lyman G.	Mausoleum, Salem Fields
1904	Bank of Montreal, No. 1	Montreal, Canada.
1905	do	do
1910	do	64–66 Wall St., N.Y.
1906	Bellevue Hospital	General Services
1909	do	do
1910	do	Pavilions 'A' and 'B'
1910	do	Pathological
1898	Boston Public Library	
1894	Brown University	Rockefeller Hall
1902	Boston	Shaw Monument (with Augustus Saint-Gaudens)
1882	Chapin, William C.	Providence, R.I.
1883	Colman, Samuel	Newport, R.I.
1884	Cook, Charles T.	Elberon, N.J.
1884	Cresson, George V.	Narragansett Pier, R.I.
1885	Church of The Ascension	5th Ave. & 10th St., N.Y.
1889	do	do
1886	Cheever, John H.	Wave Crest, N.Y.
1887	Cheney, Rush	South Manchester, Mass.
1887	Choate, Joseph H.	Stockbridge, Mass.
1889	Cochrane, Alexander	Boston, Mass.
1880	Central Railroad of N.J.	(Competition)
1891	Century Association	7–11 West 43rd St., N.Y.
1891	Chubb, Mrs. Victoria	East Orange, N.J.
1893	Corbin, P. & F.	New Britain, Conn.
1894	Clearing House Association of N.Y.	(Competition)
1894	Cosmopolitan Magazine	Irvington, N.Y.
1895	Cataract Construction Co.	Niagara Falls, N.Y.
1896	Chanler, The Misses	Barrytown, N.Y.
1896	Cumming, Robert W.	Newark, N.J.
1898	College of City of New York	(Competition)

1899	Cullum Memorial Hall	West Point, N.Y.
1899	Chanler, John Armstrong	298 Broadway, N.Y.
1901	Cornell Medical College	1st Ave. 27–28th Sts., N.Y.
1910	do	do
1903	Canfield, A. Cass	Westbury, N.Y.
1904	Coolidge T. J., Jr.	Manchester, Mass.
1905	Chapin, Alfred C.	24 East 56th St., N.Y.
1906	Cheney, Robert	So. Manchester, Mass.
1908	Colony Club	120–24 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1893	Columbia College	Services
1898	do	Schermerhorn Hall, South Court, Engineering Building, Fayerweather Hall, Walls, Walks, Fences, etc., Havemeyer Hall, University Hall, Library
1901	do	University Hall
1902	do	Earl Hall
1905	do	South Field
1906	do	Livingston Hall, Hartley Hall
1907	do	Hamilton Hall
1908	do	Exedra (Clark Estate)
1881	Dickerson, E. N.	East 34th St., N.Y.
1882	de Forest, Henry G.	Montauk Point, N.Y.
1882	Davis, Theodore R.	Brooklyn, N.Y.
1887	Dillon, Sidney	23 West 57th St., N.Y.
1891	Deutscher Verein	101 West 59th St., N.Y.
1891	Dimock, Henry F.	25 East 60th St., N.Y.
1902	District of Columbia Improvements	
1906	Duveen Brothers	302 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1909	Downtown Building Co.	60 Broadway, N.Y.
1880	Elberon Hotel & Cottages	
1886	Edgar, Mrs. William	Newport, R.I.
1891	Eyerman, John	Easton, Pa.
1899	Emmet, C. Temple	Portchester, N.Y.
1905	Eastman, George	Rochester, N.Y.
1907	Eastman Kodak Co.	235–39 West 23rd St., N.Y.
1880	Fahnestock, Harris C.	Elberon, N.J.
1887	do	457 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1888	do	2 East 51st St., N.Y.
1888	do	3 do
1889	Fish, Mrs. Clemence S. B.	53 Irving Place, N.Y.
1889	Freundschaft Society	72nd St. & Park Ave., N.Y.
1894	do	do
1890	Fanwood, N.J., School	
1894	First Presbyterian Church	5th Ave. & 12th St., N.Y.
1900	Fish, Stuyvesant	78th St. & Mad. Ave., N.Y.
1903	First Congregational Church	Naugatuck, Conn.

1910	Frelinghuysen, P.H.B.	Morristown, N.J. Garage
1880	Garland, James A.	Elberton, N.J.
1883	Goelet, Robert	Newport, R.I.
1886	Garrett, John W. and Mary E.	Baltimore, Md.
1888	Garrett, Robert	Baltimore, Md.
1888	Garfield Safe Deposit Co.	71 West 23rd St., N.Y.
1889	Glover, John H.	Newport, R.I.
1891	Germantown Cricket Club	Philadelphia, Pa.
1886	Goelet, Robert & Ogden	9 West 17th St., N.Y.
1887	do	Bdw. & 20th St., N.Y.
1890	do	5th Ave. & 37th St., N.Y.
1890	do 'Judge'	5th Ave. & 16th St., N.Y.
1891	do	Hotel Imperial
1894	do	do 32nd St. Addition
1896	do	do 31st St. do
1892	do	5th Ave. & 37th St., N.Y.
1897	do	8th Ave. & 135th St., N.Y.
1900	do	Mausoleum, Woodlawn, N.Y.
1896	Garden City Company	Hotel 1, Garden City, N.Y.
1901	do	Hotel 2, do
1907	do	Drawings for Houses
1896	Guthrie, Mrs. Ella D.	28 Park Ave., N.Y.
1898	Goodwin, James J.	15–17 West 54th St., N.Y.
1903	Gibson, Charles Dana	127 East 73rd St., N.Y.
1906	Gorham Company	386 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1906	do	384 do
1909	Girard Trust Company	Philadelphia, Pa.
1881	Homans, Edward C.	Gould's Island, N.Y.
1882	Hamilton, George	27 West 49th St., N.Y.
1882	Hartshorn, Stewart	Short Hills, N.J.
1883	Harrison, O. F.	224 West 42nd St., N.Y.
1884	Hoyt, Alfred M.	Montauk Point, N.Y.
1885	do	934 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1885	Hopkins, Mrs. Mark	Great Barrington, Mass.
1885	Holt, Henry	Premium Point, N.Y.
1887	Howe, Dr. Robert T.	Mount Vernon, N.Y.
1887	Henderson, Charles R.	Southampton, N.Y.
1887	Henry, Charles W.	Chestnut Hill, Pa.
1887	Husted, Miss M. E.	Broadalbin, N.Y.
1890	Higginson, James J.	16 East 41st St., N.Y.
1892	Henderson Estate	Livingston, N.Y.
1893	do	Stapleton, N.Y.
1892	Haydock, Mrs. Hannah W.	Morristown, N.J.
1892	Home Life Insurance Co.	New York, Competition
1893	Hazard, Rowland G.	Peacedale, R.I.
1890	Harvard University	Johnston Gates
1901	do	Gates for Classes of 1870, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1889, 1890

1901	Harvard University	Porcellian Club — Gates
1902	do	Gates for Class of 1857, 1880
1904	do	Class 1885 — Gates
1906	do	Class 1887–1888 Gates
1907	do	James Russell Lowell Memorial, 1883
1910	do	Bradley Memorial
1902	do	Harvard Union
1904	do	Robinson Hall
1893	Hoyt, Henry R.	Stable, 109 E. 76th St., N.Y.
1898	Hartford Medical College	Hunt Memorial
1901	Hollins, Harry B.	12 West 56th St., N.Y.
1903	Havana Tobacco C	Bdw. & 26th St., N.Y.
1904	Hanna, Leonard C.	Cleveland, Ohio.
1905	Honore, A. C.	Mausoleum, Chicago, Ill.
1905	Harvard Club of New York	W. 44th & 45th Sts., N.Y.
1906	Harmonie Club	4–8 East 60th St., N.Y.
1897	Institute of Arts & Sciences	Brooklyn, N.Y. West Wing
1902	do	do Central Wing No. 1
1905	do	do No. 2
1905	do	Power House
1906	do	Approach & Steps
1907	do	East Wing
1909	do	General Services
1903	Interborough Railroad Co.	Power House, 11th Ave. 59th St. N.Y.
1881	Jones J. H.	Boston, Mass.
1887	Jones, Dwight A.	Englewood, N.J.
1893	Judson Memorial Church	Washington Square, N.Y.
1896	do	do
	Jones, Mrs. Mary	743 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1904	Jackson, Dr. F. W.	68 West 55th St., N.Y.
1881	King, David H., Jr.	Newport, R.I.
1885	do	83rd St. Apartments, N.Y.
1892	do	138th & 139th Sts., N.Y.
1887	do	Premium Point, N.Y.
1897	do	Newport, R.I.
1883	King, Mrs. Mary A.	431 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1884	do	724 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1886	King, Le Roy	Newport, R.I.
1888	King, George Gordon	Newport, R.I.
1890	do	do
1902	do	do
1907	do	do
1892	Knickerbocker Club	5th Ave. 32nd St., N.Y.
1893	Kip, George G.	Morristown, N.J.
1904	Knickerbocker Safe Dep. Co.	358 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1904	Knickerbocker Trust Co.	358 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

1904	Knickerbocker Trust Co.	No. 60 Broadway (see Downtown Building Co.)
1907	Kane, John Innes	610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1909	Kimball, Mrs. W. W.	Monument, Chicago, Ill.
1910	King's Mountain Monument	
1885	Lenox, Mass. Episcopal Church	(Competition)
1887	Low, William G.	Bristol, R.I.
1891	Lorillard, Pierre, Jr.	Tuxedo Park, N.Y.
1893	Lathrop, Bryan	Chicago, Ill.
1905	Lyons, J. C. Building Co.	973 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1905	Lydig, Philip M.	32 East 52nd St., N.Y.
1905	Lambs, The	128 West 44th St., N.Y.
1881	Morgan, Gov. Edwin D.	Vault
1882	Montauk Point Association	Central Hall, etc.
1882	McCormick, Cyrus H.	Richfield Springs, N.Y.
1882	Mount Morris Bank & S. D. Co., N.Y.	(Competition)
1883	Merchants & Manhattan Co. Bank, N.Y.	do
1883	Montclair, N.J. Presbyterian Church	
1883	Miller, William Starr	Newport, R.I.
1884	Metcalfe, Mrs. E. F.	Buffalo, N.Y.
1886	McLane, Allan	Narragansett Pier, R.I.
1887	Miller, James C.	47th St. Apartment
1887	Methodist Episcopal Church	Baltimore, Md.
1887	Manchester, Mass.	T. J. Coolidge Library
1888	Mastin, Thomas H.	Kansas City, Mo.
1890	May, Mrs. Isabella T.	Mercer & 3rd Sts., N.Y.
1890	Morris County Savings Bank	Morristown, N.J.
1891	Morgan, Edwin D.	Newport, R.I.
1891	do	Wheatley Hills, N.Y.
1900	do	do
1891	Madison Square Garden Company	
1893	Miller, Dr. George N.	811 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1893	Mott, J. L. B.	Bellport, N.Y.
1894	Metropolitan Club	Fifth Ave. & 60th St., N.Y.
1894	Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co.	Springfield, Competition
1897	Mills, Ogden	Staatsburgh, N.Y.
1898	Morton, Hon. Levi P.	681 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1900	Moore, William H.	4 East 54th St., N.Y.
1905	Montclair, N.J. High School	
1906	Madison Square Presbyterian Church	
1906	Morgan, J. Pierpont	Library, 33 E. 36th St., N.Y.
1907	Mount Royal Club	Montreal, Canada
1907	Mitchell, Donald G.	Wading River, N.Y.
1902	Mackey, Clarence H.	Roslyn, N.Y. House
1905	do	Library
1905	do	Jamestown, N.C., Lodge
1907	do	School of Mines, Reno, Nev.

1907	Mackey, Mrs. K. D.	Church and Parish House, Roslyn, N.Y.
1907	Munsey, Frank A.	Times Bldg., Washington, D.C.
1909–10	Metropolitan Museum of Art, E. F. G.	
1910	Municipal Building	New York, N.Y.
1881	Newcomb, H. Victor	Elberon, N.J.
1882	do	683 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1882	Northern Pacific Terminal Co.	
1883	Northern Pacific Railroad Co. on Stations, Hotel, Grounds, etc.	Portland, Oregon
1884	Narragansett Pier, R.I., Casino	
1893	New York State Building	Chicago, Ill.
1893	Naugatuck, Conn. National Bank	
1881	Newport, R.I.	Casino
1897	Nickerson, Geo. A.	Boston, Mass.
1890	New York Life Insurance Co.	Yosemite, Park Ave., N.Y.
1890	do	Omaha, Neb.
1890	do	Kansas City, Mo.
1890	do	Plaza Hotel, N.Y.
1899	do	do
1896	do	Elm St., N.Y. Bldg.
1897	do	346–48 Broadway, N.Y.
1894	New York University	Hall of Languages
1896	do	Excavation, Walls, etc.
1897	do	Dormitory
1898	do	Museum
1901	do	Library
1901	do	Ambulatory
1904	New York Central & H.R.R. Co.	(Competition)
1907	New England Trust Company	Boston, Mass.
1909	New Britain, Conn. City of	
1909	N.Y. New Haven & H.R.R. Co.	Waterbury, Conn. Station
1910	National City Bank	Wall St., N.Y.
1897	New York Public Library	(Competition)
1903	do	Carnegie, No. 2
1904	do	do No. 6, 14
1905	do	do No. 10, 23
1905	do	do No. 11
1906	do	do No. 35
1908	do	do No. 29, 32, 37
1909	New York, City of	Borough Hall, Brooklyn, N.Y.
1883	Orr, Alexander E.	Montauk Point, N.Y.
1885	Osborn, Charles J.	Mamaroneck, N.Y.
1887	Olmsted, A. H.	Hartford, Conn.
1892	Olney, Richard	Boston, Mass.
1897	Oelrichs, Mrs. Herman	1 East 57th Street, N.Y.
1902	do	Newport, R.I.
1901	Orange Free Library	Orange, N.J.

1910	Oakland, Cal., City Hall	(Competition)
1884	Poidebard Silk Company	Hoboken, N.J.
1884	Phœnix, Phillips & Lloyd	21 East 33rd St., N.Y.
1885	Pennsylvania Railroad Co.	Parlor Car
1909	do	New York Terminal Station
1889	Parrish, Samuel L.	Southampton, N.Y.
1890	Paulist Fathers Church	Col. Ave. & 59th St., N.Y.
1890 to 1908	Prospect Park	Brooklyn, N.Y. Shelters, Fences, Columns, Lamps, Entrances, etc.
1892	Pinchot, James W.	Bdw. & 69th St., N.Y.
1893	Puck Building	Chicago, Ill.
1893	Park & Tilford	Col. Ave. & 72nd St., N.Y.
1895	do	Bdw. & 39th St., N.Y.
1893	Park, William G.	Cazenovia, N.Y.
1895	Patterson, Mrs. E. M.	Chicago, Ill.
1905	do	Washington, D.C.
1896	Plimpton, Geo. A.	70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1896	Pyle, James Tolman	673 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1903	do	Morristown, N.J.
1897	Page, Mrs. Thomas Nelson	Washington, D.C.
1901	Poor, Henry W.	1 Lexington Ave., N.Y.
1901	Pope, A. A.	Farmington, Conn.
1907	do	do
1902	Phelps Association	New Haven, Conn.
1903	Pulitzer, Joseph	7–11 East 73rd St., N.Y.
1905	Princeton University	Gates
1906	do	No. 1 College Club
1906	Palmer, Mrs. Potter	Mausoleum, Chicago, Ill.
1908	Park, Hobart J.	Portchester, N.Y.
1909	Payne, Oliver H.	972 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1909	Pack, Charles L.	Monument, Cleveland, Ohio.
1909	Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument	Brooklyn, N.Y.
1883	Robbins, Daniel C.	Skaneateles, N.Y.
1885	Robinson, Jeremiah P., Jr.	Narragansett Pier, R.I.
1885	Russell, H. E. & Erwin, C. B.	New Britain, Conn.
1891	Robb, J. Hampden	23 Park Ave., N.Y.
1891	Riding & Driving Club	Brooklyn, N.Y.
1892	Reid, Whitelaw	451 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1893	do	Ophir Farm
1910	do	451 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1893	Russell, Henry E.	Stable, East 79th St., N.Y.
1894	Russell, Mrs. Henry E.	Mausoleum
1893	Rives, George L.	Stable, Newport, R.I.
1894	Rowland, George	Greenwich, Conn.
1895	Roberts, Lewis	Pocantico Hills, N.Y.
1896	Root, Robert K.	Buffalo, N.Y.
1897	Reid, M. & Co.	Mercer, Worth, 29th Sts., N.Y.
1899	Radcliffe College	Gymnasium

1902	Rollins, Philip A.	Mad. Ave. & 78th St., N.Y.
1903	Rhode Island State House	Providence, R.I.
1881	Sherman, William Watts	Newport, R.I.
1882	Stevens, Frederick W.	Newport, R.I.
1882	Skinner, Mrs. Frances L.	Newport, R.I.
1883	Sanger, Henry	Montauk Point, N.Y.
1883	Street, William A.	Seabright, N.J.
1886	Stuyvesant, A. Van Horne	Elberon, N.J.
1886	Sampson, Edward C.	10 West 48th St., N.Y.
1886	Stone, Mrs. Caroline	Orange, N.J.
1887	Shepard, Augustus D.	Fanwood, N.J.
1889	St. John the Divine Cathedral	(Competition)
1890–92	St. Peter's Church	Morristown, N.J.
1899	do	do Rectory
1891	Sealy, George	Galveston, Texas
1904	Sealy, Mrs. George	do Monument
1891	Salomon, William	104 E. 37th St., 108 E. 40th St., N.Y.
1895	Stier, Joseph F.	5–11 Broadway, N.Y.
1895	Shinnecock Hills, N.Y. Golf Club	
1895	Saunders, E. A.	New Haven, Conn.
1895	Shepard, Mrs. Elliot F.	Scarborough, N.Y.
1895	Sherry, Louis	Narragansett Pier, R.I.
1898	do	522–28 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1905	Sherry Casino Co.	Narragansett Pier, R.I.
1899	Selfridge, T. O., Jr.	Washington, D.C.
1899	Swift, Edwin F.	Boston, Mass. Est'd.
1900	Stokes, William E. D.	4 East 54th St., N.Y.
1900	State Savings Bank	Detroit, Mich.
1902	Saint-Gaudens, Augustus	Sherman Monument, N.Y. City
1907	do Estate of	Lincoln Monument, Chicago, Ill.
1910	do do	Phillips Brooks Monument, Boston, Mass.
1904	Stillman, James	5th Ave. & 72nd St., N.Y.
1905	Satterlee, Mrs. H. L.	37 East 36th St., N.Y.
1907	Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.	Obelisk
1908	Second National Bank	250–52 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1907	Stillman, James A.	Pocantico Hills, N.Y.
1881	Thompson, Frederick F.	287 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1882	Tilton, Mrs. Samuel	Newport, R.I.
1878	Taylor, Henry A. C.	Elberon, N.J.
1886	do	Newport, R.I.
1896	do	2–4 East 72nd St., N.Y.
1896	do	1 East 71st St., N.Y.
1901	do	Mausoleum, Woodlawn, N.Y.
1882	Tuckerman, Lucius	Benedick, Wash. Sq., N.Y.
1882	Tuckerman, Walter C.	Oyster Bay, N.Y.
1884	Tyson, Mrs. Emily D.	Beverly Farms, Mass.
1884	Tiffany, Charles L.	72nd St. & Mad. Ave., N.Y.

1885	Tacoma Hotel and Station	Tacoma, Washington
1885	Turnbull, Robert L.	Morristown, N.J.
1886	Thomas, Dr. T. Gaillard	East 115th St., N.Y.
1891	Towle, Stevenson	Rye Neck, N.Y.
1892	Thaw, A. Blair	Sparkill, N.Y.
1892	Twombly, Hamilton McK.	Madison, N.J., Farm Buildings
1894	do	do
1897	do	Stables, House
1899	do	Lodge & Entrance
1894	Thompson, Charles G.	17 West 56th St., N.Y.
1905	Tiffany & Co.	140 E. 41st St., Garage
1906	do	401 Fifth Ave.
1909	do	391 Fifth Ave.
1892	Union Club	5th Ave. & 21st St., N.Y.
1893	University Club	Madison Ave. & 26th St., N.Y.
1900	do	5th Ave. & 54th St., N.Y.
1898	University of Virginia	Charlottesville, Va.
1905	University of Illinois, Women's Building	Champaign, Ill.
1889	United States Government Life-Saving Station	Narragansett Pier, R.I.
1908	do War College	Washington, D.C.
1903	do	Governor's Island, N.Y.
1884	Villard, Henry	Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.
1885	do	451 Madison Ave., N.Y.
1885	Vanderpoel, Rev. Wynant	Morristown, N.J.
1893	Vanderbilt, C. & W. K.	17 Beekman St., N.Y.
1896	Vanderbilt, Frederick W.	Hyde Park, N.Y. Cottages
1899	do	do House
1902	Van Cortlandt, Robert B.	Mount Kisco, N.Y.
1903	Vanderbilt, Mrs. C.	St. Bartholomew's Doors
1906	Vanderbilt, Mrs. Virginia	666 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1880	Ward, Samuel G.	Lenox, Mass.
1880	Wood, John D.	Elberon, N.J.
1881	White, Horace	Elberon, N.J.
1883	Winans, Ross R.	Baltimore, Md.
1883	Whittier, Charles A.	Boston, Mass.
1883	Westcott, Robert F.	Orange, N.J.
1887	Wells, Dr. William L.	New Rochelle, N.Y.
1888	Winslow, Edward	Great Neck, N.Y.
1890	Whitney, William C.	2 West 57th St., N.Y.
1900	do	871 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1902	do	Westbury, N.Y.
1890	Whittemore, J. H.	House, Naugatuck, Conn.
1894	do	Naugatuck Library
1894	do	Salem High School
1896	do	Farm House and Stables
1905	do	Naugatuck High School

1906	Whittemore, J. H.	Buckingham, Waterbury, Ct.
1891	Warren, George Henry	Bdw. & 20th St., N.Y.
1892	Wight, L. Allyn	Montclair, N.J.
1892	Washington Memorial Arch	Washington Sq., N.Y.
1893	Walcott, A. F.	46 East 26th St., N.Y.
1893	World's Columbian Exposition, buildings	Chicago, Ill.
1893	White Star S.S. Co. Building	do
1895	Wetherill, Mrs. K. A.	Saint James, N.Y.
1896	Williams, Charles N.	Buffalo, N.Y.
1896	West Point, Battle Monument	
1899	Williams, George L.	Buffalo, N.Y.
1900	Washington Statue (with D. C. French)	Paris, France
1902	Wylls, Ruth, Chapter D.A.R.	Hartford, Conn.
1903	Whittemore, Harris	Naugatuck, Conn.
1903	West Point General Improvement	(Competition)
1903	West Point, N.Y.	Officers' Mess Hall
1903	White House and Executive Offices	Washington, D.C.
1902	Winthrop, R. Dudley	Westbury, N.Y.
1905	Wanamaker, Thomas B.	Philadelphia, Pa.
1906	Whitney, Henry Payne	Westbury, N.Y.
1908	War College	Washington, D.C.
1908	Willard, Joseph E.	Richmond, Va.
1909	Whitney, Payne	972 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
1886	Williams College, Delta Psi Lodge	Williamstown, Mass.
1883	Young Men's Christian Assoc.	Newburgh, N.Y.
1885	Yale College, Society Hall	New Haven, Conn.
1902	Young Men's Christian Assoc. of the	Oranges, N.J.

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